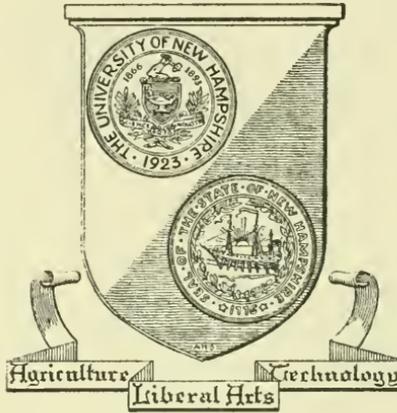


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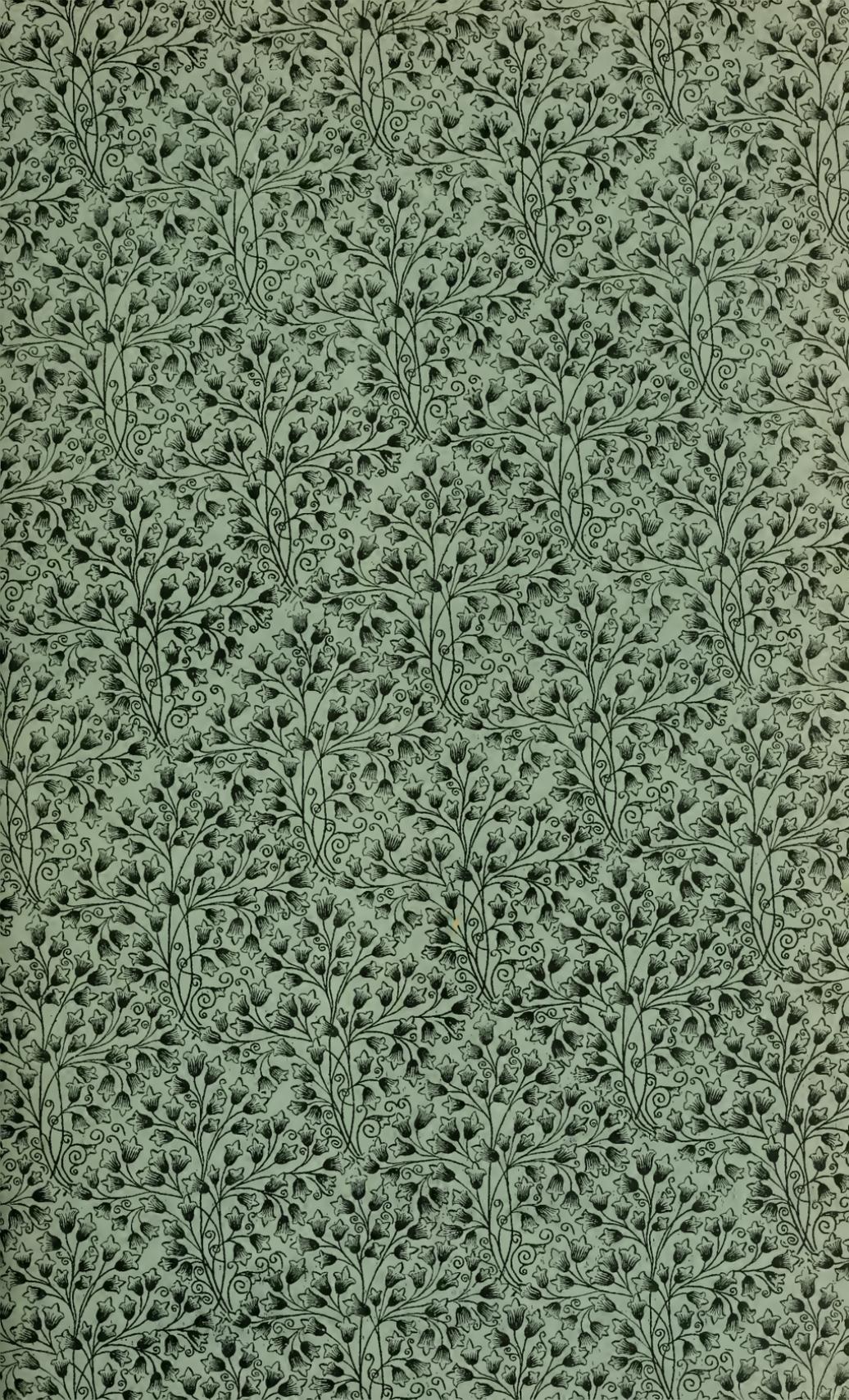
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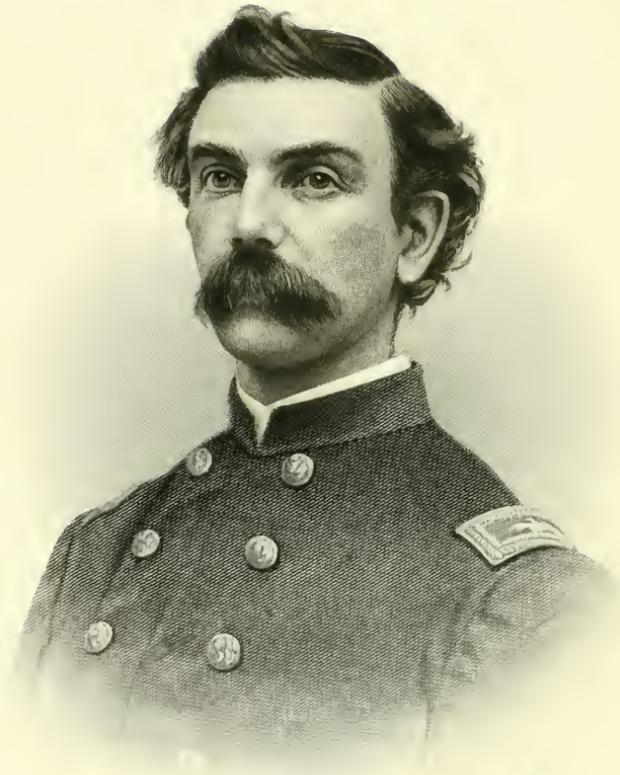












*Hawkes Learning Co.*

A  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
EIGHTH REGIMENT  
OF  
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS  
INCLUDING ITS SERVICE  
AS  
INFANTRY, SECOND N. H. CAVALRY, AND VETERAN BATTALLION  
IN THE  
CIVIL WAR OF 1861-1865,  
COVERING A PERIOD OF  
THREE YEARS, TEN MONTHS, AND NINETEEN DAYS.

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BY  
JOHN M. STANYAN,  
LATE CAPTAIN OF COMPANY B.

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CONCORD, N. H. :  
IRA C EVANS, PRINTER, 13 AND 15 CAPITOL STREET.  
1892.



To the Memory  
OF  
THE HEROIC DEAD  
OF  
THE EIGHTH REGIMENT  
OF  
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,  
AND THE  
Host of Departed  
PATRIOTIC MEN AND WOMEN  
Who bore their share  
“Of the burden and heat of the Day;”  
TO THE  
LIVING VETERANS  
AND ALL  
WHO ARE LOYAL  
TO THE  
FLAG  
WHOSE SUPREMACY  
THE SOLDIERS MAINTAINED,  
*THIS BOOK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED.*

1871  
1/30  
1871

.. The fittest place for man to die,  
Is where he dies for man."

— *Michael J. Barry in Dublin Nation, 1846.*

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DETACHED ROSTER.



# INTRODUCTORY.

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## EIGHTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

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### HISTORICAL CIRCULAR.

At a meeting of veterans of the Eighth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, held in Nashua on November 4, 1889, to consider the matter of having a history of said regiment written, an organization was formed for that purpose. Col. Hawkes Fearing was elected president and Lieut. George W. Bridges, secretary. An executive committee of five was also chosen, Col. D. W. King being chairman, Comrade B. S. Woods, treasurer.

In order to get the necessary data which will be of value in fixing dates and places, accounts of battles, camp life, marches, imprisonment, etc., this circular is sent by the historian to surviving soldiers and also to any relatives of deceased soldiers who may be thought to be in possession of diaries and letters which contain incidents of army experience.

There is, of course, a delicacy felt in placing such diaries and letters in the hands of a stranger, but be assured that they will be examined only by the historian, who will have no time nor inclination to seek for anything but the salient points that go to make up the soldier's army life. Parties sending such will see that full directions are enclosed, where and to whom the packages are to be returned; due credit will be given in the book to all senders of important information. Parties will confer a favor by sending immediately upon a postal the names and addresses of the relatives of deceased soldiers.

It is proposed to place upon its pages a number of portraits, accompanied by the name, company, and a line of sketch; such portraits can be taken from any common card pictures, ambrotypes, etc. The picture of any veteran of the Eighth is entitled to such a place, and will be esteemed of great value by his descendants in the coming years when time's "distance lends enchantment to the view." Such portraits when sent should

be plainly labeled on the back with the name of the soldier, and to whom and where to be returned. The cost of insertion will be \$6.

The book will be ready for delivery within two years; it will be printed and bound in good style, and will contain about five hundred pages. The possible price will be \$3, but parties ordering one or more copies before April 1, 1890, can have them for \$2.50. Pictures and cash should be registered if sent by mail. All orders for the history and all inquiries about pictures, or packages containing pictures and cash should be sent to B. S. Woods, Nashua, N. H. All other matters to

CAPT. J. M. STANYAN, *Historian*,

MILFORD, N. H.

Other comrades who were present or afterwards joined the organization were — Capt. J. M. Blanchard; Surg. Sam. G. Dearborn; Lieuts. Shattuck, Miles, Newhall; Principal Musician H. J. Durgin; Sergt. Willis Ball; Corp. S. Williams; Comrades C. E. Buzzell, B. S. Woods, X. E. Mills; Lieut. O. H. Stickney; F. C. Bancroft; Lieut. H. G. Cushing; Corp. W. H. Story; A. N. Goodwin, C. P. Stevens.

The "circular" was sent to the known address of every veteran of the Eighth, to newspapers in the State, and through every avenue where it was thought possible to give or get any information; and the result is the following work, which, although not sent forth at the time above set, could not have had so much valuable matter in it if less time had been taken, as our most valued contributions came in late.

If mention of individuals is omitted, or their laudable deeds are unrecorded, the reason is that accounts of such did not reach the historian. As time passed on and the work grew, the lack of the records of many men and deeds became painfully apparent; but much that is new to most of the veterans has come in, and so the whole goes forth to seek the sympathetic company of the vanishing few, who will over its pages recall many scenes of their active campaigning in the Southwest, when in the vigor

of youth or early manhood they bade defiance to the perils of disease and of war in order to maintain the integrity of the Union.

In passing, it is proper to give credit to the State of New Hampshire for doing so much to put on record the military history of each soldier.

In this book little is said, except in the "personals," about the promotions, for, under the able supervision of Adjutant-General Ayling, the roster will be as complete as possible. There, each soldier will have a place, and as far as type and space is concerned, it should be satisfactory.



## PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

---

- Col. D. W. KING, Letters (printed).  
Capt. T. C. PRESCOTT, Letters and Diary.  
Maj. Gen. HALBERT E. PAINE, Diary.  
Principal Musician HENRY J. DURGIN, Letters and Diary.  
Mrs. A. C. WALDRON, Chaplain's Diary.  
Mrs. MARY A. LULL, Papers and Letters.  
Capt. D. B. NEWHALL, Letters.  
Lieut. T. M. SHATTUCK, Diary.  
Lieut. J. J. NOLAN, Letters.  
Lieut. J. M. LANGLEY, Letters.  
Corp. J. F. CHANDLER, Roster and Letters.  
Sergeant JOHN FARLEY, Letters.  
Comrade R. HOWARTH, JR., Letters.  
Dr. F. A. DEARBORN, "Southern Historical Society  
Papers."  
"Sam" and the "Unknown," Papers on Port Hudson.  
Unsigned Papers.

In the body of the book credit will be given to all contributors.

## RECORD AND DATES OF BATTLES AND ACTIONS.

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1. Georgia Landing, La., October 27, 1862.
2. Fort Bisland, La., April 12, 13, 1863.
3. Siege of Port Hudson, La., May 25 to July 8, 1863.
4. Natchitoches, La., March 31, 1864.
5. Piney Woods, La., April 2, 1864.
6. Wilson's Farm, La., April 7, 1864.
7. Sabine Cross-Roads, La., April 8, 1864.
8. Cane River, La., April 23, 1864.
9. Monett's Bluff, La., April 24, 1864.
10. Bayou Rapides, La., April 26, 1864.
11. Snaggy Point, La., May 1, 1864.
12. Alexandria (Wilson's Landing), May 14, 1864.
13. Marksville, May 16, 1864.
14. Bayou De Glaize, or Moreauville, May 17, 1864.
15. Yellow Bayou, May 18, 1864.

## P R E F A C E .

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JUST as this volume is going forth into the world, not to be recalled, as goes a child upon the untried and turbulent sea of life, my eye catches the opening sentence of General Butler's new book, which reads thus: "The preface of a book is usually written after the book is finished and is as usually left unread. It is not, therefore, as a rule, either a convenience or a necessity. I venture, however, to use it at the outset as a vehicle for conveying the purposes of writing this book at all."

I will use the above quotation as a preface to a preface, as does General Butler, knowing, as no doubt he does, that the shrewd, intelligent, and earnest reader always reads a preface. Indeed some smart critics, knowing that generally the key-thought of the work is therein, will read only that and write therefrom their review, trusting that their arrows shot from a bow drawn at a venture may strike "between the joints of the harness," and perhaps — kill someone. The character of the composition should be determined by the audience. The orator adapts his words, his tone, and his manner to those before him; the writer is to have an audience, and he naturally queries who it is to be. In this case he assumes that the veterans, their wives, and sons and daughters will be the most interested readers, and it is announced that the main "style" will be of the camp-fire order, varying according to impulses.

The committee on publication gave the editor *carte blanche* to conduct the work as he pleased, and he intends to avail himself of the privilege. He wishes to intrude

himself as little as possible upon these pages, yet will unhesitatingly "come to the front" when justice to the Eighth Regiment demands and its honor is at stake.

The French writer, Lamartine, said more than forty years ago in his "Confessions," that "the 'Ego' or 'I' excites interest and rivets attention." So I wrote in answer to one of my correspondents who wished to remain *incog.*, "No, I shall attach your name to your facts and they shall stand or fall together." In regard to the "Unknown" and "Sam," their cases are peculiar and must be accepted.

Many personalities here printed are extracts from printed matter more than a quarter of a century old. In the main writing, the compiler is in sympathy with the opinion of Mr. William Todd, a regular writer in the "New York Tribune," who in that paper, which has a high literary reputation, under date of August 3, 1889, in speaking of "Regimental Histories," says: "Personal recollections of the parts taken in the campaigns should be introduced; the more the better." Again, he says: "What is called 'literary style' is not looked for in the writings of soldiers; Grant, Sherman, J. E. Johnston, Sheridan, and Beauregard made no pretensions to being 'literary fellows,' and yet their memoirs compare favorably even in this respect with those of any other military men whose writings have become classic in many languages." With all respect for Mr. Todd, we assert that the authors whom he quotes had the advantage of a liberal education at West Point.

In respect to style, the writer has none cultivated. As it is, it is his own, somewhat odd and staccato perhaps, at times, in expression, but he hopes not cloudy or obscure. The Rev. Starr King, at one time in the writer's hearing, in a platform lecture, referred to the planets as being rather erratic in their courses, swaying and swinging through space, but coming around at the year's or cycle's

end on exact time. So the author hopes, in the peculiar language of the day, "to get there all the same," on time and over a course well "staked out" with facts.

We are much indebted to those who, it will be readily seen, have furnished valuable matter through diaries and letters. Without it the book could not have been written. More might have been sent forward, but the compiler has spared no pains to get what has been written, and it is enough to give a history of our organization. If we had waited we should have lost some part which we have gained. It is time that the history was written, for the comrades are fast passing away. Within the last two years four prominent members have died, and at this writing one whom we can least spare lies almost helpless between the two worlds.

By the use of the "Historical Circular" three hundred and fifty comrades have been found since the writing commenced. It is safe to assume that nearly five hundred are living. In ten years this number will be sadly diminished; but there arises—there has arisen a youthful and sturdy army of sons and daughters of veterans, who, together with their descendants, will be interested in the patriotic work of their ancestors. I propose to compile this book as inscribed upon the dedicatory page, in memory of the "Heroic" and tenderly remembered "Dead" of the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, and for the immediate use and pleasure of the living veterans, their descendants, and all loyal men and women of the State, so that a just and lofty pride in the military achievements of the volunteers of 1861-65 shall be nourished and maintained, remembering that our campaigning was done under adverse circumstances, in a most trying climate; that the fortunes of war drove us nearly always up in the advance, at the extreme front, or in as important a position, protecting a threatened rear on forced retreats. We challenge denial from any quarter, but that Port Hudson

would have been taken on June 14, 1863, if the charging column had followed in the path that the Eighth New Hampshire and the Fourth Wisconsin opened for it, after drawing the fire of the enemy. On the Red River retreat, too, the regiment, as the "Second New Hampshire Cavalry" is complimented for its continued fighting and its endurance, as will be seen from the transcripts of "Orders" to be found in their proper place in the body of the book.

In speaking of the "heroic dead" whom we lost in our Southern campaigning, the veterans *mean to emphasize every letter of the words*. They are not unmeaning to soldiers: those lost from our ranks were to us as brothers, and their final sacrifice has struck us to the heart. All small bickerings and differences, if any existed, are swept away by our admiration of their conduct; and we are glad in these later years to pay our annual visit to the graves of a common brotherhood and lay upon them beautiful tokens of the love and esteem with which we regard the dead soldiers of the Republic.

In gathering information, the veteran knows that the individual soldier, to some of whom we are indebted for note books, saw, especially in action, only within a circle of a short radius, yet each one's experience is a volume, and if we could obtain the one or two thousand such volumes and should reduce them with skill and judgment into one, we should have a history near to perfection. But that is impossible, so we go on with what light and help may come from any quarter. A good deal of pains has been taken by correspondence, etc., to verify important statements, but it must be recollected that such a work as this cannot have the time, labor, and money spent upon it that should be to make it absolutely correct. One great advantage that we do have is the government's "Official Records," both Union and Confederate, also the "Southern Historical Society's Papers" (in regard to Port Hudson),

which are highly interesting and instructive from their point of view.

We are just in time to catch the freshly issued "Official Records" of the disastrous second Red River expedition, which will supplement our own well authenticated accounts.

The culling and writing has been done on the plan that whatever interested the compiler who was looking over the whole ground, would interest the reader, which will account for the introduction of some matter which to the careless eye might seem to be simply "padding." But it is not intended to pile words upon words, "Pelion upon Ossa," in order to reach a height or fill space. The supreme question is not how much interesting matter to *put in*, but really what and how much to *keep out*.

Rather temperate language will be used in describing the doings of individuals and organizations. In regard to our own, I shall endeavor to collect and record reliable facts gathered from many sources, so that the long-delayed credit due to the Eighth New Hampshire shall be established as a matter of history, fortified by the length of its term of service, its varied service, and the respect and commendation gained from its commanders in the camp and field; so that its loyalty, steadfastness, and valor shall be evidenced by its deeds, needing no undue flattery.

THE HISTORIAN.



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## CHAPTER I.

New Hampshire. — Old England. — Camp Currier. — “Sam.” — Organization of the Regiment. — The “Unknown.” — The Real “Pious Eighth.” — Going South. — Departure.

IT may be highly interesting to some readers to know what New Hampshire men — and troops — did, years ago. A few lines will be given in relation. The State is a small one with a big record. Our General Sullivan, who led the vanguard at Trenton against the Hessians of Cornwallis, under the eye of Washington himself, wrote to the governor of New Hampshire as follows: “No men fight better or write worse than our Yankees. General Washington made no scruple to say publicly, that the remnant of the eastern regiments were the strength of his army, he calls them to the front when the enemy are there, he sends them to the rear when the enemy threaten that way. Believe me, sir, the Yankees took Trenton before the other troops knew anything of the matter.” These men referred to were *six hundred men from New Hampshire*, the remnant of four regiments. The record of her troops in the late war shows that they have not yet deteriorated.

The State has seen and borne arms in ten wars, but no foreign soldier ever set foot on her soil save as a captive or a guest. She was the bulwark of safety for other States against Indian ferocity. She rose against Randolph and the minions of the Stuarts six years before Andros was imprisoned in Massachusetts. At the capture of Louisburg in 1745, William Vaughan, of New Hampshire, with four hundred men took the royal battery, and with thirteen men prevented its recapture. Stark and Rogers were at Ticonderoga. New Hampshire was the first province

to banish its royal governor, Sir John Wentworth, generous and beloved as he was, but the foeman of liberty. Her Sullivan and her Langdon captured the first British fort in 1774, and from its magazine of powder supplied the guns at Bunker Hill. Her Stark and her Reid led to that battlefield twelve hundred New Hampshire yeomen, which was *more than one half* of the *whole* American force which fought on that day of glory. Stark with his regiment of one thousand men was ordered on the afternoon of June 17, to move from Somerville and oppose the British army landing from their boats at Charlestown Point. He marched quickly to Charlestown Neck where another New Hampshire regiment under Reid, of Fitzwilliam, joined them. The British men-of-war and floating batteries were sweeping the narrow pass with their deadly fire; the two New Hampshire regiments passed two other regiments, repulsed the flow of the invading army, thus enabling Prescott and his men to withdraw from the redoubt, then, covering their retreat, bringing with them the body of their brave Major McClary, who was slain in the front rank. Stark was outgeneraled by the "foes of his own military household" at the rear, and retired to his farm on the Merrimack, but he was recalled. No one like him could arouse enthusiasm, and gather and command the force necessary to resist Burgoyne, and he did it. The trophies of Bennington are with us. For more than a century they have attested to the valor and endurance of the men who marched fifty miles beyond that town, fought two battles in one day, breaking the power of Burgoyne and saving the country.

The Athenian said that "to famous men the whole earth is a sepulchre," so with New Hampshire men, as far as our country is concerned; for their blood has been shed on the soil of every State, and their remains are by every great river from Maine to Texas: from the Charles to the Rio Grande and Red river. In the civil war, they were

under all the great leaders on land and sea, and the flags that they carried were never deserted nor desecrated; and if, in the remote future, some reckless foreign power shall draw the citizen soldier to our borders for defence, then shall a coming generation feel and know their meaning, and swear to add to their accumulated glory. We used to smile at the so called "spread eagle oratory," but when real war was upon us, words became facts. Will it be necessary for each second generation to go through the terrible ordeal of war in order to keep our martial ardor in training so as readily to go to the front in time of danger? It is to be hoped that the fears of many may not be realized — fears that the rapidly advancing wealth and consequent luxury of the republic shall vitiate the American. Horace Greeley said that "one can't hire God": neither can a country hire fighting done for "a principle" and live. The warrior class in such cases must be from the free and independent. Punch laughed when, at the time of the Crimean war, Tennyson wrote a poem beginning — "Form, riflemen, form," and asked, "Where are the riflemen, will you pick them from the slums of London?"

We trust that the tendency of this record will be to awaken an enthusiasm, a love of country which shall help to continue, sustain, and preserve it, so that it shall exceed in splendor the old Roman empire; in sturdy durability, the English constitutional monarchy; and all, in the virtue which naturally springs from the homes of a really free and untrammelled people.

In these later days, when we have sustained the work of the founders, we have been forced to fight foes without our own borders — our old foes, in a different but as dangerous a form. Some English critic said that the "Boston of Ralph Waldo Emerson's day did not seem to have been a very strong place, and it lacked performance;" very vague words, which we will ascribe to British ignorance rather than to any intelligent seriousness, for that

Boston was the Boston of Garrison and Phillips, Whittier and Parker. It was the headquarters of those and other old-time men of whom the English earl of Carlisle (one of the few) wrote that they were "fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism;" and in regard to the young men, the reading, studious class, who enlisted, Lord Houghton wrote that "They are men whom Europe has learned to honor, and would do well to imitate." The service of these men and its results, gives a measure of the tonic afforded in the Boston of that day. Ralph Waldo Emerson himself was responsible for much of its strength; he imbued the young martyrs of the civil war with much of that moral heroism which is so touching in the record of their lives: the village lyceum lecture was the fashion in those days, and that was largely the vehicle on which went out from Boston the new gospel of mind and body freedom which permeated all New England, New Hampshire getting a big share of it, and when it came to do its perfect work, the result was the fighting of a gigantic evil and the consequent freeing of millions of slaves; and all this in spite of the desire and adverse sympathy of all that appeared influential in Old England, as shown, to quote a prominent instance, in the action of "that grand old man," Gladstone, who had invested fifty thousand dollars in Confederate bonds. The victorious outcome of all stands to-day in American history as a "performance" which, at least, *they respect*. In noting the senseless attempts at sarcasm indulged in by some prominent Englishmen and their allies and admirers, the innocent pencil of the writer seems ready to trace blue vengeance. There's an inborn dislike for that ignorant class that will crop out. It was strengthened in the merchant service when our clippers ruled the seas and a "lime-juicer" was a sailor's "terror," and it was intensified by the lawless course of their devilish piratical torchbearers on the high seas, backed by their gold, their influence,

and their crafty diplomacy, which encouraged France, our old ally, to turn against us; which caused our own ill-starred expeditions to Sabine City and the Red river, of which Halleck wrote to Banks on September 30, 1863, "The object is political rather than military," Series 41, page 742, which caused a prolongation of the war for at least two years. Thank God for Abraham Lincoln, who had the true courage, when the cruising of the "Alabama" was being discussed before the cabinet, to write finally the simple sentence, "Tell Lord Palmerston that another 'Alabama' means war!" We will allow due credit to the early efforts in our favor of John Bright; for the sympathy of Victoria, the Queen of England; for their faint but still somewhat effectual resistance to the cupidity and stupidity of the average English bulldog, but the great mass of the cultivated were against us. The veterans have no axes to grind; no wires to pull. This is not an ephemeral newspaper page, yet it is believed that the foregoing voices the sentiments of the majority of the soldiers of '61-65, and expresses their honest and untiring indignation at the general course of the English nation and their princely, snobbish attitude towards us during the civil war.

At the time of the organization of the Eighth Regiment, the state authorities were busy filling four more regiments of infantry, a battery, a company of sharpshooters, and a battallion of cavalry; therefore the draft upon the State for men was heavy; the bounty was small, being only ten dollars, yet the enlisted men of those days were mostly native born, and were decidedly patriotic and reliable. Although the army of recruits that came to us after the decimation of the regiment by disease and battle contained some good men, yet the majority were in sad contrast with the earnest and sturdy volunteers of 1861. The first camp, at Manchester, was named "Currier," in honor of the Hon. Moody Currier, who was a member of the governor's council, and very active and interested in raising and equipping

volunteer regiments for the field. The first company, A, mostly from Nashua, went into camp on October 12, 1861. Company B followed on October 25. That section of twenty-seven men was mostly recruited in Milford. The company was nearly filled by men from the vicinity of Exeter, who were recruited by Orrin M. Head, who took the position of adjutant of the regiment.

Little account will now be given of the well known routine of camp life, leaving such details to come in as they may naturally, as the course of the narrative proceeds. One can easily imagine that the daily and close contact with each other of a thousand men of different styles and temperaments, and of different nationalities, would elicit a large quantity of fun, specked with some tragedy; such was the case. The writer knows of one of the smartest, whose "right about face" was executed by a clear jump and whirl, who ended his career at the end of a rope, being hung there by the rebs for reckless foraging between the lines, and dividing up his allegiance too often between Davis and Uncle Sam. Another was relieved of his ill-gotten gold, and sent gently floating down the great river, lightened of his valuable load. Still others got married down South—not very tragical that, but risky. Yet Love rules in its ideal empire, pursuing its mission amid the roar of battles, the repulsive scenes of the hospital, and often wounding the convalescent, and causing the head of the able-bodied to whirl as erratically as the gyroscope. To begin with, we call attention to one who was mildly affected. You will perceive that "Sam" felt the (inde-scribable) afflatus coursing through his veins.

The following was the first attempt at regulating the chronological order of the relation of events in this book. After several months' labor in gathering material and writing out detached portions, covering in time the whole record of the regiment, the editor took his pen in hand to make his first attempt at "blazing a pioneer path" through

the forest of diaries, letters, clippings, etc., gathered to make up the history; he found first at hand a series of letters written by a boy of seventeen, beginning at the time that he enlisted; and as they are a very ingenious lot of boyish word pictures of incidents and scenes passed through, the owners of the letters were consulted in regard to printing them, thinking that the veterans would be pleased to behold themselves as in a glass (no joke). In order to get the effect of the letters, it has been thought best not to reveal his identity, and so no one will know of his personality unless the party who furnishes the letters, hereafter tells. His photograph, taken after "Sam" had seen two years' service, shows a good looking, keen, and determined fellow. The writer being responsible in a large measure for what is in the book, proposes to call this "infant," for such he was in the eye of the law, (and, too, he served his full term of service in the army before coming of age.) by the name of "Sam Innis Teens," or "Sam" for short. His letters will be published with not much change in grammar, punctuation, spelling, or the use of capitals. He used no tobacco, rum, or profanity. Here follows his enlistment:

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 3d, '61.

DEAR FOLKS, When I was out a visiting, between having an digging to the Town where cousin Jim lives I enlisted in the "Eighth N. H. Volunteers" with a friend of Jims who is recruiting and is going to get some office I guess and as they are going to choose most all the officers out of the company I stand just as good a chance as any of them. My chum is a real jolly fellow and I call him "Cappen" as I see that he likes it. He is going to recruit some more and says that I had better stay in Manchester and perhaps I can get him some recruits and he will help me too and I may have a Furlow any time I want it and a Pass on the railroad free of Expense but thinks I had better wait till I go into Camp and get my Bounty of 10 dollars and wages which will be \$6.50 in two weeks I want

another shirt to put on, the fireman of the 10 o'clock train will bring it up and I'd like a quarter to spend for paper and stamps I don't like to ask you for I can draw from the "Cappen" but I hate to before I earn it. but I must have a shirt or draw. This is a very funny city and full of strange sights the company of light Artillery are galloping up and down the streets with 6 Horses and 3 Drivers one on each nigh Horse they have brass rifled Cannon and they make an awful Noise I tell you I suppose it is because the streets are rocky I have been down on the common this morning and it did look common I tell you with the fence all broke down and a big mud Hole in the middle and a lot of women getting water there

I have the best Time you ever heard of, I went and got a Pass at the office of the Stark Mills and went all over them and it was worth a long travel to see It I am going into some more Tomorrow, cotton sells from six to twelve cents a Yard.

love to all

good bye.

your Affectionately

"SAM: INNIS TEENS"

MANCHESTER, Oct. 17th 1861

Dear Sally the cappen comes to town most every day. I got a little Money of him & guess I'll have some stockings knit. I shant want any Mittings yet I went to Concord and bid Mr Bird's Folks good bye and got some good advice which is cheap I started to walk to manchester but my bag got heavy before I got to Hookset and my boquet to Nettie began to wilt so I took the Cars and got the poses to Nettie in season the cappen was glad to see me because he knows Sally is pretty but he dont get to see Nettie I tell you, the boarding mistress is happy because she wants her Money.

There is a Joseph J. Ladd here recruiting men for the 8th N. H. in two Places one place is a tent he is going to be a Cappen and a real live one too the artillery have got all their 126 Horses. One company from Nashua has gone into camp and one into the 7th N. H. you must excuse Mistakes for a boy here is drumming as hard as he can drum learning so he can drum for the eighth regiment and the soldiers are talking so loud it Bothers me. this is the

liveliest place you ever see two Irish companies are going Into our regiment all from this city I have been up to our camp ground it is on a high platter and Windy.

The compiler had not "blazed his path" far before he ran across a fragment of a diary by a really, truly "Unknown." The author is short lived, as far as literary work is concerned; his handwriting is good, and his jottings are, by the living, declared to be true, so we give him a right of way, transcribing almost verbatim. He is an honest, conscientious, moral fellow, perhaps not even addicted to the use of tobacco. He has apparently "taken up arms against the sea" of rebellion, "by opposing, to end it." His fate is unknown. If he is now living and sees his lost lines reproduced, he can smile with the rest of us. Thus he writes:

CAMP CURRIER,

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 12th 1861.

Co. A of the 8th N. H. vols, commanded by Capt. Wm. M. Barrett, with Lieuts. J. Q. A. Warren and Dana W. King, after taking leave of their friends in Nashua where the Co. was enlisted started this Saturday morning at 9 A. M. for camp at Manchester. Notwithstanding the rain that we had to contend with we went at work after our arrival some in good spirits and some in liquid bad, carrying boards and other material for making cook houses and to floor tents, those were pitched at 2 P. M., and at 3. we had a lunch; as there were no guards around we could go evenings to the city or where we pleased, this lasted until the 17th day of the month, the night of the 12th was very cold but we stood it very well, in fact, we had to. Oct. 14th we had the first drill in camp, Capt. Barrett as drill master, and the boys will long remember him and the drill! Oct. 15th a company of the 7th Reg. went into camp; A. Edgerly of Nashua acting as adjutant.

17th. Today the boys are fretting about a guard being around the camp, they not being used to being shut up, and running of the guard has commenced and night is made hideous on the returning of the carousers.

Oct. 18th. No rubber blankets nor woolen shirts to

shield us from the cold, given out yet, still, we work for the state, in the forenoon marking time, "eyes to the right, eyes to the left" in squad drill, in the afternoon wheeling and stumbling about in Company drill.

Oct. 23d. Major Morrill B. Smith makes his first appearance on the grounds, he is a fine looking man and the boys are favorably impressed with him, he says that he is going to start a Sunday school for our benefit and good.

Oct. 26th. This is a notable day for Company "A." The mustering officer came around and with the exception of one all took the oath and were sworn into the United States service. Three were too young and small. At noon we went to the City Hall and got our bounty, our big ten dollars. then the whole Company went to Nashua on furlough.

Oct. 28th. We take train back to Camp "Currier" and the time, day and night, up to November 1st, to tell the cold truth, is spent in shivering, scolding, shouting, snoring and by some, I must confess, in swearing.

Oct. 19, '61. Out of "Sam's" letter of two pages sent home, we pick the facts that he went to "Squog" with the noisy drummer boy, Billy Nelson, to pick chestnuts, and in the evening he attended the "Soldiers' Aid Levee," where he for the first time saw some very attractive young ladies robed in gorgeous gowns of some starry striped stuff, and no hoops on! their heads surmounted by huge top knots and high shell combs, and they were at times blowing with their pretty lips into tin horns to summon and entice admirers to buy pies and candies in order to raise money to squelch the Rebellion; but the effulgent form of the absent Nettie so satisfied his imagination, that he returned to his boarding mistress with heart and money intact. On November 3, "Sam" announces that

There is Drill every forenoon and afternoon, two hours each time, and it is good fun, I tell you! some of our men are awful green and get nothing into them hardly so the Cappen gets me to give them an extra Lesson every day, so you see I am not considered the greenest. Col. Fear-

ing says that we shall have stoves in our tents right off. Our uniforms came Sat: and It is real pretty my shoes are all burst out and I am out of Stamps but in a week I shall have 25.00 dollars Wages and will come home on a Furlow.

from your affectionate

“SAM.”

Our chaplain, the Rev. Daniel P. Cilley, made his first appearance in camp on November 1, 1861; he was commissioned on the 4th and mustered in December 28 by Colonel Eastman at Concord, and at once went to “Camp Currier,” where he speaks of seeing Governor Berry and the Hon. John P. Hale, on January 2, at a review of the Seventh Regiment. The above is taken from his diary, which, together with extracts from his letters, have been kindly furnished and written out for the history by his daughter, Mrs. Adelaide C. Waldron, of Farmington, N. H., who is a very intelligent and accomplished lady, and in full sympathetic accord with the veterans of the Eighth, having naturally inherited strong patriotic sentiments as one of the Cilley family famous in the annals of our State. A very fine production from her pen graces the “History of the First New Hampshire Regiment,” entitled “The Women of New Hampshire in the Rebellion.” We are promised by Mrs. Waldron quite an amount of “copy,” covering a large part of the campaigns, and as one in the chaplain’s position saw matters from a different standpoint from all others in the regiment, the relation will be of interest and the writer will take pleasure in culling and using items of importance in the work.

From the “Unknown”:

Nov. 1st, '61. Another notable day for co. “A,” for, we got our two pairs of drawers, two shirts and two prs. of socks and for a wonder they are pretty good stock: The Chaplain has arrived and he looks as if he felt that we should be a hard lot to start a revival with. It is cloudy

and cold and we hang to the fires — guard taken off at 8 P. M.

Nov. 11th. The wind blew over five of our tents and as we have no overcoats nor stoves we suffer day and night.

Nov. 14th. Co. A went to Nashua, marched up to the city, stacked arms at the Armory and dispersed to meet at 8 P. M. at City Hall to witness the presentation of swords to our Co. officers. Met according to orders and listened to many speeches by famous speakers. Our Lt. Col. Lull made a good speech and many songs were sung.

Nov. 16th. Today we were paid our state pay at Cram's Saloon and the boys felt high.

Nov. 19th. After this good furlough we went back to camp feeling sober on leaving our homes.

Nov. 22d. Capt. Connelly's Co. C came in today.

24th. Continued snowing and blowing. Most of Co. A went home today to stay over Thanksgiving.

30th. Sergeant Peterson's tent took fire today when the company was out on drill burning it and almost everything in it, it caught from the funnel.

Dec. 2d, Monday. The sun rose bright and beautiful. Col. Hawkes Fearing of this, our regiment, came upon the camp ground today. It is the first time that I have seen him, he is a fine looking man and I hope that he is a good one.

4th. Capt. Kelliher's company K came in this day — only two cos. more wanted, viz. E and H to make a full regiment.

7th. Today clear and bright, went to the depot and escorted Capt. Fiske's Co. E up to camp — wurse and wurse for the Chaplain!

Dec. 8th. Warm and Springlike. Many running guard which makes work for the sober ones to go down to the city and into questionable places to find and bring up some of the worst cases, it is strange they will act so, but they may fight well by and by, for all that.

9th. The regiment is full (no joke).

16th. We had another notable day for us, for this day we got our knapsacks, one soldier complained because there were no locks on them. We got our pants and caps which are very good, our coats and blouses are not so good but will hold vermin.

19th. Warm and we drill! If there is a Lord in Israel & a God of battles we shall need his help!

Up to Jan. 1st. Blowing, snowing and very cold. Col. Fearing refuses to give the boys so many "passes" to go home or to the city. I guess that it is time to stop, for they abuse it.

Today a Pledge, temperance, was passed around in which a great many of the boys signed it "never to drink for one year," if so, to forfeit ten dollars of their army pay. I guess it wont be kept a great while.

Jan. 2d. Too rough to drill. The 7th keeps on drilling as if it was fun exercise.

5th. Gen. Butler came up and today inspected us, also the 7th regiment. We shall go in his division to Ship Island Miss. where at least Januaries are hotter.

"Sam" has been on his "Furlow" and reports:

Dec. 4th. Dear Folks, I got back to camp on Monday morning, on guard all day yesterday. The paymaster paid us our bounty so I enclose Six Dollars, as I and mother fixed it: When I get my state Pay I will send 25.00 Dollars *to buy some Land with*. I dont think I can come home again as a great dispatch has come for us to go to Washington. Roll call is ready and I have got to Go.

P. S. my Ink froze up and broke the bottle, I send you a thanksgiving dinner Song by our poet, De.Wolfe.

Dec. 9. Yesterday I had a hard time of It. It was awful wet and muddy, but I ain't complaining: Come to think we shant go to Washington, I guess. I like camp lie as well as ever but this military is all Boss, sure. got to go to dress Parade — now.

29th extract:

I looked for my Christmas presents and found them at the cappen's in a Box — I took it to my tent and first out of one boot rolled a lot of nuts and out of the other cakes and candy and a Fine tooth comb, a tent mate who has been in the Mexican War says that I shall want that bad in the army, he says that that kind and the other is the only fresh Meat that we are sure of on the march and all round. I had quite a treet, the Boots are cowhide but good ones; We have got orders from the Governor to start

next Friday for Ship Island or Washington, & my knapsack is all packed. We ought to leave soon there is so much Rum brought into camp, mostly by girls, they hitch the bottles on to their *Hoops*. One man brought in a big gug full yesterday hung under a Sleigh. There goes the big gun but the Snow deadens the Sound. But I am going to meeting tonight, So

Good bye from  
Your own "SAM."

Love to all. and Nettie too.

P. S. Our lieut. has been up to Goshen two weeks laboring with the Inhabitants recruiting and he brought in one last night. We can get Mittings here for ninepence, a girl here wanted to knit me a one fingered pair for nothing but I knew Nettie wouldnt like it and I dont believe she can knit neither, So, Good Bye.

Dec. 30th. many visitors in camp, of all sorts, reb. and Patriotic the good and the vile—of both sexes too.

Lieut. Tyler M. Shattuck, then actually a corporal, and acting as commissary sergeant, chips in by saying on January 1, 1861, "Put in 25,000 rations for 25 days." and thus continues :

Sunday, Jan. 5th. Rations from the Government opened & found good, did not go to church, must attend more regular !

8th. Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, was paid \$5.13 from Oct. 12th to Oct. 25th.

17th. Got from Govt. 50 cases of Austrian rifles.

19th. Sunday. Had fish chowder for dinner and Lt. Col. Lull for a guest.

22d. Delivered the guns to the regiment.

Feb. 9th. Cleaned up my gun and got it all ready !

January 19th, " Sam " says :

I have been in the Hospittle and dont like it I tell you: The doctor called it the Reumatic Fever. I am most over it now and got back to my tent and been out five days but don't do much duty now. I got that bundle and thimble and tweezers, the tweezers is just what I wanted to pull out thorns and slivers, it is an awful place for slivers and such.



CHAS. A. BOWEN, QUARTERMASTER.



It will be seen that "Sam" doesn't "squawk" and complain much; he is of good pluck and "calclates" to live through it—as he did. He sends home his money to "buy Land with" and courts Nettie honorably. He is a fine specimen of the average New England boy of seventeen years adrift upon the turbulence of 1861.

R. Howarth, Jr., who was of about the same age (18), rises to say that:

Co. B to which I belonged, was filled up from the original 30 by men from Exeter Company. Its maximum number at one time was 117 men. The whole regiment before it left Camp Currier consisted of 1,007 men. While there, the companies were placed alphabetically from A to K, but afterwards changed according to the seniority of the captains. The men were there fully armed and equipped, and for an offensive weapon shouldered the "Austrian" rifle, a very poor article. Its weight sagged down many of the tender youth who had before only occasionally swung the axe at the home woodpile, and gently curved the hoe around the struggling corn and bean stalks upon their native hills. Many came direct from schools and pleasant firesides, to camp a dire winter upon the wind swept and snow piled plain; but as the American generally "comes up to the scratch smiling," so came these patriots at their country's call and soon mastered the routine of camp life, squad drill, and the manual of arms, so that they could "order" the latter without bringing a yell from their neighbors' boots by dropping the gun on their neighbors' toes.

To many, the memory of the "spring" down in the grove, outside and west of the lines, will be fresh. Many stories could be told of escapes to the city made through the medium of the innocent water pail, the taker ostensibly going for water—and beyond, if he chose to take the risk. The guard, even in those green days of service, was ordinarily honest and not to be fooled or bribed, so often if the seeker after fluid did not return, an officer was notified and a patrol was hurried to the town centres of attraction, and all found without passes were brought back and not allowed to go again for several days. The remedy brought discretion upon that mode of running guard.

Two of the companies, viz., C and K, were recruited in Manchester and were of one nationality, and that was—Irish. Of course they had the characteristics of that sturdy race and exhibited them. Their immediate relations and friends being mostly in the city the C's and K's naturally went among them for comfort and hospitality and brought a lot up into camp; the consequence sometimes was, that the tent stoves would be upset and the tents would go up in flames, some soldiers and things would get a singeing, and the air would be laden with a scorching profanity. But such accidents were not confined to the quarters of C and K by any means. Other companies had their share of the abnormal exhilaration and the results were not from malice prepense in the festive soldier, but all "per foon," the excitement seemed healthy and the alarmed camp would soon settle down to its literature, fodder, cards and sleep.

On the 14th of January, the Eighth tendered an escort to the Seventh Regiment, they being in full ranks and ordered to the front. In this first grand public parade the boys got encouraged by being much praised for their good marching and soldierly bearing. On the 16th, we were favored with a visit from no less a personage than the far famed fistic champion, John C. Heenan; he came onto the grounds under the protection of Sam. Perkins who got him there with only one tip-over at the guard entrance; the boys were glad to see one professional fighting man, though his style was out of their professional line; they cheered him heartily. He looked around at our mode of living, so both parties seemed satisfied and called it a "draw." The regiment from the beginning somehow acquired the title of the "Pious Eighth," though it was said that no peddler, especially a clam man, could come within its lines without losing a portion of his stock in trade; the tent stoves proved very efficacious in the roasting of clams—the stolen food seemed of an extra sweetness as spoken of in the ancient Book. The title of "The Pious Eighth" was probably given it from the regiment's resistance to greater temptations when it was recollected that the thefts might have been bigger. It took about two years to develop the "bounty jumper." He was not much known in '61 in our well ordered ranks, and General Butler being a good judge of human nature would never have issued some of his famous orders to any body of troops made up of

such a mass of ugly villains as were afterwards sent out to make good our depleted numbers. It provokes a veteran smile to read that "in 1861, the regimental officers were notified that an expedition was under way whose destination was the extreme South, the same to be commanded by Gen. Benj. F. Butler who would 'add our regiment to his force if we managed to pass a satisfactory muster in his presence.'" All of the Eighth veterans living, will well recollect the bleak, cold day when said general inspected us upon the race track. He is reported as saying that we were a "rough looking lot," and no wonder, for we were not fully uniformed and one of the roughest of New Hampshire winters was flapping our old rags around us, as we had purposely left our "meetin' clocs" at home and were wearing our 5th best in anticipation of donning the true blue. Perhaps the doughty general heard some of the uncomplimentary remarks which the rank and file volunteered to make on his personal appearance as he rode by them, for they generally had no fear nor respect for maj-generals or maj-esties of any grade; however, the General "accepted us" and we think that a mutual respect grew up between the energetic leader and his then raw troops.

January 7th "Unknown" reports :

Up to 26, as follows; Continued cold. Betting going on that we don't leave the State at all.

8th. Milford Co. getting their State pay.

10th. First battallion drill, numerous mistakes were made and the officers' hair stuck up all over.

11th. The whole regiment marched through the principal streets of Manchester, including by our Colonel's residence. The city papers say that we made good show.

12th. Cold, a sharp air, marched over the city by a different route and over into "Squog," got very tired.

14th. Escorted the 7th Regt. to the Depot, they going South. Coming back we felt rather sad, in spite of the lively airs played by the Manchester B. B.

17th. Commenced eating "hard bread," it was a great curiosity to see it and also to eat it—it is tough on the gums.

18th. Battallion drill, on damp snow and low shoes on.

19th. Corporal Hiram Barney was put in the cook house "to keep things strait and see that Co. A got their rights!"

21st. Busy shoveling snow — enemy not in sight!

25th. Got up early and cold, eat our breakfast quick, struck our tents and packed them. We looked like a family of Pilgrims, all covered with snow from head to foot. Some had some liquor on and it was amusing to hear them talk. We waded to the depot in the snow; a large crowd was there and it was very affecting, a sad time, but we all hope to rejoin our friends before three years.

Jan. 21st, 1861. Col. Fearing ordered twenty men detailed, two from each Co. in charge of Sergeants Jas. L. Hardy and Wm. A. Bickford, to go with and under orders from Quartermaster C. A. Putney to Fort Independence and arrange the quarters for the reception of the regiment and get stores from the boats into Fort.

From "Sam":

Jan. 22. Dear Brother, I hear what a nice Boy you are and help get in the wood and do chores. I expect to see a big Boy when I get back that can most handle me. Tell father that we have got our rifles down town, I should like a Telescope on mine but there ain't much time or chance to put one on and it might be in the way — It is first rate so to shoot long distance. It is the Australian rifle I believe, but good bye and be good.

January 23. "Sam," extract:

The papers talk as if we were going to Guard Boston three years. Tell Susie that I'm better since I got out of the Hospittle. Our company is called the toughest one in the regiment, we quell the mobs and do some fighting down town, yesterday, Our 4th corporal got tight and pounded a lot of fellows down town all over town, "puttin a head on 'em," he called it. You'll see all about It in the Statesman, but I must stop and Shine up my gun and brasses.

Love to all and Nettie.

January 25, Chaplain's Diary:

Leave for Boston in a train of twenty-three passenger and fifteen freight cars. Yesterday I married one of the Northwood men, Mr. C. P. Durgin, a member of Co. G, to Miss Emma Giles: the ceremony was in front of Capt.

Huse's tent, the company being in line under arms. (Private Durgin died in New Orleans Jan. 11th, 1863.)

On January 25, 1861, at noon, Camp Currier existed only in name. The sun waded out through ragged-edged smothering clouds and looked in vain for it. In and through the vast expanse of snow upon the dreary plateau once occupied by tented life and teeming with the paraphernalia of war, and resounding with the sharp roll of drums, the shriek of the wry-necked fife, and the hoarse calls for the "Corporal of the guard," now stuck up disorderly rows of stakes, broken tables and bunks, marking where lines of company streets once were. Scattered about were old foot gear, half-burned blankets, battered stoves, and the inevitable bottles and bones. The cold winds intoned a sad requiem over the remains, but many a boy when afterwards suffering on Ship Island or in hospitals beside the miasmatic lagoons of Louisiana, wished for a reviving sniff of that same keen, home-made mountain air and a draught of water from the ice-bound streams of the Granite State. But here we are glad to give place to the very able pen of Col. D. W. King, who started in with the serious Eighth as Lieutenant, and who lived, luckily, through it all, and more, and lives yet to the delight of the boys who love to hear him tell of the whole campaign from Camp Currier (Federal) to Camp Ford (Rebel) a prisoner, and back again.\* To get the full effect of the narrative, we should have the "teller" before us: for although he has had no sweet voice that he bragged of to charm a maiden's ear, yet could bring a menagerie in to a séance when illustrating war in the early '60's. He could compass over three scales in running from the grunt of a Texas porker to the top wave of the rebel yell — from the smothered squawk of a captured turkey to the screech of a Louisiana negro camp-meeting. (See Durgin's account of the "midnight yell" in chapter 17.)

At this date of writing (1890), he stands as the anticipated recipient of a "meddle." It is intended that it shall be of "luther" and approach in shape and size to the well known base ball catcher's shield, and the probability is, that the receiver will be "blown up" when he is presented with the same by the donors at the veterans' reunion at The Weirs in 1891 — all for his admirable aptitude for the "strong box" of the Association, and success as an original story teller and general all-round delineator of "yum yum." He probably will be "ekal to the O-cassion." (1892. He woz.) He says in a letter from Fort Independence to a local paper, dated January 30, 1862 :

You must not expect me to be very spicy, for hiving up inside a fort this winter is anything but exhilarating to one's spirit, especially after getting the nose pointed towards Dixie and then having it suddenly flattened against a twelve foot stone wall in Boston harbor. You have probably heard of our departure from the State where in places the snow was piled a yard deep, country dry goods' measure — thumb thrown in. It was a big job for fresh recruits to get the homes of a thousand men upon their backs and into the cars, yet we got to the Depot fifteen minutes in advance of the set time, our first prompt and successful march, laden with a soldier's impedimenta. We went through Lawrence instead of Nashua, which saved to the State many tears, hurrahs, and some whiskey, but then, all these articles may "improve by age." In Boston the slosh altered the programme, and instead of wading to the boat for the Fort we struggled to Faneuil Hall where we arrived bedraggled, outside wet, inside dry, knapsacks weighty, guns a nuisance, and a general feeling of crossness, the prevailing idea being that Uncle Sam was a hard boss. Soon, some excitement was raised by two men who, regardless of their oath of allegiance to U. S., and longing for the unsanctified air outside, leaped from a window of the second floor to the pavement; they were recovered somewhat bruised. One of them was the daring Mike Sullivan of Co. A, afterwards the hero of Rattlesnake Swamp, La., and who finally gave his life for his country in the charge on Port Hudson June 14th, 1863. After

taking a look at the venerable "Cradle," which some of the youngsters had never seen, and calculating the cost of the pictures upon its walls, "tattoo" was beat and the men "turned in," with the exception of a score of turbulent spirits who were determined to celebrate their arrival at the venerable pile. They had imbibed some of Boston's strong "Tea" and consequently imagined themselves "Indians," and gave vent to sundry whoops and anticked in a war dance which, if not exact in action, beat the original in noise; they were, however, conveniently quieted in a room guarded for their especial benefit. Most of the men slept snoringly, but I was overcome with awe and just napped, lying upon the platform once occupied by Daniel Webster, E. Everett, and Wendell Phillips. Morning came and with it, hunger and sundry teasings to go out and see sundry sisters and other relations. The city provided us with an ample breakfast, but we caught no sight nor sound nor sob nor so-forth of a sister, wife, or mother-in-law. In the afternoon the order to march was given and we took boat for the stone quarters with the patriotic name "Fort Independence."

## CHAPTER II.

Fort Independence. — Clams and Drills. — C. S. A. Secretary Benjamin to General Lovell at New Orleans. — Lovell enlightens Benjamin. — J. Davis to Governor Moore. — B — Brutus. — The “E. Wilder Farley.” — Six Companies embark. — Bird’s-eye View of Ship Island and General Phelps. — Ship Island. — Burial at Fort. — Four Companies embark for Ship Island on Ship “Eliza and Ella.” — Lieutenant King upon the High Seas. — Nassau. — Union and Confederate Reports on Ship Island. — Lovell to Benjamin. — General Butler arrives. — Life on Ship Island. — Lieutenant Colonel Lull goes to Fort Macomb.

“Sam” says that “having arrived at the Fort we stacked arms and about one hundred of us went into a dungeon and slept on a stone floor with nothing but a Blanket. I tell you, it was tough on a youngster but we are promised nice rooms, coal stoves and a bunk 10 feet up, and the clams are thick down at low tide.” Lieut. D. W. King continues: “The island that we stop on is of about twenty-five acres and shaped like a contorted mud turtle, on the head of which Mr. Alger of the foundry is testing some newly made guns for government use. There are a few guns and a couple of mortars and over the whole property a sergeant of the regular army has had charge for a number of years. For relics we have a monument erected over the remains of one Lt. Robert F. Massie, who was here killed in a duel in 1817. He was a fine man according to his epitaph (no wonder the small boy enquired where all the bad people were buried). Another ancient and worn stone shows only the skull and cross bones so common in the olden time.

We are drilling quite steadily here and make good progress, for the chances are better than they were at ‘Cur-

rier. Bushels of clams add to our rations and many an old fashioned 'clam-bile' has been in order. Our bread, in part, has been inferior — of the old B. C. Brand — but Q. M. Putney does all he can for us. Our regiment, indeed, as a whole, is better officered than are the average, still, we have not seen the welcome countenance of the paymaster who is the biggest and most important official that we know of just now, for most of the men are so short that if Bostons were selling for a cent apiece they could not buy the Common."

From "Sam":

FORT INDEPENDENCE, Feb. 2d, 1862.

DEAR SALLY — You will see the pieces about the 8th Regt in the Paper I sent you and I wish you would cut Out all you see and paste them into a scrap book for me when I get Home, perhaps you would like to Know how this fort looks — well it is five sided Inside and they all look alike so you would get lost if you were not Acquainted and any quantity of Sides and Corners outside and a lot of cannons on top and outside on a Bank with a lot of cannon balls Piled up all around and a good chance to See every thing that is going on, I haint got over having Clams for dinner I tell You, but Im going down on the wharf to see the Shells and the Rats and the Ship that is to carry the Prisoners off from Fort Warren to be exchanged at Fort Monroe.

From your afft. Brother.

Extract:

Feb. 3d. DEAR FOLKS — We have enough to do hauling ice and snow out of the fort and Drilling from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 in the afternoon and finishing off with Dress-Parade. There has been four desert within two days and a Capt. and Lt. went off in a boat before day Light on Sunday morning — but I am not discouraged for I have got something to look Forward To and that's Nettie. Many are sick from exposure but I am in good health and mean to make Money enough to pay for "That Land."

Love to all, "Sam."

From the "Unknown," to Feb. 11 :

Jan. 30th. Clear and a little warmer. Inspection To-day. Police are clearing snow out of the Fort and throwing it into the roaring tide.

31st. Warm. The staff officers went to the City to see about procuring a ship or ships to go to Ship Island, Miss. They were successful but the time is not stated. There was a jolly dance at Headquarters this evening, I saw Mrs. Lull, the Lt. Col's wife there. She is going to Ship Island with her husband; that must be pleasant for all parties concerned.

Feb. 3d, 1862. Continued severe cold. This morning came an order from Col. Fearing to clean up our rifles and he would inspect them. afterwards he seemed pretty well satisfied,—several bayonets were broken in trying their strength.

4th. Battallion drill and Review by Col. Fearing.

5th. Not a hard drill to-day, but one thing—we dont have enough to eat, the food is poor enough at best and the soldier should be well fed when he is doing his duty.

6th. Warmer, the drinking water is getting poor and brackish—they are making boxes to pack the guns in.

7th. Warm and a battalion haw and gee drill in the splosh, "A soldier's life is a hard life" says Prof. Hall of our Co. (Luke probably), It—is—so.

9th. Very cold, nothing of consequence going on but visitors coming to see their friends and some boxes they took the trouble to bring along with a little vial of whiskey or rum in them which was broken open by the guard and the stuff appropriated.

Feb. 10. Sunday and inspection on the ice down on the Pond, went to our quarters most frozen.

Chaplain's diary :

Feb. 5th. Mailed 375 letters and 30 papers for the soldiers.

9th. Sunday—Inspection—held a service at 3 P. M. the reading, prayer, and sermon occupying only twenty minutes.

Joseph B. Fales of Co. A. died as I was about to leave the fort to send a dispatch to his mother whom he wished to see before dying. He was a christian soldier.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 8th, 1862. C. S. A. Secretary Benjamin to General Lovell at New Orleans :

President desires you to send 5,000 men to Columbus, to reinforce Beauregard. New Orleans is to be defended from above by defeating the enemy at Columbus. The forces now withdrawn from you are for the defense of your own command, the exigences of the public service allow us no alternative.

New Orleans, Feb. 27th, 1862. Lovell to Benjamin, C. S. A. Extract :

Raw troops with double barrelled shot-guns are amply sufficient to hold our intrenchments against the enemy. I regard Butler's Ship Island expedition as a harmless menace so far as New Orleans is concerned. The Yankee government would never give a Democrat like Butler command of any expedition which they had any idea would result in such a glorious success as the capture of New Orleans.

March 6th, 1862. Same :

Several persons here are refusing to take Confederate notes. I am daily urged to declare Martial law. I am hunting all over the Confederacy to find saltpetre with which to rework the powder sent from Cuba.

Richmond, March 13. President Davis to Governor Moore :

You are requested to proclaim Martial Law in my name over the parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, St. Bernard, and Plaquemine.

By "The Unknown" :

Feb. 11th. Nothing new today except some being well set up on rum smuggled in.

Here the honest "Unknown's" diary drops out. It was handed in by Colonel King, who says that he does not know the author nor how the manuscript came into his possession. There are two or three water-soaked,

ragged letters, of which something may be hereafter made out, and the gaps filled in with other English, though not thereby destroying the sense. One letter, especially, has a plain drift; its intense loyalty is its crown of glory. It must have been written by the "Unknown" in the South, probably at Baton Rouge, and may be hereafter printed. So we know not how the "Unknown" weathered Cape Hatteras, or stood the glaring sands of Ship Island; whether he succumbed to the malaria of Louisiana, or by the temperate use of its remarkable rum stills lives to interest his hearers with tales of that interesting region, its lowlands, the Acadians and the Voodoos, the ragged heights around Port Hudson, and the far away pineries on the Red river. Peace be to his old age or his ashes! We expected him to notice on October 25, 1861, the entry into camp of the nucleus of Company B, consisting of twenty-seven men who had actually marched across the country, a distance of sixteen miles, with their baggage wagon and music—the primitive fife and drum. One living relic was lately asked for some reminiscence of the trip, and said that he could only recollect that chestnuts and chickens were "ripe."

The first lieutenant, Charles H. Camp, was at the time of his enlistment, a law student in Lieutenant-Colonel Lull's office in Milford. Second Lieutenant George S. Eayres had been for a long time an active member of the state militia. The five sergeants, Blanchard and Stickney, of Milford; Marshall, of Nashua; Newhall, of Concord; and Cobbs, of Exeter, were a host in themselves. As will be seen in the roster and elsewhere, they all received commissions. They, as sergeants, delighted and improved a large circle of admirers, besides improving every opportunity. They had talent enough to run the country, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lull knew what he was about when he accepted the position of provost judge of La Fourche Parish, La., with Company B as a provost



CAPT. GEO. S. EAYRS, CO. B. .



guard and "them sergeants" as "impediments." Not that any superiority over the ability of other companies is claimed, but the writer chanced to know the company best of any. It is well to note here, as the figures are given, that the average age of one hundred and one members of Company B, including its officers, at the time of their enlistment, was twenty-five years and a slight fraction. This average would probably hold throughout the regiment. The oldest men of the regiment were probably in Company G. Comrade H. L. Robinson says of them that one was John Smart, sixty-six years old, who served as drummer boy at the battle of Plattsburg in 1812—a participant in one of the most brilliant of American victories, at that time, say historians. Two of his sons were in Company G. One was First Sergeant Samuel Smart, the other Private John Smart. The three died at Camp Parapet—Samuel, on July 11, 1862; the father, on the next day; and John M., in the next month, August 18, 1862. The other old man, Mr. Israel Drew, who was one year older than Mr. Smart, was born at Madbury, N. H., in 1795. He enlisted in the war of 1812, and was stationed at Portsmouth. At the age of sixty-six, being a young looking man, he enlisted in Company G. He died at Camp Parapet, La., August 22, 1862. Three of his children are now (1890) living in Pittsfield, N. H.

The five oldest men in Company B were each, at enlistment, forty-four years of age; of these one died in 1862, three were discharged, and one, Johnny Burton, of Wilton, re-enlisted on January 4, 1864, and "had one more shot at 'em," but got "gobbled" in the act. Some are now known to have been only fifteen and sixteen, who then, of course, figured as eighteen, which would make our average age, twenty-five years.

One of our circulars found Frank C. Bancroft; a drummer boy of the Eighth, now proprietor and manager of the "Gaiety Theatre," of Springfield, Mass. Under date of

November 25, 1890, he writes that he would like his correct name, as above, used in the history. He having become war-crazy at fifteen years of age, while attending school at Lancaster, Mass., ran away at noon recess, came to Nashua and enlisted in Company A, as Henry Coulter. He was wounded at Hog's Bend, La., while carrying a message for General Davis, being his orderly at the time: after convalescence he refused to be transferred to the invalid corps, ran away from the hospital at New Orleans, and again rejoined the regiment, being, as he expresses it, "in all the skirmishes and engagements that the glorious old Eighth was in while out." By the oversight of those times, the name Henry Coulter does not appear on the State Roster till the list of the re-enlisted veterans is reached. There he is credited as bugler in Company A. Mustered in on January 4, 1864. Now, a year after the above was written, we are glad to announce to the anxious veterans that the above is no other than "B — Brutus," according to Principal Musician H. J. Durgin, and he knows.

Lieut. D. W. King continues to skip along the edge of the ocean down at the fort, as lively as a sandpiper, on February 3, 1862, quoting in a tearfully humorous way the following lines:

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come." — *Thomson*.

"If you are comin', why don't you come along?" — *Mosc*.

That first line was probably set to a catarrh accompaniment, thus:

"Cub, enthe Spig, etheubmigeness ("g" hard), Cub."

He continues:

It really seems as though we had had our share of cold weather and that it is time to have a "thaw" (Happy thawt), but old Borax blows as hard as ever, and those who entered the service last fall hoping to spend the

winter months in a sunnier clime, have been badly hoaxed; but we are happily assured that we go South "soon." A Maine Reg. has arrived—"bound South," so the redoubtable "they" say, and we believe it, for the guns and beef are being put on shipboard.

From "Sam":

Feb. 12th, 1862, Dear folks. We got all our new clothes and they are as smooth as cat fur. It looks as if the War would be over so I can help on that Land by next September. P. S. I got that Box with the tomatoes and letter paper and the Cider too, which is the only liquor I have tasted since I left home, and I haint used any Tobacco, so you can tell J. P. that I have kept our Pledge, although liquor is plenty in this region Roundabout.

From "Sam." Extract:

Feb. 15th —, We may go to Texas — you had better send Nettie's letters in yours if there is room, and they are sealed up, take good care of Her and when you have a lot of popcorn or hominy and milk just eat a half Galon for me; I dreamed last night of going to ride with "Nettie" and I shall sometime, give my love to "Nettie" and divide the rest up. That captain that went off in a boat came back I don't know about the Lt. they probably went off to get some Rum. The Col. has sent on to Washington for papers for us to sign so that you can draw Ten dollars a month of our pay which saves all risks of sending Money. you must go up to the Express office and get the quilt and testament and Psalms, I have got a bible and don't need the Rest. Im pretty happy this morning and got to go out and drill but I dug a great sheet iron pail full of clams and got a Letter from "Nettie"—Love to all.

Feb. 9, 1862, Corporal T. M. Shattuck reports:

J. B. Fales is dead, he was a good boy and will be missed, nine deaths thus far in the regiment.

Feb. 16th. Up to date, weather very cold — loaded guns, tents and provisions on Ship "E. Wilder Farley," I am to act on the vessel as Quartermaster-Sergeant. Companies B, C, D, E, G, and I, embarked and sailed for the South

this day. The boys on the School Ship cheered us as we passed.

17th. At sea and under good headway — Ike Stevens hooked up a halibut weighing 30 pounds. — getting sea and soldier sick — went to bed early.

18th. Stormy, vessel rolls heavily, all hands sick — made the Gulf stream at dark.

20th. Storm continues, got only 40 miles south to-day. The sailors say that they "pity the poor fellows on shore!"

21st. Pleasant, sail in sight, made a good run. In business all over — men hungry — keep the "coppers" boiling all the time.

23d. Fair, read Harper's, saw porpoises, had a sermon.

24th. Pleasant — Lat. 30, 43. A great change for us from overcoats to shirtsleeves.

27th. A whale in sight! The Island of Abaco, and a truly "Hole in the Wall" in sight! A dance in the evening not much like on the ice a month ago.

From the Foretop! An official glimpse of our superior officer and our destination.

Brig.-Gen. J. W. Phelps, Commanding, to Major-General Butler, Commanding Department of New England, Boston, Mass. :

SHIP ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI SOUND, Dec. 5, 1861.

General — Arrived here on the 3d. Issued a Proclamation concerning the "remoter objects of the expedition."

On board the "New London," Captain Reed, I have visited the eastern end of the island. It is not suitable for a camp of 5,000 men. Mosquitoes will be plenty at all seasons — animals seen were snakes, toads, birds, raccoons, pigs, and alligators.

The "New London" with 4 long 32's and one rifle is under her present commander, a very effective and well managed craft. In company with the "De-Soto," it is at this writing engaged with the enemy's boats in the direction of New Orleans.

Feb. 23d, 1862. General McClellan to Gen. B. F. Butler (at the close of the dispatch) :

Never lose sight of the fact that the great object to be achieved is the capture and firm retention of New Orleans.

On board ship "E. W. Farley":

Friday, Feb. 28, 1862. The six companies saw a most beautiful morning off the "Hole in the Wall" and, too, they saw a fine free exhibition of pluck and endurance which of course was then regarded as sheer ugliness and blank foolishness; it came about thus: Some men had been ordered by Lt. Putney, who was "officer of the day," to clear up a portion of the deck, and he made a good deal of talk about it, so "Woodchopper," a man of Co. E, whose real name was ever obscured by that sobriquet, "shoved in his oar," as the sailors say, and before they got far, he was pulling the stroke oar a-chinning. He counseled active resistance to Lt. Putney's orders, and continued to talk profanely, in fact mutinously, so that Capt. Nichols got stirred up and declared that he could bring Mr. W. Chopper to terms. It being so agreed, a tackle was rigged up (a line through a block), on the quarter deck, and the culprit being brought beneath the innocent looking "whip," was asked to repent and obey orders. He still refusing, his hands were tied behind his back and the line hooked in and drawn taut so that his toes just touched the deck; a most painful position on account of the continual strain upon the muscles. I think that the obstinate comrade stood it a good half hour before he cried enough, and was let down; and directly all hands were interested in the coming of the lighthouse man, one Tomson, who pulled off to us with "fowlings," as he named them, to us they were simply "eggs." He swapped them off with Capt. Nichols for whiskey, just what he came for.

On Tuesday, Mar. 4th, we voted "in foon" for Governor of New Hampshire, and now we are so far away in time, we can announce the result without exciting any feeling.

Whole number of votes cast	.	.	.	537
Necessary for choice	.	.	.	269
Scattering	.	.	.	7
Paul J. Wheeler, Prohibitionist, had	.	.	.	8

N. S. Berry, Rep. . . . . 116

George Stark, Dem. . . . . 406

and was, of course, "elected." For Wheeler, Co. B threw 3 votes, and Co. G, 5 votes.

Lieutenant Shattuck's diary :

Feb. 28th, '62. Off the coast of Florida — 17 sail in sight.

March 1st. Sponge boat along side, caught two sharks.

2d. Anchored off great Isaac's lighthouse.

3d. Saw the ship with 7th N. H. on board, could not speak her.

4th. Had a squall, "enough," the mate said. "to most take the sticks out of her." Up to the 9th, mending tents.

12th. Fair. Had a sergeant's drill. The adjutant "treated" the sergeants and corporals.

14th. Storm raging — equal to Hatteras — ran off the coast.

15th. One of the blockading Gunboats off Mobile Bay signalled us. We had no answers, so she fired a shot across our bows and Capt. hove to quick. She hailed, found us out and kept close to all day.

Mar. 16th. Sunday — Off Mobile Bay in a calm. Two gunboats and a sermon.

17th. Ran down opposite Ship Island and "laid to" in a bracing wind.

18th. Ran in and anchored in the forenoon. Commenced to unload. The men got on shore.

19th and 20th. Set up tents and got off provisions. Gen. Butler arrived on Steamer "Mississippi."

Four companies, viz., A, F, H, and K, were left behind at Fort Independence, to come on in the ship "Eliza and Ella," in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Lull, Assistant Surgeon Ellery C. Clarke going with them — Surgeon Samuel G. Dearborn being on the "E. W. Farley." An interesting incident was, that one soldier who was to go with the six companies on the Farley, suddenly died, and in the hurry of the departure was left without burial.



SERG'T CHAS. E. BUZZELL, CO. F.





SERGT. CHARLES E. BUZZELL.



Although now considerable pains have been taken to ascertain exactly his name and company, they are not known. In the absence of the chaplain, Lieutenant-Colonel Lull decided that there should be given the soldier "a Christian burial." Said he, "I will officiate," and immediately asked his wife, who was constantly his companion in fort or on board ship, to find appropriate Scripture passages. Without search, she chanced to open the Bible at a most touching selection for a burial service, the fourteenth chapter of Job. Little then did the cherished wife think that the loved form of her husband would in a few short months be borne back to be given "a Christian burial," as a soldier martyr for the Nation's life. Yet, there they stood beside the open grave, surrounded by the battallion of 400 men, amid' the falling snow driven by the bitter winds, while he read, his voice mingling with the murmuring ocean, the well known verses, and recited the Lord's prayer.

Mar. 15, 1891. From a letter written by Comrade H. J. Durgin, it is thought that the name of the soldier buried as described, was Almon P. Goodrich, enlisting from West Concord, N. H.

Lieut. D. W. King, upon the high seas, reports as follows:

Companies A, F, H, and K, Lieut.-Col. O. W. Lull commanding, left Boston on the eighteenth day of February, 1862, on board the ship "Eliza and Ella," being towed down to the cove light. A good run was made the first night, we making sufficient "offing" to have plenty of sea room. The wind hauled to southward and we sailed east, close hauled under close reefed topsails. This was kept up till the 23d, when the rough weather turned to rougher. It blew hurricanes. The sea jumped right up! So the ship was "hove to," and we enjoyed it, as well as we could. We tried to delude ourselves with the idea that we were the jolliest set of men in the world, but it was in vain. We were seasick! the ship rolling so

fearfully that the yards dipped in the water. During the night the foretop-mast staysail was blown away with a snap that startled the landsmen. The storm staysail was set and the night wore on, during which we were often reminded of at least one or two lines of an old poem we used to recite, viz: " 'We are lost,' the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs." But the captain, Lunt, was sick and laid in his bunk — purposely dosed by the mate, it is said — and said mate held the command. The gale continued almost without intermission until the 7th of March. We occasionally set and ran under close reefed topsails, but life was uncomfortable, as it was impossible to cook much, and "hard tack" was our fare for many days. After getting into the Gulf stream, we enjoyed fine home June weather, and passed the time in exalted plays, such as euchre, old sledge, checkers, etc. We had singing in the evening by a quartette that could knock the handle off of Hayden in the music line.

On the 10th of March, we ran by the "hole in the wall," which is a whole hole in a wall of rock — and despite an ugly head wind, ran into Nassau, N. P., on the 11th. Here Lieutenant-Colonel Lull, Assistant Surgeon Clarke, and the mate, went ashore, and laying the case before the American consul, it was decided to take in wood, water, and another navigator. After this decision, the officers were allowed to go ashore, and it did not take long to find out that Nassau belonged to the British, and that the colored man and brother was in proportion to the white man, as one hundred to one. Pigs and children were numerous — the health was very healthy; the laws excessively severe, and those trespassing were set at work breaking stone to prevent them from breaking harder statutes. An old negro of the fourth generation back, told us that "it was pesky resky goin' to wor widout leavin' your soul wid de good Lord." His taking of a sixpence for his information proved his sanity. The next morning with the impediment of a large live turtle for soup, we got on board and were off again at 12 M. We soon got to "Great Isaacs." That island was put there to hold a bolted down lighthouse, as the loving sea combs over this section in any kind of a gale. After chartering a fair wind, for which we waited twelve hours, we bore down for the "Dry Tortugas," the prospective home of the Sev-

enth N. H. Regiment; thence within twelve miles of the Cuban coast, and near the "Double headed shot keys." At this time Captain Lunt died, and as he desired, his body was sewn up in well tarred canvass and stowed beneath a boat on the quarter deck, to be kept, if possible, for burial on shore. A burial at sea! Laomi Gould, of Company K, died upon the 19th; his body was carefully sewn in his blankets and a weight attached to his feet. Lieutenant-Colonel Lull read the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, and at the words, "We commit his body to the deep," the board upon which the remains lay was raised and our companion was gone from us forever. Continual head winds compelled us to put into Mobile Bay, "in distress." The gunboat, "Norway," on the next day took us in tow for Ship Island. The captain's body becoming offensive, it was hoisted into the "mizzen top," and in that shape we entered port after a run of forty days. The right wing had been on this sun-baked sand-isle about two weeks. At sea, now in plain sight, is the gunboat "New London," sailor nicknamed the "Black Devil." She came in the other day from Cat Island with seven schooners in tow, mostly laden with cotton. Those captured vessels are very useful in unloading our vessels. Crews are to be had in abundance from among our own troops, which, Yankee-like, can furnish mechanics of all kinds. The "New London" is a most interesting craft. She has a roving commission, and goes wherever her commander wishes. Her crew will not be taken alive and rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, will fire the magazine and go up or down together. We regard her with affection, and at early morning eye the surrounding waters to locate the fiery little craft which may be found at some point of the compass, or has disappeared only to return in a day or two with a string of captures.

Diary of Comrade Henry J. Durgin. (The following came to the writer in March, 1891, and is here inserted up to and upon Ship Island. Comrade D was "Principal Musician." Diary condensed):

Feb. 18th, 1862. Two tugs took the "Eliza and Ella" down the harbor. I got the music together and played

“Yankee Doodle” and “Red, White, and Blue” on our way out. All hands seasick, including myself.

22d. Ship rolls and pitches like an egg shell, and worse still, in the calm on Sunday, which seems less like Sunday than any ever experienced. Gale again on Monday and a fearful night; no sleep. Things loose on deck, and the sails torn in strips.

27th. Very cold, high winds and our course is very crooked. In Gulf Stream and stormy.

March 2d. The wind has gone down; calm, and like a June day in New Hampshire.

6th. Another gale, and all hands frightened.

7th. See flying fish and Mother Cary chickens.

8th. Came near being run into by schooner with no light.

10th. Passed Abaco and anchored off Nassau.

12th. Started again on the sea.

16th. Spoke a 4-gun United States war ship, and played them Yankee Doodle.

18th. Sharks — thunder and lightning — hot.

28th. Off Mobile, which is blockaded by three gunboats.

29th. One of the gunboats took us to Ship Island.

April 4th. We are to drill each day in the soft sand: hard work; reveille at 4½ A. M., tattoo, 9 P. M.

6th. Sunday; inspection and religious services. Seems good to hear some preaching once more.

9th. Grand review of about 14,000 men.

C. S. A. On Jan. 9th, 1861, an ordinance of secession was adopted in the State of Mississippi.

Extract from Government Reports, Series I, vol. 1:

Official.

REPORT OF LIEUT. FRED. E. PRIME, U. S. CORPS OF ENGINEERS, OF THE SEIZURE OF THE FORT ON SHIP ISLAND, MISS.

BILOXI, Miss., Jan. 30th, 1861.

SIR, — I have the honor to report that the works at Ship Island were visited by an armed body of men on the forenoon of the 13th inst. They stated to the overseer that their object was to take possession of the works, and also,

that they were acting on their own responsibility. After a short stay on the island they left without interfering in any way with the works. On the afternoon of the same day another party, also armed, landed at Ship Island; their statement to the overseer was the same as that made by the first party. A flag was hoisted by them previous to their departure that evening. Ten men were left on the island, who occupied a vacant engineer's building. As no interference was attempted on their part, operations were continued so as to close the works as rapidly as possible. On the morning of the 20th instant, a third party of armed men took forcible possession of the works and engineer property at Ship Island. From that moment I considered myself relieved from all connection with those works. My duties are now restricted to the settlement of outstanding liabilities against the works formerly in my charge. Should the Department, however, consider that I have, or may have, hereafter, other duties to discharge with respect to those works, I would respectfully request that I be furnished with instructions to that effect.

I am Sir, your obt. Servt.

FRED E. PRIME,  
*1st Lt. Engineer.*

BVT. BRIG. GEN. J. G. TOTTEN,  
*Chief of Engineers.*

By Professor Soley, United States Navy. Ship Island,  
'61-62.

On the 16th of September, 1861, Ship Island, an important point commanding the passage of Mississippi Sound, which formed the water connection between New Orleans and Mobile, was evacuated by the Confederate forces. On the next day the steamer "Massachusetts," under Capt. Melancton Smith, landed a force and took possession. The fort was then strengthened by a formidable armament of rifles and 9-inch Dalgreen guns. Occasional attempts were made to recover the island, but without success. On the 19th of October, the Confederate steamer, "Florida" (Capt. George N. Hollins), made a demonstration, and an encounter took place between that vessel and the "Massachusetts." The "Florida," having the advantage of higher speed and less draught, was able

to choose her distance, and exploded a 68-pound rifle shell in the "Massachusetts," but without doing serious damage. The engagement was indecisive. On the first of December a detachment of 2,500 troops, under Gen. J. W. Phelps, was posted on the island which had up to this time, been held by the navy.

According to Secretary Welles (in the "Galaxy" for November, 1871), the navy department first conceived the idea of an attack on New Orleans, in September, 1861, and the plan took definite shape about the middle of November, from which time the department was busily engaged in preparation for the expedition. As a part of the plan, it was decided to divide the Gulf squadron into two commands, and when, on the 23d of December, Farragut received his preparatory orders, they directed him to hold himself in readiness to take command of the "West Gulf squadron," and the expedition to New Orleans. Farragut received his full orders as flag-officer on the 20th of January, 1862, and sailed from Hampton Roads in the "Hartford," on the 3d of February, arriving at Ship Island on the 20th, and soon sailed on to the "Southwest Pass" of the Mississippi.

Professor Soley gives Admiral David D. Porter the credit (as the admiral in the "Century" claims for himself) of having the scheme in mind, and that he would have gone up and attacked New Orleans during the month of May, 1861, but the "Powhatan," Porter's vessel, drew three feet too much water. As the admiral was engaged in blockading the "Southwest Pass," for a period of seventy-six days before, it was very natural for a really able man to find out all that he could about the defenses of the "Queen city," above; and so he did inquire to some purpose of the fishermen in his vicinity, and he found that by the first day of June, 1861, very little progress had been made in strengthening the forts, St. Philip and Jackson. As we shall by and by ascertain what preparations the

enemy had made since June, 1861, we will keep up the dates at Ship Island.

On March 23d, 1862, Commissary T. M. Shattuck reports :

Had soft bread to eat for the first time for many weeks.

The boys of the Eighth will recollect that "soft bread," the "bakery," and its "beer," brewed from molasses, hops, and yeast. It was at Ship Island a fine five-cent nectar. The manufacture of the above was supervised by one Stephen A. Scripture, a Lowell lad whom General Butler, with his usual sagacity about ability in men, had swept into his train in order to provide some of the gastronomics of life in the bakery line. He was a success. Rather singularly, the writer had met Stephen before at Norwich, Vermont, Military University, where we were schoolmates at an age when we were simply "infants" in the eye of the law. Without preconcert, we next met on the deck of the clipper ship "Reindeer," in November, 1849, both bound as passengers for California, and again, twelve years after, I saw his jolly face at the dispensing window of the "bakery" on Ship Island. He was not then enlisted, but had previously served in the First New Hampshire, under Captain Sturtevant, of Concord.

From Shattuck's Diary :

Mar. 25th. Heavy cannonading off east on the Sound, off Cat Island. The "Blackdevil" is giving the rebs fits.

Mar. 26th. By Steamer "Western Empire" we hear that the "E and E" is at Nassau.

Mar. 29th. After 40 days the left wing has got here — good!

Sunday, 30th. Took out tents and got men well in camp by 5 P. M.

April 1st. Put up a tent for Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Lull.

2d. The "E. W. Farley" has on board 1,200 troops for the "Passes."

- 3d. "De Witt Clinton" is in with the horses.  
 11th. Squall blew eight tents down.  
 12th. Storm—water driving up to our tents. Three men killed by lightning in 31st Mass.  
 14th. Captain Fiske resigned.  
 18th. Heavy firing in the southwest!  
 28th. News is—"New Orleans is ours!"  
 May 2d. Got plank for headboards to mark graves.  
 3d. Ordered to go as Quartermaster with the detachment to Fort Pike with Colonel Lull.  
 Sunday, May 4th. Found Fort Pike deserted—went on to Fort Wood.

C. S. A.—General Lovell, commanding forces at New Orleans, to Secretary of War Benjamin—Extract. Official:

Dec. 5th, 1861.

Forts Jackson and Philip are in good order and garrisoned by about 1,000 men. The river is completely obstructed by a raft of logs securely chained to both banks, and held by fifteen large anchors weighing from two to four tons and laid in twenty-five fathoms of water with sixty fathoms of strong chain, and has an enfilading fire from Fort Jackson and direct from Fort St. Philip.

Fort Macomb is garrisoned by 250 men. Tower Dupre by one large company. Fort Pike has a garrison of 350 men. All the channels are obstructed. The garrisons are all quite proficient in the drill of the sea coast gun. I am in communication by telegraph with Berwick, Forts Jackson, Macomb, and Pike. With the 15,000 men I have, I can defend the city. I now regard New Orleans as strong enough to resist any attack that is likely to be made.

Lovell to Benjamin, Jan. 13th, 1862. Extract:

Short of powder, a party will contract to deliver 75 tons at 84 cents specie, or \$1.14 Confederate notes. If approved, notify me.

Richmond, Jan. 16th, '62. Benjamin to Lovell:

Make the contract for delivery as soon as possible.

Lieutenant King, having steadied his sea legs in three feet of Ship Island sand, leveled his head by a glass, shaken the reefs out of the gray matter of his brain laps, and got the genial C. G. Hatch set up in the sutler shop business, addresses himself to the task of enlightening the reader as to this blazing sand-pile, and the whyness of the therefore, nevertheless, as follows: "After having been here nine days, just the old-fashioned time for bean-porridge to get of age and palatable, I have looked at this spot and judged what it was made for. Some think it solely to plant a lighthouse thereon; some that it was foreordained as a rendezvous for the Butler expedition; but the prevalent opinion is that it exists to see how large a heap of sand can be heaped in one place at sea by the forces of nature; for it is all sand, not a stone. It is about ten miles long and a mile wide at the widest. It looks no more like its representation on the map than does an eel like an alligator. It may have looked as mapped, when surveyed, if ever surveyed, but autocratic Neptune shifts its mobile boundaries at his own arrogant will. There are now here twenty regiments, several batteries, and several river steamers taken from the rebels. But the 'Creole,' Capt. Charles Walker, one of the finest of passenger steamers, came up the other day and surrendered itself. It was an acquisition of importance in the transportation line.

"On March 26th, Major Strong carried to Biloxi some female prisoners under flag of truce, and was met by two boat loads of men who threatened him. He beat them off, having a small crew, by talking to an imaginary force down the hatchway till the 'New London' hove in sight. Next day a small force went over and cleared the town out. A captured letter read thus: 'The Yankees are in plain sight, but if they venture over here, we will give them h—.' The ink wasn't dry as the writer 'dusted' from the town.

“ On the west end of this isle is a brick fort of Jackson’s time. Our camp is two miles east of it, and quiet reigns on our end.

“ One great advantage is, that the water is good and attainable by simply digging down three feet and setting a barrel in. Good fresh water will ooze in to the depth of a foot. It will get foul in about two weeks, when another well can be had a few feet away. It is more difficult to get wood. We go three miles east, cut pitch-pine logs, roll them a quarter of a mile to the water and raft them to camp, which means fun and rheumatism.

“ The cook-house is of blankets hung on a gun-box — Jud, Barney, and Quinn preside. The sign up is ‘Bowers’ Guard’ in memory of home and an honored citizen.

“ While digging a well, the men found the body of a rebel officer in full uniform, sword and sash on, in a standing position. We know not how he came there and think that the archives of rebeldom will not explain it, nor the presence of the body of a negro on the east end of the island—looked as if it had been there a month. That, and a lot of lemon, orange, and tamarind trees, two bayous containing alligators and pelicans, were all of interest in that section, save, perhaps, the ruins of the hotel, a fine bed of very few oysters, and some small clams very sweet.

“ The above is about all in regard to this desolate isle, still I will say that life flourished above these seedless sands, for in one of the neighboring regiments, a soldier, one of the ‘fattest of the flock,’ last night gave birth to a fine boy: he, or they, had always done duty as a soldier, and he, or she, was not suspected of being a female up to the time of exposure. Another woman in blue uniform was discovered in one of the Maine regiments. She proved to be the wife of a soldier, and the soldier ‘present and accounted for.’ She was promptly and ‘honorably discharged’ and sent home.

“On Saturday, May 3, orders were received by Lieutenant-Colonel Lull to take three companies, viz. : A, F, and K on board the ship ‘Major Holbrook.’ They, with the Seventh Vermont, were to take possession of Forts Wood, Pike, and Macomb, situated on channels leading into Lake Pontchartrain; the former from Lake Borgne, the latter from Lake Catherine. Towed by a gunboat the detachment got under way, and the next day at 5 P. M., after rather a hard run reached the deserted Fort Pike. Company A amid much enthusiasm marched in and took possession, which was better than storming in or, mole-like, worming under ground. Thank ’em for leaving—we raised the flag with hearty cheers. We had taken a sloop and a schooner on which was quite a show of Confederate money and a little silver. The men played happy at being captured, and cursed Jeff Davis and his government; but the discovery of a handsome rebel flag, and our own with all but seven stars torn off, was an object lesson lie to their protestations of Unionism.”

Gen. J. W. Phelps was right away, a noticeable officer. Everyone now, has heard of him. Gen. J. B. Carr says, “Among prominent soldiers at this time was General Phelps, then colonel of a Vermont regiment; brave, cool, and capable, he was thoroughly liked by his men and by his superior officers. He spoke with a long, drawling ‘Yankee’ accent, and his piquant sayings were very entertaining. Hating display and undue egotism, he invariably showed his displeasure when in the presence of men who were guilty of either. For instance, a dapper young lieutenant had shown great fondness for his dress uniform, supplemented by a scarlet-lined cloak, and a dislike for ranking his personality below the chief officer. Strutting into General Phelps’ tent on one occasion, he said without salute or preface, ‘I am going down to the fort, sir.’ ‘Are you?’ said the General, as he took in at a glance the

gorgeous cloak and superabundant self-esteem of the young man. 'Are you? Neow, I guess not, young man. Go to your colonel, get his permission, and then if you can get mine you may go down to the fort; not otherwise. Go now.' On another occasion when the camp was all commotion and excitement, owing to firing in the direction of our pickets, General Phelps not excited in the least degree, walked into the writer's tent, and said, 'Carr, that's not picket shooting. It is your men shooting pe-e-gs.' His surmise proved correct." We shall soon hear and know more about the General and his honest oddities.

A "Sam" letter extract:

May 16th, 1862. DEAR FOLKS—I have got to write in a hurry the Flies bite so. tell Nettie that that net keeps 'em off pretty well but we have to eat them some they are so thick. This is getting to be quite a place, we have got a Printing office, a Mule railroad, a postoffice, express office and a Store. They are building up the fort again. It makes the rebels eyes stick out to see things going on our fashion. They desert over here every day and bring Stuff to eat, sugar is a cent a pound. Flour 12, and shoes \$12.00 a pair, but ducks, geese, oysters and clams are free if you go and dig them. We are called by General Phelps the best, cleanest and Toughest regiment, I am out of stamps but Love To all.

The "Soldiers' News Letter" was no stranger to the troops on Ship Island. From some in the writer's possession the following extracts are taken:

The Government Bakery under the superintendence of Mr. P. A. Scripture of Lowell, can turn out seven thousand loaves of bread per day.

Lost, Between the Quarters of the Eighth New Hampshire and the Bakery, a Diary for 1862, containing memoranda of Quartermaster's Stores.

T. M. SHATTUCK.

The "News" publishes a few gems from Prentice of the "Louisville Journal" as follows :

Let Jeff Davis just wait till he gets to the end of his rope and then he can have full swing.

Prentice says that the Confederate troops in the field consist mostly of flying artillery, flying cavalry, and flying infantry — and that everything is dear except rebels, and they feel mighty cheap, and too, that, although the N. O. Delta says that Tennessee can never pocket the insults of the Federal Government, Prentice thinks she might, as she has had nothing to pocket for a good while.

Editor's valedictory is, The Eighth New Hampshire is gone — our next issue may be from the Crescent City. We shall continue to travel on with brave men to find a home and a welcome anywhere under the Union Flag.

Away back in good old orthodox Sunday-school times we used to read in The Book that the serpent was subtler than all the beasts of the field. He was universally regarded as the emblem of wisdom and as he had all the property (so once on a time he claimed), he was thought a good deal of, as now he is. The Eighth thought a good deal of its sutler, as he had to sell many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life, and the boys got 'em — in a measure.

Mr. Charles G. Hatch was an interesting personage as our sutler. He was a good looking and an honest man — a fit sutler for the "Pious Eighth;" moreover, he was a temperance man, as he said that he "always felt good enough without having to feel better." He relates that on his departure from the North, he took to Ship Island a good-sized keg of whiskey, "for sickness and the officers." It was stowed in a dry-goods box, wrapped in army blankets and packed with sawdust solidly. On its arrival, it was buried in the sand just inside the doorway of his tent, and often the proprietor was to be seen sitting in his "barrel chair," directly over it, and fanning his northern brow while his eyes found no rest upon the glistening waves of

the gulf or the heated expanse of sand. He used to vary the monotony each day by a score of trips towards the beach, and to find a temporary rest and retirement by sitting upon a long rail supported by crotched sticks, and there meditate as his eye roved over old ocean's "melancholy waste." At such times, as seen from the writer's tent, when returning, his struggling form surrounded by the heated air that rose writhing and swaying above the hot sands, he seemed to be enveloped in flame, like the ancient John Rogers; but he lived, and one day the Provost Marshal, paid him an apparently semi-official visit, and our Charles seated him at the post of honor in the barrel chair. The Marshal asked him if he had any exhilarant, and a bottle of native New Hampshire wine was placed before him, which, having sampled, he pronounced "good," and then he volunteered the information that some sutler had been selling considerable liquor, and he was looking the matter up generally. Mr. Hatch immediately hastened to tell the official that he was close on to what liquor he had and he was welcome to it if he could find it, which seemed satisfactory to the officer, and pleased the knowing ones in the vicinity. Afterwards when the detachment went to Fort Macomb and took the sutler along, that box got stuck at the wharf right at the gangway to the vessel, to the great disgust of the Marshal, who made a good deal of talk about it. "Who's great box is this anyway," said he. Hatch spoke up, "It's mine, sir." "What's in it?" said the official. "Whiskey, sir; see the big 'W' on the box." That prompt admission passed the box with a "smile."

Again, among the many things which Charley Hatch didn't take, he or "they" forgot some lamp chimneys to match the lamps and the five gallons of kerosene oil which he did take. But as our eminent sutler was one evening passing the quarters of General Neal Dow, he espied the brilliancy emanating from kerosene lamps provided with chimneys, so he stopped and gaining an audience with the

general, tried to purchase a limited number of lamp chimneys, but found that his money was of no account in the way of trade for lamp chimneys. They were like the hubstock in the "wonderful one hoss shay." "The last of the lot an' they couldn't sell 'em!" So Charley bided his time, and in the course of time, down came an orderly from General Dow's headquarters to buy some kerosene oil, but Mr. Hatch had "none for sale." Then down came a note requesting an interview which was generously accorded, but no oil was for sale, although ten dollars per gallon was offered. Finally Mr. Hatch told the man from Maine that he would "swop" two gallons of oil for twelve lamp chimneys, which offer was joyfully accepted, and so both ends of the encampment were made light and happy.

Diary of H. J. Durgin, Principal Musician, Ship Island :

April 12th. Rolled logs on tent bottoms to keep them down in the blow.

22d. Our drum corps went down to the city (the wharf), to a brigade guard mount.

26th. The drum corps is improving fast. I have written off 15 new pieces.

Sunday, 27th. One Bryant of Company H preached, formerly Methodist minister.

29th. My second cousin, formerly a Shaker, paid me a visit.

May 4th. Colonel Fearing does not like it because the regiment is divided, on account of the drill.

Monday, 5th. Insects discovered.

8th. "Eliza and Ella" sailed; ran upon Horn Island, came back half full of water.

10th. She was run on the rebel shore.

## CHAPTER III.

New Orleans. — George W. Cable. — The "Brooklyn." — A Look Ahead. — The Navy. — Farragut. — The Passage of the Forts. — General Paine's Diary.

THE city of New Orleans was the only extreme southern one of great wealth—the Paris of America. It was an object of our expedition to assist, as ordered, in recovering and holding that city and as much of the surrounding country as possible. The approaches to it are flat and uninteresting with the exception of experiencing the novelty of sailing above the level of the country upon a river that runs through and above silt, which, according to Captain Eads, is several thousand feet deep from the "Passes" up to Baton Rouge, forming a delta which for crops, has only to be "tickled with the hoe, to laugh a harvest." Along in the fifties, the writer visited the city when it was glowing with heat and business. On ascending the river, the first stranger that he saw was a "sailor man," face downwards, floating in the stream, and the last human figure on leaving, was one of the same profession being helplessly hoisted on board an "outward bound" by a "whip" or single line. It was a good object lesson, though that comical and rare genius, John Phœnix, had years before said that, "there was oft heard the soft note of the pistol and the pleasant shriek of the victim." And the saying has been proved true in 1890, when the brave chief of police, Hennessy, who was well known as one of our staff officers in '63, was shot by the "thugs" of New Orleans, murdered at his own door for simply doing his duty.

The lordly raisers of "a thousand bales" and their

serene ladies, had been seen in the North on summer tours; their rather supercilious scions had been school-mates, but here they were met in one of the nurse-beds of ripe revolt. The palmy days of business were then already shadowed by the coming crisis of 1861. The surroundings were more foreign to our country and less in sympathy with it, than any other spot as influential upon this continent. In a city saved to their fathers by a man from the middle North with Northern troops, they knew less of, and cared less for, the name of Jackson, than that of Floyd. A city through and through of French, Spanish, and intense English predilections, whose yearnings of capital, politics, religion, and fashion, reached in any direction, save toward the North. A people whose intuitions were traitorous, and whose actions were bold and aggressive, and their speech disloyally insulting. Again was the ancient adage to be proved true, that "those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Mr. George Cable gives a vivid description of the state of the city before the "invasion," when the Southern heart was being fired up to "hurl back the foe," as they called it; when no woman opened her mouth save to speed and cheer her lover or loved ones on to the fight; and so they went, until the city was denuded of men. First, the enthusiastic and the reckless into the forces sent up to their line of defence at the North; then, the prudent into the forts below, that they thought to be impregnable, and in fact would never be assaulted, and some went out to "summer" at Forts Pike and Macomb. Numbers were all at once discovered to be "Foreigners," who were never suspected of having in their veins any French, Spanish, or German blood, but who now blossomed out in the "Foreign legion." He speaks well of the long lines of real "Home Guards," old gray beards who stood up in faultless alignment, anxious to be "accounted for," as "fired up." Three quarters of them had relatives at the front, and many had singly fitted

out and paid for the equipment of companies and batteries. The first wail of sorrow and pang of real woe that New Orleans heard and felt, was when the body of Gen. Sidney A. Johnson was brought from the battle-field of Shiloh, and the funeral procession passed through the streets of the Crescent City. One effect of their folly had at last reached them, and it only remained to prove that the boasts of General Lovell were absurd and that their forts, obstructions, and lines of defence, were not proof against the genius of a Farragut, and the energy of a Butler.

It is proposed to give here an account, condensed, of the passage of the forts below New Orleans. It will occupy as little space as possible, consistent with accuracy. We take as our authorities, the evidence of eye-witnesses and participants; also reliable data from reliable magazines of late dates. It is a little saddening to us so deeply interested, that at this date of writing, June, 1891, the old fighter, the "Brooklyn," is being burned, simply for the commercial value of the metal which she holds within her frame of oak. We would like to know how much cash her destruction turns into the United States treasury. According to the New York papers, she makes a big bonfire on the beach, visible for ten leagues; so she goes up in a partial blaze of glory and leaves beneath her ashes a small mine of—copper.

The fortunes of war carried our regiment into the old State of Louisiana. It happened to be the only regiment from New Hampshire that spent a term of service of more than three years in restoring and re-instating that province in the "Union." It did its share of the work of reducing and holding the queen city of the South. Its marching and fighting qualities were fully tested. It flinched at no service,—as said General Paine on one occasion, "tell General Banks that the Fourth Wisconsin and the Eighth New Hampshire have learned how to fight, and not how to retreat." Its vitality was so great that the health of the

regiment, even in that malarial and enervating climate was, for its time spent in the South, above the average. Its morals were excellent; its *esprit de corps*, unrivalled. The sturdy Yankee element was predominant, but the Irish ingredient contained in more than two whole companies, was an assurance of undoubted courage and a spice of unlimited fun for the whole campaign. As time passed on great were the changes in field and staff—in rank and file. The organization changed to the Second New Hampshire Cavalry, to the Veteran Battallion. But even then, it delighted to be known by the old nursery name of "The Eighth New Hampshire."

Up to the last Red River expedition, the 19th Army Corps was as a family. We, in it, marched and fought over the whole length of the State, our operations lapping upon Vicksburg, and when at Sabine Cross Roads, Captain King and comrades were taken prisoners, we got nearer to Texas than any portion of the army ever did. We contributed largely to each arm of the service, as shown by our roster. The most of the time the Fourth Wisconsin was with us, they were our Western cousins, and we had a mutual admiration for each other. Veterans of the Eighth knew all the batteries and all the naval vessels, so we hope to see at a bird's-eye view, a definite portion of the whole movement from the first landing at Ship Island, on through the fertile lands bordering on the eccentric and wandering bayous up to Alexandria, and back again to the final hold upon the Mississippi by the Confederates at Port Hudson, which was broken on July 8, 1863. Then for the first time in the rebellion, the great dividing river rolled "unvexed to the sea." That, with the great Northern victory at Gettysburg, resulted in the paralyzing of the jaws of foreign interference just as they were ready to close on and gnaw apart our southern lines of frail defence and take our weak neighbors to make a parapet of, behind which the more effectually to attack the

“Great Republic” — that standing living menace to an arbitrary foreign power! To assist in keeping our borders intact, the last expeditions were undertaken, one to Texas and one to Red river — movements which the government “Official Records” will help to explain.

Admiral Porter is good authority, in a conservative way, on the opening of the lower Mississippi. He says that “at the first, there were eleven Southern States in rebellion, whose harbors were nearly all closed against our ships of war, either by our own forts being occupied by the enemy, or by the torpedoes and other obstructions. Through four of these seceding States, ran the great river Mississippi, and both its banks, from Memphis to its mouth, were lined with powerful batteries. On the west side of the river were three important States — Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas — with their great tributaries to the Mississippi, the White, the Arkansas, and the Red, which were in a great measure secure from attack. These States could not only raise a half-million soldiers, but could furnish their government with provisions of all kinds, and cotton enough to supply the sinews of war for years. New Orleans was the largest Southern city, and contained all the resources of modern warfare, having great workshops where machinery of the most powerful kind could be built, and having artisans capable of building ships in wood or iron, casting heavy guns, or making small arms. The people of the city were in no way behind the most zealous in energy of purpose and in hostility to the government of the United States. The Mississippi is thus seen to have been the backbone of the rebellion, which our government should have at the first broken. At the outset of the war it should have been attacked at both ends at once. But the Federal government neglected to approach the mouth of the great river until a year after hostilities had commenced, except to blockade. The rebels made good use of this interval in fortifying the approaches and the banks of the river farther

on." The only Confederate vessel in commission when Porter was blockading, was the "Ivy," a small river boat mounting one 4-pounder rifled gun. As the admiral had been over the river's courses thirty times in a mail steamer, his assertion in regard to his ability to take New Orleans at that time is plausible. He says, "had I been able to cross the bar with my ship, I would have felt like going up to the city and demanding its surrender. I could have passed the forts in the night without a pilot, but my ship drew too much water (19½ feet)." This was the position of affairs on May 31, 1861, forty-nine days after Fort Sumter had been fired on. Admiral Porter was ordered to Washington and on November 12, 1861, had a conference with President Lincoln, Secretary Welles of the Navy, Assistant Secretary Fox, and General McClellan, who was then in the height of his power. President Lincoln, to their surprise, exhibited a remarkable comprehension of and familiarity with the state of affairs in the South and along the line of the river. (In fact, in this year, 1861, intelligent people have not ceased wondering at his tremendous capacity on different and diverging lines of knowledge.) He said that the capture of New Orleans and the holding of the river above was all important, and must be attended to immediately, especially as the enemy might fortify and hold the heights bordering, particularly Vicksburg which was the key to the situation in that section. General McClellan took hold of the matter instantly and in two days reported that the number of men required, namely 20,000, would be ready to embark on the 15th of January, 1862, and Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler was assigned to raise the eastern troops, of which the Eighth New Hampshire was a prominent three years organization. The naval part of the expedition was to consist of vessels mounting not less than two hundred guns, a powerful mortar flotilla, and sufficient steam transportation. Admiral Porter was given the duty of getting the mortar fleet of

twenty large schooners ready, together with their mortars, also the selecting of officers who would be likely to be assigned to fill unwonted positions with duties imposed with which they were not familiar. By the last of January, 1862, the mortars, accompanied by seven steamships and a store ship, all manned by seven hundred picked men and twenty-one officers of the merchant marine service, set sail for the "Passes." Admiral Porter claims the honor of having discovered and recommended Captain David G. Farragut as a well trained commander of experience for the whole expedition, and the results prove the wisdom of his recommendation. Himself and General Butler have had of late, some sharp frictional newspaper talk, but both men were great enough to let each other alone, and of late death has stepped in to close the records. Some Washington reporter on his dutiful rounds approached General Butler on the subject, but was instantly checked by the laconic remark, "Young man, of the dead say nothing."

In studying the movements that resulted in the opening of the Lower Mississippi, it is plainly to be seen that it needed all the will, persistence, courage, and energy of Commander Farragut, mixed with his dash of genius, to accomplish the task. He was a Tennessean, yet intensely loyal to the government. His record shows that in 1833, during the nullification troubles in South Carolina, he was sent there by Andrew Jackson to support his mandate that "The Union must and shall be preserved." And when, in 1861, he was urged in a threatening manner to desert the flag, his historical answer was "you fellows will catch the devil before you get through with this business." At this time he was over sixty years of age, but very active, with powers of mind and body unimpaired. Although the Department had no doubt of his loyalty, they hesitated to give command of this important expedition to an officer of Southern birth, as it was thought that it would

not be a congenial duty to act offensively against friends and relations. A personal interview with Farragut, however, dispelled all doubts, and he accepted the command as soon as offered, without knowing his destination. So, according to orders, "The West Gulf Blockading Squadron" assembled at Key West about the last of February and March 15, Flag-Officer Farragut was superintending the crossing of the "Bar" from his ship, the "Hartford." The frigate "Colorado," mounting fifty guns, drew too much water. The grand old frigate "Mississippi," was lightened of her spars, guns, and coal, and in eight days time by the aid of the six mortar steamers, was pulled over to go to her death at Port Hudson a year later.

The United States coast survey steamer, "Sachem," commanded by Mr. F. H. Geddes, selected the position of the bomb-vessels, triangulated the river, furnished reliable charts, planted white flags opposite the vessels and accurately distanced them from the mouths of their mortars to the centre of Fort Jackson. The vessels were watched day and night to see that they did not move at all from their positions, so that the firing should be exact. Then upon the 16th of April, Farragut moved his fleet up within three miles of the forts and announced that he was ready and awaiting the result of the bombardment. The first and third divisions of mortar boats were on the west bank of the river upon the same side as Fort Jackson, and screened by a thick wood. The Fort could be plainly seen from the mastheads of the schooners which were covered with brush, so that the Confederate gunners could not distinguish them from the trees. The leading mortar boat was one and five eighths of a mile from Fort Jackson, and over two miles from Fort St. Philip, which was upon the east bank. The second division under Lieutenant Queen was on the east side of the river, the leading boat being opposite its mate upon the right bank. On the morning of April 18, the bombardment fairly commenced, each mortar firing

once in ten minutes; the forts replied promptly and with effect after getting our range. To withdraw their fire the "Owasco" was ordered up to the head of the line and its eleven-inch pivot gun was used for nearly two hours, till out of ammunition; then the second, Queen's division, being too much exposed, was withdrawn to the west side. At five P. M. the enemy's fire slackened and it was found that there was a big fire inside of Fort Jackson. At midnight the mortar crews were exhausted, but being assured of the effect of their work they threw for two hours, a shell each five minutes, continuing through the night at the rate of one each half-hour. It is now known by the evidence of Col. Edward Higgins, C. S. A., that the fleet could have as easily passed the forts on the morning of the 19th, as on the 24th. He says that Fort Jackson was helpless: its magazine inaccessible, as the men were confined most rigidly to the casements. In one instance a shell struck the parapet over the magazine, penetrating five feet of the seven feet of wall, and failed to explode; had it done so, there would have been an end to Fort Jackson; but when the fleet did pass, the tons of descending, bursting shell, destroyed all accuracy and rapidity of fire, rendering the passage, as far as land fire was concerned, comparatively easy. It is fair to presume that the fire inside of Fort Jackson on the 19th would have prevented the gunners from working so effectively as they did on the morning of the 24th, when everything inflammable about the works had been burned up; all fires were then out and they had nothing to fear or distract their attention, but the very indefinite fall of shells, and it is well now, to say, that during the first five days' bombardment, sixteen thousand eight hundred of these terrible missiles had fallen, mostly in and about Fort Jackson, and as the fifteen-inch shells weighed two hundred and forty pounds each, they were as formidable in descending as solid shot, if they did not explode. On the night of the 20th, the "Pinola," and the

“Itasca,” under Captain Bell, chief of staff, went up and broke the chain which crossed the river above. The extreme height of the water in the river at this time, was a great help as it served to sweep away many intended obstructions, and besides, a fact that I do not see referred to but which all seafaring men would deem important, was, that this very high water widened the channel for the invading fleet, so that it had more room to work in and was not so likely to be driven ashore or be dependent on a pilot, or so much upon the “lead,” or be obliged to run so near to the forts, to keep in a sufficient depth of water to float and go on. The ships had been prepared by sending down their light spars, painting their hulls mud color, and hanging chain cables over the sides abreast of the engines. All petty details, were attended to, as a successful passage depended upon everything being shipshape on each vessel from truck to keel. By order of Flag-officer Farragut, the hour of 2 A. M., on the morning of the 24th inst., was fixed upon as the time for the fleet to start. The following is a short extract from his General Order: “When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for ‘close action’ (No. 8), and abide the result, conquer or be conquered, drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best. Unless the signal above mentioned is made we will proceed up the river, etc.” It seems to the writer that an extraordinary occurrence took place at this time, of which no comment is made. A French admiral and the English captain of the frigate “Mersey” were permitted to go up and visit the rebel forts and communicate with the officers thereof. They returned with, it is said, very discouraging reports of the prospect of our fleet getting by. At the same hour a force of about six thou-

sand men, under Brigadier-General Phelps, was working up back of Fort St. Philip under the guidance of Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, who was familiar with the fort and its surroundings, ready to advance and attack at a proper time. Meanwhile, how well were the rebels prepared to resist the invasion? Our destination was known at Washington very soon after it was decided on, and then, of course, at New Orleans; in fact, the gamins upon the levees were hallooing it while many of our sober, conscientious rank and file were not certain of it while being sickly tossed upon the "multitudinous seas" *en route* to Ship Island.

During the days, lengthening into months, that the men and material of war were concentrating below the forts, the Confederates were hard at work on the defences, encouraged by a defiant press, a well-founded hope of foreign recognition, and by the strongest of advocates, the women and children. At Algiers was building the "Mississippi," an iron-clad which was never finished and was finally burned. The "Louisiana" was only in condition to be towed down on the 20th; its propellers did not work. By order of Major-General Lovell, General Duncan turned over all the war vessels, including tow-boats and fire-barges, to Gen. J. K. Mitchell, and he, knowing the inefficient state of the "Louisiana," declined to have her towed down below the raft close on to the St. Philip (east) shore, in order to draw the fire from the forts. General Duncan still calling for the "Louisiana," Captain Mitchell again replies on April 23d, by saying that the batteries of the "Louisiana" were not in place, and that she was not in condition to act against the enemy. In this refusal Captain Mitchell was supported by Captain McIntosh, the vessel's immediate commander, also Captains Huger and Warley. Two notes were also sent up asking General Mitchell to send down fire-barges when the action commenced, which he did not do, and which he might have done as

they were plentiful and six boats of the river fleet were available to tow them. At 12 M., on the 23d, General Duncan from Fort Jackson, again implores Mitchell to bring down the "Louisiana," but to no purpose. He asks again for fire-rafts to be sent down during the night, and still again asks for the "Louisiana," but writes, — "Mitchell did not come, but Farragut did."

To conclude this part about the "Louisiana," and to further account for her failure, Commodore Mitchell says that she, being immovable (lashed to the east shore), could use only her three bow guns and three of her starboard broadside guns, and those only as the enemy passed directly in front of them, as the port-holes were so small that the guns could be trained but five degrees either way. Her crew was sent on board less than four days before the action, so that they did not know each other at the same gun, nor had they any time for practice, but were mostly engaged in mounting or remounting guns, which they had never seen fired; and he himself was appointed only four days before the fight, to the supreme command over different classes of vessels scattered for miles along the river. He adds in regard to his difference of opinion with General Duncan, "Naval officers ought surely to be considered better judges of how the forces and appliances at their command should be managed, than army officers." A Confederate court of enquiry afterwards held, fully sustained him in his opinions and actions. The "Louisiana," as an active, working "terror," was from the beginning, an absurd failure. A. F. Warley was captain of the ram "Manassas," C. S. N., and we turn to his account of what was preparing to be done in his line on that eventful morning. We slide hastily over the first page of testy words, as in all these accounts there is a good deal of crimination and recrimination, mostly, naturally, on the beaten side; yet by choosing, we get from all these latest contributions, bed-rock facts as to

what was done, as also, what might have been done, by those who are now fast passing away. Warley, on the eve of the 23d, saw his friend Captain Huger, of the "McRae," and they agreed that the attack was at hand and that no support would be given them by any of the vessels that had been sent down to help oppose the fleet, and to support this opinion, he relates that the first vessel seen after the starting of his ram down stream, was an armed Confederate steamer, dashing up the river only a few feet away, and taking no notice of a hail from the "Manassas" to stop and help. The "Manassas," according to Captain Warley, was merely a tow-boat covered with five-inch timber and armored with one thickness of flat railroad iron, a complement of thirty-four persons, and an armament of one light carronade and four double-barrelled guns. She was very slow, not making that night more than five miles an hour, he not saying whether that speed was with the current or against it. There has been much discussion whether or no the "Manassas" rammed the "Hartford": but at the last Captain Warley disposes of the whole matter in a sentence, by saying that Warley read incorrectly (since the war), a letter from Captain Mahan, in which he was led to believe that he did jar Farragut slightly — which reminds one of the fable of the fly that lit upon the horn of an ox, but good-naturedly declared that he would get off if he was heavy, whereupon the ox said, "I did not know that you were there until I heard your voice." But it is pretty certain that the "Manassas" did ram the "Brooklyn." The "Governor Moore" was commanded by Capt. Beverly Kennon, who had opinions and expressed them thus: "In considering the responsibility for the fall of New Orleans, it should be remembered that Messrs. Benjamin and Mallory were better fitted for the law than to preside over the war and navy department of a newly fledged government"; and this, "Secretary Mallory did not order the construction of the 'Louisiana' until four months before New

Orleans fell, and after Stephenson had fashioned that pigmy monster, the 'Manassas,' and in a measure tested her power." "Her half-inch iron roof and sides, were no match for modern gunnery." The "Governor Moore" was once the "Charles Morgan," an ocean-built, wooden-paddle steamship, having a walking-beam engine. She had two rifled thirty-two pounders, and a complement of ninety-three persons. She was not iron plated, but her stem was faced just above the water mark with two strips of flat railroad iron, held up by short straps; the other seven rams had their "noses" hardened in a like manner, but with no projecting prow under water. They were protected by cotton bales from the hold to five feet above the spar deck; each was of about one hundred and fifty tons measurement, carried one or two guns and about thirty-five men each. They were "Free Lances," and could go and come as they pleased under no command, yet expected to keep the big river clear of the enemy from the "Passes" up. The account of the rams is of no account, save to say that not one of them availed itself of any advantage, for when they saw the enemy approaching, those who had steam tried to escape, while those who had not were set on fire where they lay. There was not an exception save in the case of the "Stonewall Jackson" nearly three hours after. The principal reason of this failure was, that although Captain Stephenson, their commander, created the "Manassas" out of the tug "Enoch Train," the command of her was refused him; hence the insubordination and its results. Kennon says that a better showing would have been seen if the regular naval officers had been there even at the eleventh hour, instead of being in the mud forts of Virginia, or cutting timber for iron-clads in North Carolina. Kennon's vessel was anchored near Fort St. Philip and was always, he says, day or night, in fighting readiness, with fires banked, watches and sentinels set, and two guns' crews ready for action.

On the evening of the 23d, he reported to General Duncan his observations of Farragut's movements as seen from the mast head of his vessel. He thought no picket boat was on the watch, but Mitchell testified that Launch No. 6 was below but ran away up stream at the first danger. At 3.30 A. M., April 24, Kennon heard an unusual noise down the river: he descended the ladder to the water and could distinctly hear the paddles of a steamer (the Mississippi); he reached the deck and fired the after gun which was pointed in the direction of the opening in the obstructions, and the sentry fired the forward gun; steam was up in three minutes: he says, "we slipped the cable, waited for Warley to spring the 'Manassas' out, she being then inside us. We ran over the little 'Belle Algerine' steamer and behold the vessels of the fleet were firing into us at short range and the 'Uncle Sam' of my earlier days had the key to the valley of the Mississippi in his breeches pocket, for which he had to thank his gallant navy, and the stupidity, tardiness, ignorance, and neglect of the authorities in Richmond." Of the "McRae" he says that "it was a small vessel mounting one nine-inch and six 32-pounders, her commander, T. B. Huger, was killed early in the battle by a shot from the 'Iroquois,' the vessel on which he was serving when he left the United States Navy." The water battery of Fort Jackson was an important work. Captain Robertson, 1st Louisiana Artillery, C. S. A., commanded. It was an outwork, separated from the fort by two moats, quadrilateral in shape, the side next the fort being open. It had no casemates nor covered ways, and was nearly in the line of fire from the mortars to the forts. The guns were two 32-pounders, rifled, one ten-inch Columbiad, two eight-inch Columbiad, and one ten-inch sea-mortar. There were two hurriedly constructed magazines and two hovels for shelter for the men while sleeping. On account of the inferiority of the powder, only the mortar could be used against the mortar

boats and the guns on the gunboats when they appeared above the point of the woods. On the morning of the 24th, several black shapeless masses were seen moving silently and steadily up the river, and, says Captain Robertson, "I ordered the guns to be trained upon the two which were in the lead and to open a rapid fire on them. Soon Forts Jackson and Philip opened fire and the Federal fleet replied with broadsides. No fire-rafts lit up the scene, and only the flashes of the guns from both sides revealed the outlines of the passing steamers. During the passage no guns were silenced either in Fort Jackson or the water battery." Here follow the number and names of the vessels of our own fleet and the order of their sailing, though it does not take long for men or vessels to get mixed after a fight begins. Farragut's first plan was to lead in the "Hartford" with the heaviest vessels following, but the senior commanders induced him, after a large amount of persuasion, to give the lead to Captain Bailey in the "Cayuga," commanded by Lieut. N. B. Harrison, so the plan was changed to the following order of attack :

First Division—Captain Bailey, the "Cayuga," "Pensacola," "Mississippi," "Oneida," "Varuna," "Katahdin," "Kineo," and "Wissahickon."

Centre Division—Flag-Officer Farragut, on the "Hartford," the "Brooklyn," and "Richmond" following.

Third Division—Captain H. H. Bell, the "Sciota," "Iroquois," "Kennebec," "Pinola," "Itasca," and "Winona."

To match the above, seventeen vessels were upon the Confederate side, those before described and the General Quitman, the Jackson, and two launches and six river defense boats—in all, fourteen vessels. The Union fleet with the mortar boats had three hundred and two guns against Confederate one hundred and sixty-six; but thirty-seven per cent of the Union batteries were thirty-two pounders and below, while the enemy had seventy per

cent of thirty-two and below and, too, as Professor Soley says and Kennon intimates, the value of the Confederate fleet was in its power of ramming, being mostly of fast tow-boats with plated bows. The weak armament of the "Governor Moore" would suggest her as a ram, and Kennon admits that her stem was faced its length with two strips of railroad iron, extending two feet abaft the face of the stem where they were bolted in place. Professor Soley says, "It was essentially a ram fleet and if it had been properly handled, might have thrown the fleet of Farragut into confusion."

Now having, to use familiar expressions, placed the antagonists in position, having given their weight of metal, we call them to the "scratch." They have, we may say, no modern previous record; a record is to be made. Time, 3.30 A. M., April 24, 1862.

When the "Cayuga" got between the fires of the forts, she passed the lines of obstructions safely and then was going bows on toward Fort St. Philip, which did her some damage before her guns as she turned could be brought to bear with grape and canister, which, of course, drove the men from the guns of the fort and she passed safely on. Next, she met the Confederate gunboats and with the "Oneida" and "Varuna," easily dispersed them. Bailey's division dashed on up the river firing into everything they met. The "Varuna," being a swift vessel, forged ahead and soon got in the midst of the enemy's fleet. Kennon (C. S. N.) says, "we found ourselves, in the 'Governor Moore,' close to the United States 'Oneida,' ten guns, and with the United States 'Cayuga,' four guns, on our port beam. On being hailed, I answered, 'The United States ship "Mississippi,"' she being like us, a side wheeler. But seeing our distinguishing light, the 'Oneida' raked with her starboard guns, the 'Cayuga' fired at us at a short distance, and the United States 'Pensacola' from the howitzers in her 'tops' cleared out twelve men at our bow gun. The

United States 'Pinola,' five guns, delivered her fire on our port quarter, killing five men in our bunkers. This combined attack cut up the vessel terribly. Suddenly, three Confederate rams passed close to us bound for New Orleans, but grounded just above Fort St. Philip and were fired, disabled, and abandoned. Next came along a large two-masted steamer rushing up stream like a racer, belching 'black smoke' and flying the distinguishing United States lights, viz., a white light at the mast and a red light at the peak. I knew that General Lovell was ahead of her on the steamer 'Doubloon,' so out of the surrounding smoke and darkness, I slipped after the advancing stranger which proved to be the 'Varuna,' Capt. Charles S. Boggs, mounting eight eight-inch guns, and two thirty-pound rifles. I then shot away our blue distinguishing light at the mast head with a musket, as to have hauled it down would have attracted attention. We used oil upon our coal, and as the 'Varuna's' steam was failing (she had but seventeen pounds), we soon came up with her after a mile's chase, and now hoisted the United States signal lights. On our left, close under the land, was the runaway 'Stonewall Jackson.' Four miles more and we were nearly to Chalmette Camp and nearly one mile further on was the C. S. N. guard boat 'Jackson.'

"We hoped for help from these forces as well as the 'Stonewall,' so we hauled down the lights and opened fire on the 'Varuna' at about one hundred yards distance, she replying with one or two guns, her broadside being useless as she could not sheer. The 'Jackson' fired at us both as enemies, and started for New Orleans where she was burned by her commander, Lieutenant Renshaw. Then we had it out alone, the 'Varuna' raking our decks; soon we depressed our bow gun and shot inside our own bows, but with small effect. A second shot through the hole made by the first shot struck the 'Varuna's' pivot gun, killing several men. We then saw a

chance and rammed her near the starboard gangway twice." The final evidence is that the "Stonewall Jackson," as she came up rammed the "Varuna" twice on the port side, which disabled her and she was beached; then the Confederate steamer kept on up the river about four miles, was beached, fired, and deserted. Kennon, in the "Governor Moore," now turned down stream to try to ram some more with his so called non-plated craft, "nose-hardened." He came head on to the "Pensacola," which saw her in time, and sheering off, gave her a broadside which cut everything up, disabling the engine so as to necessitate hoisting the jib in order to reach the river bank, when she was fired and deserted. The C. S. N. "Quitman," another gunboat, and the telegraph steamer "Star," were set on fire at the report of the first Federal gun. The "Mosher" was destroyed by the "Hartford." The tug "Music," and three other C. S. N. rams were fired and exploded after desertion. The United States "Oneida," Captain Lee, got well in front and assisted the "Cayuga" in dispersing the fleet, finally taking off the officers and crew of the "Varuna." Bailey's division swept all before it; then came Farragut with the "Hartford" and "Brooklyn," the "Richmond" getting by on the west side and the "Iroquois" smartly getting out of line and passing up ahead of her consorts of the third division. She got well cut up in passing Fort St. Philip, but drove off a ram and disabled the "McRae." Farragut engaged Fort St. Philip at close quarters and was passing on up the river when the C. S. N. tugboat "Mosher," came down with a fire-raft in full blaze, which the "Hartford" attempting to avoid, ran upon a shoal and was soon on fire halfway to her tops. The fire department was at once called away and under Commander Wainright fought the fire while the batteries plunged shot into the fort: the fire was soon extinguished and the engines being backed hard, the flag ship slid off, a result due to the coolness of

Farragut and the good discipline on board ship. "Don't flinch boys," said Farragut, "give that rascally tug a shot." Accordingly the "Mosher" was sunk. As luck would have it, the "Hartford" got more exposed and imperiled than either of the large vessels, but it cannot be seen how, as Porter says, the fleet would have been thrown into confusion, even if Farragut had been killed. Such things are taken into account in the fortunes of war. Probably half of the fleet had already run by the forts and Wainright would have taken the "Hartford" along up the river if he had had enough men left to work the craft; besides, there was the "Brooklyn" looking on. That ship had just got clear of the hulks, the obstructions. It had been hulled by shot from Fort Jackson, had lost officers and men, and sighted the "Hartford" on fire upon her starboard quarter. Captain Craven then gave the order to "slow down," and then "stop her," and the "Brooklyn" swung around until she was on a line between Fort Jackson and the "Hartford." Captain Craven had stopped to assist the "Hartford," and the "Brooklyn" being now nearly stationary, was a fine target for the gunners of Fort Jackson, and they improved it: but, luckily for the "Brooklyn" boys, they fired too high and the rigging, boats, etc., got the most of it, while below, her port guns served out in reply shell and shrapnel as fast as the pieces could be handled. This went on until it was seen that Farragut got clear, then she steamed ahead. As there was never any official account or newspaper report of this act of the "Brooklyn," Commander Bartlett calls attention to it as one of the coolest and bravest things that he ever saw, and it is given here as a reminder of his vivid description of the stoppage of these two heaviest vessels of the fleet between the forts. The "Brooklyn" had been blockading *Pass a l'Outre* since February 2, 1862, and Commander John R. Bartlett says that officers who had known the coming flag-officer, David G. Farra-

gut, reported him as a man of a most determined will; one who would assume any responsibility to accomplish necessary ends; his energy, activity, and promptness of decision and action were impressive. He had a winning smile, a most charming manner, and was jovial and talkative; he prided himself upon his agility, and declared that he made it a practice to turn a handspring on each recurring birthday. During the weeks when getting in readiness for the attack, Farragut was about the fleet from early dawn till dark, infusing all with a spontaneous enthusiasm. This was carried right into the councils of war held each day on board the "Hartford," where the majority of the captains thought the passage would result in losing one half of the fleet, or worse; but all this time Farragut maintained that "it must and should be done." "So, in due time," says Commander Bartlett, "the 'Brooklyn' followed the 'Hartford,' and silently for twenty minutes stood the fire of the forts till we reached the 'obstructions,' where we got our first shot from the water battery and gave back a broadside of grape. The smoke was so dense that we missed the opening, and brought up on the chain. We dropped back and tried it again, breaking the chain, but the steam anchor caught and held us till someone cut the hawser and we were free to move on, and soon we saw the 'Hartford' in the struggle with the fire-raft already described. Soon we were less than one hundred feet from the bank and the 'Hartford' had passed ahead."

Commander Bartlett says that when the "Brooklyn" got abreast of Fort St. Philip, there was a long blaze of musketry from the parapet, but it soon stopped when we got to work; afterwards the paroled prisoners said that the grape came like rain, but worst of all were the "infernal lamp-posts" that we fired. These were only the "stands" that held the grape, and doubtless they made an unearthly noise. The quartermaster, Thomas Hollins, stood at his

post in the starboard main chains, heaving the lead and calling out the soundings. The outside of the ship near him was completely peppered with bullets, and the flames from the enemy's guns seemed almost to reach him, still he remained cool and was heard calling out "only thirteen feet, sir." Captain Craven got sight of the "Louisiana," and ordered solid shot for the starboard battery. The "Louisiana" gave us two shots, closed her port shutters and took our broadside, then we sheered off. A nine-inch shell struck the "Brooklyn" just above the water line and buried itself three feet into the timbers; but the "Louisiana" gunners did not cut the lead patch off the fuse, so the shell did not blow the "Brooklyn's" bow off and send her to the bottom. After disposing of another Confederate unknown steamer by firing nine guns, *en échelon*, so to speak, with fuses cut to burn one second, the cry came "the ram! the ram!" and the dreaded "Manassas" appeared upon the portside, coming up against the current. She struck the "Brooklyn" nearly at right angles amidships. A man came out of the little hatch aft on the ram and ran along to the smoke stack to see the damage done to us, but suddenly fell overboard. Tom Hollins, on being questioned about his disappearance, said that he had helped him with his little hand lead. The "Manassas" drifted by without a shot from us as our crews had been at the port guns. The "McRae" too went by, claiming to be the "Iroquois," if known she would have been sunk, as No. 10 gun was loaded and pointed for her with a nine-inch shell ready to go out below her water line. A long time after, when the coal had been used out of our starboard bunker, it was found that that fuel had saved the ship, for the protecting chains had been driven into the planking their thickness, and a space of five feet in length had been crushed in so that she was obliged to go in to Pensacola, heave down, and have a large patch of plank bolted on to cover the spot where the ram had struck.

Our old favorite, the "Mississippi" at the start hugged the east shore until opposite Fort St. Philip, and then swung over to the west shore and got prettily by at daylight, when she approached the quarantine where the "Brooklyn" and "Hartford" already were. The ugly "Manassas" was seen coming up again. Farragut signalled to Rear Admiral Melancton Smith of the "Mississippi" "to sink her," which he aimed to do, but the "Manassas" sheered off and ran ashore. The crew left in haste for the swamp and she was set on fire. The way being cleared by the immense pounding of the Federal big craft, the third division came on bravely, but the "Itasca," "Kennebec," and "Winona," being slow vessels, were caught at daylight in front of the forts without support, and they were signalled to retire. The "Itasca" got a shot through her boiler and was run ashore. Our total loss in the fleet was, killed thirty-seven, wounded one hundred and forty-seven. The ships that suffered most were the "Pensacola" thirty-seven, "Brooklyn" thirty-five, and "Iroquois" twenty-eight. The signal on the morning of the 25th was "Push on to New Orleans." At noon on the 25th Lieutenant Guest was sent up to Fort Jackson under a flag of truce with a summons to surrender, but General Duncan declined. On the 27th, five mortar boats got in rear of the fort, and the United States steamer "Miami" landed troops near Fort St. Philip. On the 28th of April, the forts surrendered to Commodore Porter; the naval force was not included, so Lieutenant Whittle of the "Louisiana" which vessel was tied to the bank above Fort St. Philip was dispatched with a note from Commodore Mitchell to Porter saying that they had done their best to drown its magazines and the charges in the guns, but she had been set on fire and her hawsers might burn, which would leave her free to drift down upon the Union fleet, which, in fact, she did do, blowing up at the very time that capitulations were being signed in the cabin of the "Harriet Lane." At 7 P. M.,

April 25, Farragut anchored in front of the city of New Orleans, having, after passing the forts, silenced the batteries at Chalmette, and it was evident to the dullest or most obstinate rebel mind, that the new government had collapsed, and that Picayune Butler was *en règle*.

The above is the grand result as acknowledged by the Confederate historian, Pollard.

Gen. Halbert E. Paine reports in his diary that "the presence of our transports and the landing of our troops in the rear of Fort St. Philip, may have had some influence on the capitulation. We stopped near quarantine over night, where a lot of rebel prisoners were obtained; some of them had already enlisted in the Twenty-fourth Indiana Regiment. Was ordered by General Butler to follow him to New Orleans. The levee was covered with thousands of frantic people; war had already blasted the city. Overtaking General Butler, we received orders to land, and while doing so the general sent me a request that I would cause my band to give them on the march "Picayune Butler's coming." My band leader was German and could not. He gave them "Yankee Doodle." Our destination, the Custom House, was closed against us. We broke in with axes; no lights were to be had except a few candles from our knapsacks. On the 2d, General Butler ordered me to keep the peace on the street while he held an interview at the St. Charles hotel with the city authorities. At 8 P. M., I took my regiment and two sections of artillery and posted them with guns commanding all the approaches to the hotel, St. Charles. The band played the national airs from the balcony; the crowd was large and malignant, but behaved comparatively well. A few were slashed with sabres for impudent acts and words, and some were arrested. On May 8th, 1862, started by boat with six companies of my regiment, and the 6th Michigan, all under General Williams, for Baton Rouge.

## CHAPTER IV.

General Butler in New Orleans.—General Lovell's and Duncan's reports, C. S. A.—The Mob.—United States Troops take Possession.—Lieutenant King's Diary on Forts Pike and Maccomb.—Essays on the Mosquito and the Negro.—Off for Camp Parapet.

GENERAL Butler to Brigadier-General Shepley at Ship Island :

Organize two hundred and fifty men with provisions for sixty days and a competent commander to take possession of Fort Wood.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lull was sent.

What was the cause of the failure to defend New Orleans? One prominent rebel answer is that it was due, first, to the delay in completing the "Louisiana"; but the "Louisiana" was not an available fighting boat as shown, and besides, she couldn't *go!* They do not speak of the delay in completing the "Mississippi." Second, the absurd organization of the River Defense fleet; third, to the want of seamen; fourth, to the bungling of the civil administration at Richmond. As Commander Bartlett suggests, the fire-rafts with attendant tugs might have been put to a formidable use, as shown by the "Mosher" and "Hartford." The Confederate "Court of Enquiry" asked Colonel Higgins what was the immediate cause of the surrender of the forts, and his reply was, "the mutiny of the garrison." Question: "What was the *cause* of the mutiny?" Answer: "The mutineers gave as a reason that the city having surrendered, further fighting was of no use." Captain Robertson, of the water battery, did not deny the fact of the mutiny and said that it "was a dis-

graceful affair, and that no officer or native Southerner was engaged in it." And, too, the forces of nature are to be reckoned. The high stage of the water in the river has been alluded to as assisting in the passage of the forts. The same would have enabled one of our gunboats to have immediately gone up to Kenner's plantation, ten miles above the city, and in less than one hour's time commanding the narrow neck of land between the river and the swamp across which the railway passes, would have stopped all troops and supplies from going in either direction. The fact that the Confederates knew that this could be and might be done, aided and intensified the panic in New Orleans and caused General Lovell to abandon it as soon as possible after the gunboats were in front of the city. There could be no defence; only the golden minutes of delay were gained. It was a severe commentary on their boasted powers of defence—the trusting to a floating cable, a few Jack O'Lantern fire-rafts, poorly served guns, and a braggant press—for the New Orleans "Picayune" of April 5, said that "we have here thirty-two thousand infantry, and as many more quartered in the neighborhood. In discipline and drill they are far superior to the Yankees. We have two very able and active generals who possess our entire confidence, viz. : Generals Lovell and Ruggles. For commodore, we have Old Hollins—a Nelson in his way.\* Our only fear is that the Northern invaders may not appear, we have made such extensive preparations to receive them, that it were vexatious if their invincible armada escapes the fate we have in store for it." According to Pollard's First Year of the War, page 310, the authorities at Richmond were so well assured of safety that they refused even to entertain the possibility of a penetration of the outer line of defenses, even when the mortar fleet had begun its work. In summing up, the same author says that "it annihilated us in Louisiana, diminished our resources and supplies by the

loss of one of the greatest grain and cattle countries within the limits of the Confederacy, gave to the enemy the Mississippi river with all its means of navigation for a base of operations, and finally led by plain and irresistible conclusion to our virtual abandonment of the great and fruitful valley of the river."

Extract from Major-General Lovell's report on the fall of New Orleans :

It having been reported to me that a sufficient number of desperately bold men could easily be got together to board the enemy's vessels and carry them by assault. I authorized Major James to seize such steamers as might be necessary for his purpose and to attempt it. He called for one thousand men by public advertisement, but being able to find but about one hundred who would undertake it he abandoned the project.

Extract from report of Brigadier-General Duncan, April 22, 1862 :

At this time, as an iron-clad invulnerable floating battery with sixteen guns of the heaviest caliber, the "Louisiana" was as complete as she ever would be. There was a criminal neglect on Captain Mitchell's part in not sending fire-barges on the morning of April 24th.

Same—final report, May 13, 1862 :

I am now perfectly satisfied that nearly every man in both forts was thoroughly implicated and concerned in the revolt on the night of April 27th, with the exception of the company of Saint Mary's Cannoneers, composed mostly of planters.

President Davis to Mayor Monroe—Series 1, vol. 6, page 884, April 28, 1862 :

I deeply sympathize with your situation,—proud of your patriotism. Your answer to Farragut leaves you all the rights of war. Gen. Duncan may prevent reinforcements to the enemy. Beauregard will aid you as he may. My prayers are with you ; there is no personal sacrifice I

would not willingly make for your defense. Maintain your position and hope for a successful issue.

Pierre Soule to C. S. A. secretary of war, page 887,—  
extract :

May 8th, 1862. In this perilous and entirely isolated position — this once glorious city of New Orleans — under pressure of calamities, bearing a complex and arduous trust, I feel authorized, considering the flight of all our State authorities, to address the President of the Confederate States, through Gen. Beauregard, commanding at Corinth, to know the ulterior designs of the Government in reference to this doomed city, that good citizens with hearts full of hope and faith in the great struggle, may have some direction — guide, in the course of events. All who had moneys or Govt. resources got away. There is no official direction or means. Vast amounts of coal, guns, and ammunition, and nothing to protect them from the grasp of the invader — no word of instruction about them and not a cent to provide security for the same. The entire crew of the "McRae," one hundred and eight in number, and remnants from all the abandoned camps and forts are prowling the streets and asking for their pay — they will be enticed into the Federal ranks. The threatened measures of the Federal commander look to servile insurrection to crush indomitable energy, somewhere. The sack of our houses and slaughter of our women and children will be the next issue, dire dilemma! Are we not to be remembered? Shall we be left to infuriated negroes? Will not the hand of our government be lifted if it were but to protest?

General Lovell to General Beauregard, Camp Moore,  
May 12, 1862 :

I wish to organize six thousand Partisan Rangers to keep the Federals from leaving New Orleans except in very large force, but guns and all for the defence of the city have ever been stopped, even by C. S. A. government, and sent in other directions.

The city fell from three causes: First, the carrying away of the river obstructions at the forts by the storm and flood before the attack.

Second, the want of a sufficiency of heavy guns.

Third, from inefficiency and want of proper coöperation on the part of those who were building and those who were to use the naval defences when ready. I have asked for an official investigation. (Later.— Said investigation disclosed no facts of greater importance than are here given.)

At 1 P. M. April 25, 1862, Farragut's squadron anchored in front of the city of New Orleans in a rain storm. Capt. Theodorus Bailey and Lieut. George H. Perkins at once proceeded to the city hall to demand the surrender of the place. Neither the Mayor nor General Lovell, the latter having withdrawn his troops, would accede to the demand. During the visit of the officers, the mob overawed by the frowning batteries upon the ships, dared not molest them, but General Lovell and one of his staff accompanied them back to the landing. Mr. George Cable saw the two officers walk from the levee to the city hall and calls it one of the bravest things that he ever saw. They walked abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to the right nor left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded and gnashed upon them. On the 29th, Farragut sent Capt. H. H. Bell and a sufficient force to hoist the United States flag upon the Custom House, that being United States property. They also removed the State flag from the roof of the city hall; that building being State property, no national flag was raised over it. The flag on the Custom House was guarded by marines until the arrival of General Butler's troops on May 1. The dignity of the navy having thus been sustained, on the morning of May 2, Commander Farragut sent the keys to the Custom House to General Butler at the St. Charles hotel. As Captain Kautz delivered them, he remarked, "General, I fear you are going to have rather a lawless party to govern from what I have seen in the

past three or four days." The General replied, "No doubt of that, but I think I understand these people and can govern them."

We return to the diary of Lieut. D. W. King of Company A, who on May 5, speaks thus of Fort Pike :

The enemy damaged it as much as possible on leaving, spiking the guns, etc. As a variety, the walls were charcoaled with bad pictures and vulgar allusions addressed to the "invaders." About sundown a detachment came to garrison the place. It was decided that for us Fort Macomb was the next objective point. The next morning Lieutenant Warren and myself started in the smaller of the two schooners, but our advance was in the usual southern easy going style, which included anchoring at night and towing next day, which brought us to pretty Fort Macomb. Here we have a good drill ground on the end of a ridge of land, dry and reaching to the city; all else is a dreary, vast marsh. The ridge is in part, well wooded with cedar, live oak and the magnificent magnolia now in full bloom. All through the forest droops the melancholy looking moss like long grey hair, some of the locks being ten feet in length in such amounts that a bed can be easily filled from the stripping of a single tree. The moss gives the woods a hoary, majestic appearance unlike anything seen in New England. On our arrival Colonel Lull with his usual energy, organized scouting parties to scour the lakes and bayous for all information possible. Fishermen and their smacks were pressed into service. A party of us in a schooner went out to seek the "Tower Dupre."

Our first experience was an endurance of a bloody experience, for we were becalmed in the middle of the lake and were all night at the mercy of six billions of mosquitoes. I would send north one of their wings, but have no envelopes big enough. They belong to the class "Naturalibus, Bloodibus, Suckeribus," which the books call very voracious. In the morning a smart breeze brought us to a landing place near the "Tower." No sentry hailing us, we landed; found the place deserted. The property was unharmed; four thirty-two pounders were intact. The surgeon's department was in order;

drugs enough for an invalid division were left revelling in their own perfume; took an inventory of property—a drawing of the post and returned. Our time is employed in battallion drill, and in removing munitions of war to Fort Macomb.

Simon Oakes on Two Fat Men :

A two hundred pound laugh at a two hundred pound man. A long rifled pivot gun, a thirty-two pounder, was found at Fort McComb, spiked. The machinists, Shattuck and Oakes, undertook to relieve it and did get out the ten-penny nails. Lieutenant Colonel Lull ordered the piece fired daily at a target, ten rounds at a time, the men to take turns in the practice. In due course of time it arrived at Commissary Shattuck's turn to sight the piece while Simon Oakes stood aside to view and criticise the shooting. The primers being unfit to use, common paper sprinkled with powder was substituted, a stone being put on to keep it in place. All being ready Shattuck applied the match, but no explosion followed. Then he climbed up to take a look at the fuse, when whiz went the grains of powder and bang went the gun! The recoil of the gun and the scramble to get off the carriage, sent Commissary T. M. Shattuck over four somersaults before he got upright, and it left the two comrades glaring at each other, the one in wrath and the other in fun. Says T. M. Shattuck in wrath, "What yer laughing at yer infernal fool?" Both men weighed then over two hundred pounds each, and fatted on fun. No record of the shot is to be found."

King's diary :

"Sixteen heavy guns and 40,000 pounds of shot and shell must be brought here by water. Lieutenant Warren has brought now 10,000 pounds on his little craft, which he calls the "Ada Warren." We have scoured the country. Colonel Lull has discovered or uncovered a lot of fort plunder in fishermen's huts which incited Warren, Burpee and myself to re-scour for more, but we got only five sable animals, all runaways from up the Pearl river.

It is in order to smile with him at re-reading his letter of May 13, in which he says, "New Orleans is taken as you

well know. Rebellion is well nigh gone in the box; a few more faint gasps and all will be over." He was not alone in nursing exuberant hope, but there were many astonishing "gasps" before the finality about three years from date. He continues:

On our arrival here, Captain Flanders of Company F was sent with despatches to General Butler in New Orleans. Two of the captain's brothers were known to be residents in the city, and he easily found them. One of them had been the chief engineer of the Confederate forces there, and was the officer who took the troops away from the outlying stations and forts, as Pike and Macomb. General Butler in his return acknowledgments complimented Colonel Lull very highly for his efficiency as an active and reliable officer.

We have had a big treat; no less than a visit to General Jackson's old battle ground. After a twenty-five mile splash, pull and wade, we landed at the Villeroy plantation where seventy negroes run a large mill of the old pattern in the universal cane-sugar business. The planter's house is dilapidated, the negro cabins are comfortable, and the grounds splendid with groves, fruits, flowers and some rare exotics. The negroes seem happy; they are simply tasked for a day's work, which ends usually at 3 P. M. The "way" they do things, is the way they started our conveyance to the battlefield. But the colonel's mode of persuasive eloquence, brought forth sable energy enough after the word "Go" to hitch six mules to two two-wheeled carts in ninety minutes, and the eleven invaders started. The battle ground is now occupied by gardens, houses, etc., but from the top of the monument we got an idea of it, and when I picked up a rusty shot, I felt a glow of patriotism along the spine which tempted me to wish to let the British again know, as Judge P. said, "that there is a God in Israel," a Jacksonian spirit in America. In spite of an all night trip back, we were well repaid for our venture.

The health of the men in this detachment is good. Surgeon S. G. Dearborn is with the right wing at Carrollton. The malaria of this region is almost too much for the doctor, and, too, his eyesight has been affected during his stay upon Ship Island. It is to be hoped that we shall not

lose his services. Our hospital here is in charge of the assistant surgeon, Dr. E. C. Clarke of Hollis; a fine man for the place and liked by all hands. His skillful mode of treatment keeps the majority of us busy with our rations.

Our first batch of recruits with Corporal Gillis has arrived at Ship Island. Lieutenant Richardson is there sick. The only regiment there enjoying the salt sea breeze, is the 13th Maine commanded by the well heard of Neal Dow. Col. Fearing, Capt. Huse, Lt. Eayrs are sick at Carrolton. Sutler, Chas. G. Hatch is with this detachment. His fund of stories holds out better than his stock of goods, but in the telling he makes us sometimes forget that we are hungry. The quartermaster's department is filled by Tyler M. Shattuck, assistant to Q. M. Putney, and a hard worker he is. Just now he is after a fresh supply of beef.

It is now seven months since we were mustered into service, and we have seen no pay gold yet, though a report is current that the United States paymaster is in New Orleans laden with "paper promises to pay." We hear of much scolding at home because the cow, coal, cotton, etc., bills are not paid, but the creditors ought not to find fault if we do not. We have honestly earned our money and the fault of non-payment must fall elsewhere.

Our sergeant major, L. T. Hosley, is acting adjutant and fills the post with credit to himself and the general satisfaction of all.

June 5, 1862:

The sun is riding higher and the long summer days are getting longer. Perpendiculars cast little shade at noon-day, and the poet Lowell's "What is so rare as a day in June" makes the soldier rare right up here in this everlasting marshy, miasmatic plain (swamp), and swear, if he has the strength, that it is notoriously hot. Occasionally a slight breeze will sweep through and lift the hair from the mad brow, but most of the time everything seems to settle down on a feller—and he settles. Still by the surgeon's report, there is less than ten per cent of the Division on the sick list. This speaks well for the management, and is much better than was predicted by our own or the Confederate authorities. By the latter it was hoped that "Yellow Jack" would ere this clasp us in his clinging

embrace, but we are fortunately free thus far from an epidemic of that frightful character.

An ordinance sergeant of the regular army has arrived and will take charge of all recaptured war material. Of Gen. Butler's "contrabands" we now have eight—one old patriarch appears perfectly sane as he employs all his low cunning in avoiding all work. His feet resemble a pair of brindled puppies. They show the effects of a bastinado. He is a very devout Baptist, having been "converted," as he says, "from the errors of Methodism two years ago." He sees visions, dreams, of course: is a corrector of the Scriptures, knows palmistry—all of which is a sable lie. Our best one is Leonard, last from Pearl river, first from North Carolina. He has a wife, child, and a host of relations "up there," but he cares only for a trunk left behind full "ob tings." The negroes are ideally free and independent; willing to work for a "dollar and a haf an found," the last the most difficult at times. Last night a smudge caught their hut on fire while they were asleep and waking at last, they took the most direct way out by butting through the side of the building.

But enough of the negroes. We have them on our hands, and may the powers that be decide their case wisely and not wreck the ship of State on the black rock. After long months of waiting, the paymaster has arrived and will supply us with U. S. currency during the coming week. As our contraband "Bill Charcoal" says, "Bress de good Lord for that."

These are splendid moonlight nights; as the novelist would say, the glorious orb is sailing majestically through the starry dome, shedding a flood of light on all Nature and imparting a silvery hue to the grand old forest oaks, shrubs and flowers, transporting the appreciative beholder to Elysium. In common American English, the moon shines just as shiny here as elsewhere, casting the well known yellow gleam over negro huts, gnarly trees, swamps and bayous, giving to our own rough board fence a sublime, gilt-edged hue equal to anything in New York Ledger. That is the effect of being "paid off."

June 25. From Shattuck's diary:

Going for Fort Pike on steamer "Creole," Col. Bullock is on board; he is ordered to relieve Lt. Col. Lull.

June 25. — King's diary :

The "Creole" takes away Cos. A and K. Co. F soon followed. Our five hours' trip across lakes Catherine and Pontchartrain, was very pleasant and we landed in the summer resort, called Lakeport. After much "backing and filling," as the sailors say, we got to Carrolton and beyond to Camp Parapet, where we found the right wing which had come up from Ship Island direct, starting on May 20. As a camp ground it is inferior to Macomb. The defences are built to preserve the city of New Orleans from attack by land on the north, still we moved up to them from the south. They are proof against infantry and cavalry — were planned by General G. T. Beauregard and built by slave labor. The defence consists of a breast work extending from the river to an impassable swamp on the east. In front is a ditch twenty feet wide and eight feet deep, constantly full of water which is not drainable. We are encamped immediately in rear in an old cane field left just as after harvest, in ridges. The ground is clayey, hard in dry weather, but after a rain the worst kind of mud clings to one's boots until it has become a standing or walking joke that each of us has "taken up our bounty land." Our camp is about a quarter of a mile east of the river, and all the water that we use is brought from there. It tastes very well though muddy. A pailful after standing an hour will deposit a sediment of clear clay a half-inch thick. For the past week we have been building "shades" over the streets by setting in the ground a frame work whose uprights reached eighteen feet; the top is covered with cane poles, each about thirty feet long. Colonel Fearing being a very orderly and methodical officer, collected a dollar from each of the captains, and offered the ten as a prize to the company erecting the best looking canopy. "As expected," Co. G got the "Pot." The regimental grounds did indeed look well, but in the building the fun was boisterous when some energetic sergeants undertook to ring in the Govt. negroes to "assist." Our "Jud" was in command of a squad; on them he worked an hour to fill them with breakfast, they being almost too lazy to eat; the application of bamboo was a partial success, but it involved too much white labor. A simple request to do a job usually brought the answer. "I

can't massa, I draws rashuns now." They are coming into camp by the hundred and are a costly curse. They should be kept out or set at work, or freed or colonized, or sunk or something. In view of the gravity of the situation, the above opinion is very precise, is not copyrighted, and if it offends anyone let the offensee enlist and come out into the Louisiana lowlands and do soldiers' duty for a month, and he will see that this is not lunny. They are here in thousands; they get two boards to our one (to bunk on), better tents, the same rations, tear down fences which we rebuild. Lots of strong language is used upon 'em by our boys who are viewing the "horrors of the institution." General Phelps has squads drilling each day, and their cattle-like movements are absurd. The live negro is a big problem.

From principal musician H. J. Durgin's diary :

Our right wing pitched tents at Camp Parapet this May 21.

24th. Soldiers went up river after blackberries and picked five hhds. of sugar hid in woods.

27th. Capt. Estabrook arrived with twelve recruits, including two Fifers.

29th. Drum Major Munsey very sick.

## CHAPTER V.

General Butler's Rule in New Orleans. — The Flag insulted. — The "Soldiers' News Letter" and Contents. — Order No. 28. — General Butler superseded. — His Final Address. — Gen. J. W. Phelps. — The Negro. — Banks assumes Command. — The Regiment again together. — The "Creole." — The Regimental Hospital. — Dr. Samuel G. Dearborn, Personal. — Company A in Carrollton. — Funeral of General Williams. — Colonel Fearing in Command. — General Butler at Camp and Saluted.

A HISTORY of operations in the department of the Gulf without taking into account the personality and doings of Gen. B. F. Butler, would be like acting the play of Hamlet with the lone Hamlet omitted. A multitude of slurs from the slums has been showered upon the doughty general, but he always seemed to thrive in spite of the refuse; in fact, highly respectable and intelligent people, even professionals have attacked Ben and retired discomfited with their intelligence sharpened.

Many persons who firmly believe that a higher power placed Lincoln and Grant in their positions, as firmly believe that he chose that Gen. B. F. Butler should, in the summer of 1862, *rule* New Orleans. Perhaps the general would assent to that view; perhaps he never thought of it; nevertheless, any skeptical reader can try to guess any improvement in man or mode. At the outset nothing could have been devised, at the taking of the city, to so try the heart and temper of a loyal man as the public treatment of our flag. More than one thousand lives were trembling in the balance when it was raised at first upon the Custom House and the Lone Star flag displaced from city hall. Again, our flag was torn down from the Mint and was insulted by being torn in pieces and thrown at the

feet of our officers. When General Butler took command Admiral Farragut reported this act to him, and the general remarked, "I will make an example of that fellow by hanging him." Farragut said, "You know, general, you will have to catch him before you can hang him." Butler replied, "I know that, but I will catch him and then hang him." The hanging produced a most salutary effect.

Right at hand is a copy of the "Soldiers' News Letter," published at Ship Island, Harrison county, Miss., on May 17, 1862. Comrade "A. W. Eastman, editor and proprietor" (no price attached), and by the way, it was an Eighth Vermont enterprise. Capt. George N. Carpenter, historian of that regiment says: "The regiment brought among the baggage a complete printing press, and when General Butler was apprised of the fact, although it seemed to be a rather singular engine of war, he ordered it to be set up and put in order for use. Private Eastman of Company K, who was a practical printer, took charge of the business and thenceforward published the orders as they were issued. The paper referred to is number 2 of volume 1, and contains General Butler's proclamation issued in New Orleans; it occupies nearly three columns. Extract:

Thrice before has the city been rescued from the hand of a foreign government and still more calamitous domestic insurrection, by the money and arms of the United States. It has of late been under the military control of rebel forces claiming to be the peculiar friends of its citizens, and at each time, in the judgment of the commander of the military force holding it, it has been found necessary to preserve order and maintain quiet by the administration of the law martial, even calling lately upon an armed body called the "European Legion," to preserve public tranquillity. The commanding general, therefore, will cause the city to be governed, until the restoration of municipal authority, by the law martial.

The body known as the "European Legion," not being understood to be in arms against the United States, but

organized to protect lives and property of citizens, is invited still to coöperate with us, and so acting will report to these headquarters. The company composing the fire department in New Orleans will be permitted to retain their organization and are to report to the office of the post marshal. Finally, after enumerating certain rights and wrongs and rules, the proclamation ends by saying that "the requirements of martial law will be imposed so long as in the judgment of the U. S. authorities, it may be necessary. And while it is the desire to exercise this government mildly and after the usages of the past, it must not be supposed that it will not be vigorously and firmly administered.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG,

*A. A. G. Chief of State.*

General Butler's rigid instructions to his troops were almost unbearable; they chafed the Northern spirit. The orders were to take no offence at threats or insults, and if fired upon simply to cause the arrest of the guilty parties. The proclamation assisted us a little by declaring that "the killing of an American soldier by any disorderly person or mob, was simply assassination and murder, not war, and would be so regarded and punished. Also, the owner of any house or building in or from which such murder should be committed, would be held responsible therefor, and the house liable to be destroyed by military authority. But all the general's wise and humane precautions had less influence with the Southern disloyal females than with any other class. Though the traders closed their stores, the desire for trade and gain re-opened them; and although they at first indignantly refused the proffered greenbacks in exchange for goods, when they found that the rebels came not back and the Yankees were to stay, the Confederate deteriorated and United States money was at par. But the ladies wore conspicuously small rebel flags and their spirit of hostility was

rampant; so when it culminated in the act of one of them spitting in the faces of two Federal officers who were quietly walking along the street, General Butler issued his famous order No. 28, as follows :

NEW ORLEANS, May 15, 1862.

As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on their part, it is ordered that hereafter, when any female shall by word, gesture or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

By command of  
MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG,

*Asst. Adj.-Gen. and Chief of Staff.*

The effect of the above extraordinary order was at once maddening and repressive. It produced sensation far beyond the bounds of the city of New Orleans. Its intent was villified and distorted; its probable deplorable effects were set forth pathetically to the outside world, but the results showed the wisdom of the general and his acute understanding of woman's human nature. If, too, he could not have trusted to the well known chivalry of the Northern soldiery, he would not have dared to issue that order which was one of the great agencies in restoring quiet.

A government is not supposed to be sentimental. It means and uses force, yet ours, late in 1862, determined on a change in the southwest in a direction conciliatory. Gen. N. P. Banks was appointed to supersede Gen. B. F. Butler, and the latter was ordered to report at Washington. He issued, of course, a farewell address to the soldiers. He also addressed himself in a short, concise, defensive manner to the citizens of New Orleans: he also took the occasion to unveil the hypocrisy of England's assumed horror at his supposed severities as follows :

I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country and not to loyal friends. To be sure I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns as were the Covenanters of Scotland by the command of a general of the royal household of England; or roasted, like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher, as were the unfortunate dames in the Peninsula war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked, as our mothers were at Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain in our Revolution. Your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot" like the palace of the Emperor of China. Works of art which adorned your buildings, might have been sent away like the paintings of the Vatican. Your sons might have been blown from the mouth of cannon like the sepoy of Delhi, and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare as practiced by the most polished and the most hypocritical nation of Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the Union before my coming were a sufficient provocation and justification. But I have not so conducted; on the contrary, the worst punishment inflicted, except for criminal acts punishable by every law, has been banishment, with labor, to a barren island where I encamped my own soldiers before marching here.

General Butler's connection with the negro question commenced early in the war, and struck quickly, too, in Louisiana. His is one of those rare, discriminating minds that go like the gold seeker to the bed rock for the ore. He is not deceived by the glittering mica lying in plain sight on the sandy bottom of a mountain stream, but knows that the ages have laboriously settled it down through the supervening strata until it has reached the impervious sheet of clay or the solid rock, there awaiting the adventurous worker. He seems intuitively to know where a

“pocket” of that ore lies, which was by one Thomas Paine labeled “common sense,” so he in the beginning labeled the negro as “contraband” and the people have endorsed the title with constant usage. During the spring of 1862, as we have seen, the “negro question” became a most momentous one. To be sure we had with us Gen. John Walcott Phelps, an old and tried soldier, a thoroughly honest and conscientious man, a graduate in 1836 from West Point, an Indian and a Mexican fighter. He had already anticipated the government by issuing his “proclamation” at Ship Island. Perhaps it is well to know more of this peculiar man. In 1859, after twenty-three years of army service, he resigned and went to his home in Brattleborough, Vt. In 1861 he offered his services and led the first company of Vermont Volunteers, which, together with one regiment from Massachusetts and one from New York under his command, went to the north of the James river and secured that strategic point; thence to the southwest and first occupied Ship Island with a brigade. His “proclamation” as read now, seems not very aggressive. It was headed:

HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLESEX BRIGADE.

SHIP ISLAND, Miss., Dec. 4, 1861.

*To the Loyal Citizens of the Southwest:*

(The whole would occupy three pages; an extract is given.)

Contrary to my private inclinations, I again find myself among you as a military officer of the government. I make known to you the motives and principles by which my command will be governed. We believe that every state that has been admitted as a slave state into the Union since the adoption of the constitution has been admitted in direct violation of that constitution.

It is our conviction that monopolies are destructive—slavery is a monopoly of labor—Slavery, from the condition of a universally recognized social and moral evil has become at length a political institution, demanding politi-

cal recognition: as a social evil it might for a time be tolerated and endured, but in politics it becomes imperious, and exacting, and controlling, hampering all action and impeding national progress; as a self-governing people we ought to revolutionize slavery out of existence without a conflict of arms. We believe that manual labor is inherently noble; that it cannot by any nation be systematically degraded without mining its peace, happiness and power; that free labor is the granite basis on which free institutions must rest: our motto and our standard here and everywhere shall be on all occasions "Free Labor and working men's rights."

J. W. PHELPS,

*Brig. Gen. Volunteers Comdg.*

So here was only the "proclaiming" of a few broad and general principles for which action some pronounced the general insane, and the South offered rewards for his head. In fact, the crime was in at all criticising the "peculiar institution" and doing that in advance of governmental action, and, too, one might criticise his "proclaiming" for his whole command, by the use of the word "we."

But the time came when the *live* black problem was thrust upon us. Ours was termed a Democratic Regiment but little or nothing was heard among us of politics after we got *started*, the main idea and point being to "conquer a peace." Opinion on the "negro question" was, of course, divided; some thought that when the ignorant blacks came "Moses" hunting within our lines that it was wrong to remand the fugitives into slavery; that, acting as troops, we must attend solely to our business and let the "nigger question" settle itself after the fight was over. Naturally, the sympathy was with the under dog in the fight, so much so, that when on May 23, 1862, General Butler at New Orleans wrote as follows to General Phelps at Carrollton: "General, you will cause all unemployed persons, black and white,

to be excluded from your lines. You will not permit either black or white persons to pass your lines." In obedience to the order the colored people were removed to a point just above our lines and the soldiers very promptly and generously shared their rations with them for a short time, while General Butler still pondered on the race question, at one time settling it temporarily for the Eighth Vermont by ordering them to find them "quarters and rations" and said he, "when the war is over we will go to Washington and see to settling accounts." General Phelps says, "at Carrolton I began organizing slaves as soldiers for the purpose of holding strategic points, as every slave could not only fire bullets at his old master, but could be used in a garrison. I was ordered, however, by the government commander to cease and set them at work instead, cutting wood for market, and other labor. In reply to this I decidedly refused to become a slave driver and resigned my commission." The immediate cause of this action was General Phelps long letter to General Butler, sustaining his own action and views. On June 18, General Butler forwarded it to Secretary Stanton with one of his own, saying that, "General Phelps, I believe, intends making this a test case (referring to making soldiers of slaves who had escaped), for the government. I wish that it might be so, for the difference of our action upon this subject is a source of trouble. I respect his honest sincerity of opinion, but I must carry out the policy of the government as I understand it. If I am right, then the services of General Phelps are worse than useless here. If his views are to obtain, than he is invaluable, for his whole soul is in it. He is a good soldier of large experience, and no braver man lives."

In 1891-92 "Butler's book," lawyer-like says:

Among the regiments that came to me, was the First Vermont, under the command of General Phelps, formerly of the regular army. He was one of the best soldiers I

ever saw, and the finest man in every relation of life that I ever met, except one.

And General B. does not tell *who* that one was.

On September 8, General Phelps was notified that his resignation was accepted and he left for Vermont. He was now fifty years of age. War causes quick changes; the realization of his views soon came about. President Lincoln had a high opinion of his character and military skill, and offered him a commission as major-general and commander-in-chief of the black troops, but he declined it; the exact reason why, no one ever knew. In 1883, he married Mrs. Anna B. Davis. Being a cultured man, he spent the most of his time in literary pursuits. On the night of his death his Greek testament lay open where he had been reading when he retired. He died February 1, 1885, at the age of seventy-one, leaving a wife and an infant son.

INCIDENTAL SAYINGS OF GENERAL PHELPS.—Among his varied acquisitions, he may have known something of the "Voodoo," by some means he had great influence with the blacks. A dozen of newly arrived fugitives have been seen sitting in his tent and listening in apparent awe and seemingly entranced, while the General "lectured"; something which he was fond of doing. At such times his expressive eyes would roam above the top of the distant line of wood which bordered on Jeff Davis' dominion, as in sonorous tones he rolled out and discharged at these sable innocents volumes of sibylline wisdom, and in passing, we could occasionally catch the names, Plato, Carlyle, and Emerson.

A friend of mine, a captain who had been for twenty-four hours officer of the day, came into my tent one forenoon and said with a chuckle, "General Phelps spoke very kindly to me to-day." "Ah," said I, "what did he say?" "Well," said the captain, "after I had dis-

mounted in front of the general's tent, from my horse, which has a past honor in the putting about of Holcomb's battery, he says drily, 'you, captain, had better, when in full uniform and mounted, learn to get off your horse on the *right side*, as you might get to be a major sometime.'” The captain did not get to be a major, and he did not forget the lesson.

At one time some men from a regiment of Maine were arraigned before him for the theft of chickens, etc., when in his shrill voice he burst out with, “You ought to be ashamed of yourselves; why don't you steal like the Eighth New Hampshire? They can steal and not get found out.”

A sergeant who had been a master armorer in the navy, had charge of a party of shovelling negroes. Taking some pride in military drill, he had so taught his colored squad that they had learned to get in a perfect line and pick up the wheelbarrow handles instantly at the word “forward,” and as he gave the word “march,” they all started in unison. General Phelps happening to observe these manoeuvres said with emphasis, “Talk about yer color! There's almighty good material for soldiers!”

Meanwhile General Butler continued to ponder and grope for facts on the negro question. He found two. One was that Governor Moore of Louisiana, and General Lovell, the ex-commander of the rebel forces, had both issued an order for the raising of a colored regiment; also that General Jackson had authorized the raising of colored troops in the war of 1812. So having both Confederate and Union precedents to back him he gave orders to recruit two regiments from the crowd of escaped slaves. These were of course officered by white men, and proved in the main to be good soldiers. Thus the military status of the Southern negro was settled for a time.

When General Butler gave way to the oncoming Gen-

eral Banks, he thus expressed himself to the Louisianians, and the world: "There is but one thing that at this hour stands between you and the government, and that is slavery. This institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, will be rooted out as the tares from the wheat, although the wheat be torn up with it. I have given much thought to this subject. I came among you by teachings, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union. Months of experience and of observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could be gradually removed, but it is better, far better, that it should be taken out at once, than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of your country. I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slave, but simply of the effect of slavery on the master. Look around you and say whether the saddening, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very framework of your society. I found you captured but not surrendered; conquered but not orderly. I restored order, punished crime, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency and gave you protection. I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of ruling your servants; I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice." Further, he stayed the visitation of the dreaded "Yellow Jack," took good care of the high and by-ways and materially assisted both the bond and the free of the colored race. The chivalry of the South deemed his head worth quite a sum to them. The following notice was issued:

## TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

President Davis having proclaimed B. F. Butler of Massachusetts a "felon deserving of capital punishment" for the deliberate murder of Wm. B. Mumford, a citizen of the Confederate States at New Orleans, and having ordered that the said B. F. Butler for that and other outrages and atrocities, be considered an outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and that, in the event of his capture the officer in command of the capturing force do immediately cause him to be executed by hanging, the undersigned hereby offers a reward of 10,000 dollars for the capture of the said B. F. Butler, and his delivery, dead or alive, to any proper Confederate authority.

RICHARD YEATON.

It did not add to the brilliancy of desired shoulder straps that the bearers were, by the proclamation of Davis, a proscribed class; "not soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but robbers and criminals deserving death, and that they and each of them be, wherever captured, *reserved for execution.*"

General Banks assumed command on December 16, 1862, with the State of Texas added to the department. His policy was eminently conciliatory. Thus, "Slavery will be secure if you will return to the Union." Public sales of property on account of the United States were stopped; political prisoners were released; but all the above persuasive acts, produced no good results. Disorders increased, soldiers were again insulted, indecent and threatening letters were sent anonymously to various officers. Mr. Jefferson Davis was publicly cheered by crowds of men and boys, and General Banks was obliged to change his tone and adopt the rigor of his predecessor. He again assessed the rich secessionists who subscribed to the secession fund and quickly demonstrated his purpose and ability to preserve order by measures of severity, should those of conciliation fail.

Sergt. T. M. Shattuck's diary :

May 22, 1862. Went back to Ship Island for provisions, found there the 13th Maine with Col. Neal Dow in charge as Brig. Gen. over the whole pile. Couldn't get any provisions for hospital. The authorities are not capable of taking charge of a corn crib.

26th. Went to New Orleans for rations and I got them after racing from Col. Shepherd to Post Commissary, to Custom House, to Lafayette Square, to the Lake and back to Custom House.

28th. Saw the rebel steamer "Grey Cloud" with flag at half mast, upside down. Our own American flag roosting on top— all right.

29th. Men getting scurvy, must get some vegetables. Got two beef on the hoof from Pearl river.

Chaplain's diary :

May 31st, 1862. There is a crevasse in the river. The water is six inches deep in my tent. I am fifty-six years old today. I have lost twenty-four pounds in weight since leaving N. H. Col. Fearing is quite ill at the hospital; the health of the regiment, as a whole is improving.

June 7th. Went to New Orleans to see an U. S. flag put up at City Hall. Was happily just in season not to see one Mumford hanged for a desecration of the Flag at the Mint; a sad necessity.

June 14th. Our regiment improves in discipline and soldierly appearance. Had a fine dress parade today. Col. Lull in command. Major Smith is quite ill.

June 27th. Went to New Orleans and sent to families of soldiers one thousand dollars, the paymaster having been here and attended to his duty. In all I have sent eight thousand, three hundred and sixty-five dollars.

July 6th. Capt. Flanders with Co. F came today. The regiment is all together again.

On June 17, 1862, the writer, by order of General Phelps went to Ship Island to bring up such convalescents from the hospital as were fit for duty. He took passage, as read the order, on the steamer "Creole" and in due

time by "tape" measure, arrived at the destination. The first notable seen in that well remembered locality, was General Neal Dow in his shirt sleeves with his pant legs within his boot legs, wading about the landing beneath a sheltering umbrella. The arrival of the "Creole" was a streak of luck to him and the islanders, for he instantly appropriated it for foraging, and the writer was obliged to go with it, for on board were his "board and lodging." The time for starting having been ascertained, the hospital tents were visited and the surgeons notified of the object of the writer's visit. Soon two companies of the Thirteenth under command of the adjutant, boarded the "Creole" and we were off across the sound. Pass Christian was first visited and a detachment going on shore, soon returned bringing two very likely looking young men who appeared to be very fit subjects for J. Davis' army. Why they were not there, was explained by one of them to be on account of "extreme debility," which, however, had not prevented him or some of his class from firing upon a flag of truce boat, once sent over from the Island with female prisoners; hence their enforced passage now upon the "Creole" to be finally introduced to Gen. B. F. Butler to tell that august individual the why of the wherefore. We proceeded on up the Wolf river, putting off at two landings, detachments to gather vegetables and beeves. At Saucier's plantation we took on board the whole family who were desirous of getting out of that section. At his saw-mill the "circular" was found stopped in the log, surprised probably at our arrival. Upon the desk lay a Masonic book and several emblems were roughly and freshly cut on the desk cover, may be as a plea not to burn the property, but we were not that way inclined. A note lying there from one of the girls ran thus: "Mr. P. Carver, send eight thousand feet of lumber, 1 by 12, for the Seventh Regiment, papa says, 'right quick.' Hattie Saucier." We reached a ferry at about five miles further

up the river. The boat which belonged to it was quickly destroyed by a half dozen Maine boys who used on it their favorite tool, the axe. It was not a brilliant exploit, and the owners who suffered, probably thought, as did the rebel chap in the wake of Sherman's army afterward, that "it would take a good deal of Providence, whiskey, and elbow grease to fix the thing up again." Returning, we took on fifty head of cattle and were, at about 2 P. M., merrily puffing along down stream. The writer, after dinner, had taken a seat upon the starboard side of the upper deck facing the saloon cabin where the two hostages were sitting alone. Forward at the wheel house were only Capt. Charles Walker and the helmsman. We had arrived at a rather abrupt turn in the river, when suddenly a volley of about thirty shots was fired at us from the shore. The oft quoted phrase "lightning from a clear sky" could not have more surprised us. The assailants were not more than fifty yards away, yet they did no good shooting, for no person upon the boat was hit, although the wind from the balls was felt as they passed on their harmless way. The two prisoners showed their training as they laughingly threw themselves flat on the floor, that being the safest place according to their experience when hostile or friendly lead was flying. If they had been really smart and reckless, they would have run and jumped from the stern of the "Creole," and they might have had the pleasure of riding home with their fool friends, as they were not manacled and the guns of the men from the State of Maine were *not loaded*. The finale was funny: The steersman left the wheel and leaped down to the main deck where the only wounded steer was making fuss enough. The captain of the boat did not flinch but jumped for the wheel and kept the vessel from going ashore. Below, the Saucier ladies, being at the table, went under it. A prominent Maine soldier who wore a sword, sought refuge in the hold between two files of potatoes in barrels. The wiry little

engineer who helped steal the "Creole" for Uncle Sam danced about among his levers and cranks calling for someone to "fire back." Altogether, it was a fine play of "Go-bang," the being shot at on a sort of picnic excursion. The Maine men then loaded their guns, we picked up the detachments and took on at Pass Christian two very fine looking old gentlemen who went to New Orleans to intercede with General Butler for the prisoners. Their fate we know not. A dozen convalescents were transported to camp and reported to General Phelps. Thus ended a rather pleasant trip by one of the Eighth, who thinks that he was the first one of that regiment who in the war was shot at by irate Southerners.

Camp Parapet, June 21, 10 A. M. One poor fellow, apparently rum crazed, attempted to cross the lines. The sentinel warned him, but the man persisted in running toward the land of "Jeff"; then the sentinel fired. There was ball in the gun and bawl in the man after he was brought down. Surgeon H. H. Smith being called, rammed his finger into the ball hole. The doctor was seen to shake his head (his own), and the man died, not from the shake, but the shot.

On the day that we arrived at the writing of the following incident a letter came from Sioux City, Iowa. (Capt. Cornelius Healy had been in trade in Avoca, Iowa.) Extract:

In the same mail that your letter came yesterday, I received a line from a son of Capt. Con. Healy, dated Nov. 30th, 1890, simply saying this: "Dear father died at 9.30 on Saturday, Nov. 29th." Signed, F. Healy. This simple announcement tells of the end of one whose record in the Eighth was good and true; one who bore an active part in the Red River campaign.

Faithfully yours,  
T. C. PRESCOTT.

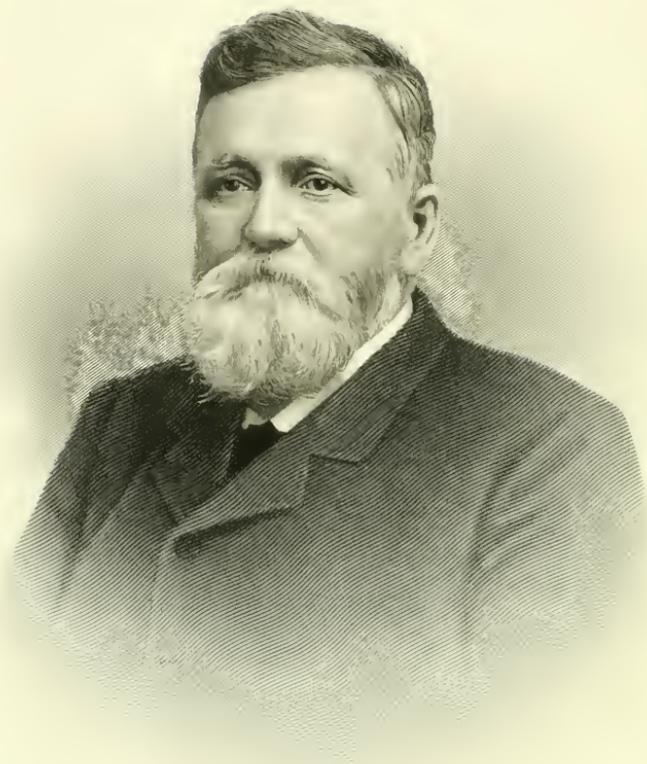
INCIDENT. — Reuben Howarth, Jr., now of Wilmington, Mass., relates that on June 22, at Camp Parapet, there occurred a little noisy friction in our lively Irish Company C about some Irish potatoes there to be. A cargo had been sent out by our paternal government as rations, and the Brigade Commissary had notified ours that he could have what he wanted “take ’em as they came.” On looking them over they proved to be in a very bad condition, but Commissary Shattuck took one hundred barrels and Simon Oakes went around and notified the officers of each company that ten barrels of Irish potatoes awaited their disposal. So the details transported them to the cook houses. It didn’t take long for Company C to judge “them pertaters” and a howl went up that rivalled the poet Campbell’s wolves “on Onalaska’s shore.” Those best appreciated the fun who were used to Lieutenant Healy’s handling of the Irish-American tongue, loaded at such times with explosive expletives which were very effective, accompanied too by a gesticulation that bristled with exclamation points. It took the now excited Simon Oakes quite a while to make Lieutenant Healy understand that said Irish potatoes, being known to be bad, were *not* issued as rations at all, but as an extra, and if they were wanted bad enough to pick ’em over and get perhaps two barrels out of every ten, they were welcome to them. Oh! It was simply then a misunderstanding. And the fact that these same were a lucky sandwich between other bad issues, soon quieted Company C.

Lt. D. W. King of Company A used to amuse and instruct the Nashuans by occasional letters from the “seat of war” which were published in the local papers. A number of such letters having been preserved, the writer will quote at pleasure. The following is one :

CAMP PARAPET, July 8, 1862.

The Hospital and headquarters of surgeon Dearborn and assistant Ellery C. Clark is a fine place, being a sugar





*S. G. Dearborn*

plantation owned by the Preston heirs, relatives of the South Carolina Preston of some notoriety. There are as fine arrangements for the sick as in almost any hospital at home with the best of attention, wanting nothing which the surgeon can supply. The doctor stands high here as a physician and surgeon, and if he is obliged to resign on account of ill health, the brigade will sustain a loss not easily repaired. Dr. Clark, too, is very popular. The hospital occupies the whole of the planter's residence. The rooms are large and airy, and the grounds beautiful. The house is reached from the levee by a handsome walk twenty rods in length, overhanging which are large orange and lemon trees, and the oleander is as large as the largest apple trees in New England, blooming full of blossoms all the time. The trees in the front yard, which is four acres in extent, bore last year fruit which sold for eighteen hundred dollars. In the rear we find a yard of the same size as the front, but lumbered with an old sugar mill, an old barn and negro huts lost amid the foliage of scores of shade and fruit trees. A little yard in the corner contains a bricked up tomb, and beside it is the resting place of many former slaves; white and black together awaiting the final solution of the problems of worlds. Near the hospital is the plantation owned by the late Mr. Todd, one of Gen. Beauregard's staff and a brother of President Lincoln's wife. He was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. His widow now occupies the place in company with another lady whose husband is in the Confederate service. They are rarely seen, but surgeon Dearborn has had an interview and was treated very politely.

PERSONAL. — Dr. Samuel G. Dearborn was commissioned as surgeon of the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers in October, 1861. It is worthy of note that there have been many famous physicians in this State who descended in a direct line from the Dearborn family, which settled at Exeter nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. In the last century, Portsmouth, Northampton, Seabrook, and Nottingham, had each a physician of marked ability bearing that name, and now several among the abler men of that profession are of the same descent. One of the

most noted and successful, is the subject of this sketch ; he was born in Northfield, N. H., August 10, 1827. He was educated at the "deestric school," Sanbornton Academy and the New Hampshire Conference Seminary. He studied medicine with Dr. Woodbury at Sanbornton Bridge in 1846 and graduated from the Medical Department of Dartmouth College in November, 1849. He began first at East Sanbornton and at Mt. Vernon, N. H., to acquire a fine reputation as a skilful physician. Removing in June, 1853, to Milford, N. H., he built up within twenty years a very lucrative practice. He having a large list of patients from a distance, attracted by his uniform success in treating very difficult cases. He left all this and accepted the position of surgeon in the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, his services were highly appreciated in that organization, but his failing health would not permit him to remain long in the trying climate of the extreme South and he resigned after one year's service. Afterward he served three months in the army of the Potomac as surgeon assigned to the Ninth Army Corps in front of Petersburg, and finally was appointed as surgeon of the Eighteenth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers, Col. T. L. Livermore, formerly of Milford, commanding. But his services were not required as it was evident that the war, at last, was nearing its close.

Dr. Dearborn has always manifested quite an interest in educational matters, especially the hygiene of schools and schoolhouses. He reverts with commendable pride to his youthful efforts at school teaching, thinking that in that line lay as sure success for him as he has accomplished in medicine. On the 5th of December, 1853, he married Miss Henrietta M. Starrett of Mount Vernon, an educated and accomplished lady. They have two sons ; the elder, Frank A., born in 1859, studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city, and is now associated with his father in practice in Nashua, to which

city Dr. Dearborn moved from Milford in May, 1873, it being as a railroad centre more convenient for distant patients to come for consultation, his practice for the last few years being mostly at the office. He has been obliged to occasionally break away from his arduous labors in order to recuperate by travel to distant points of interest in our country and Europe, such as are now attracting the general attention of tourists. Just previous to leaving Milford, he served one term as United States pension examining surgeon. The demands of his profession have limited his civil life to the representing the town of Milford for two years in the State Legislature.

Commissary T. M. Shattuck's diary :

July 9th, 1862. Was appointed by the Col. Commissary Sergeant.

11th. Geo. Hutchins worked with me till 4 P. M., went to the hospital and died at 6½ of epilepsy.

Chaplain's diary :

11th. Thermometer at 98. River water is bad. I could drink rain water from the streets of N. H.

13th. Ther. 101. Discharged soldiers go north on steamer "Fulton."

20th. I have two regiments and several batteries to attend to and get very tired. It is sad to go among the sick and suffering soldiers, most of them are so young.

Lieut. D. W. King's letter :

Co. A has been in Carrolton since the 30th of July doing "search and seizure duty." We are a mile and a half from Camp Parapet near the railroad station, which place I labelled in a former letter as a grog hole; however, on spreading ourselves out over the town we find it quite the opposite to the first impression. It is very prettily laid out, containing many fine residences with gardens to match. We are here at the instance of the Provost Marshal to hunt for property stolen from the United States government, and to picket the river banks to prevent smuggling

of goods to the Confederates. We have succeeded in recovering an immense amount of camp equipage and arms. I, King, arrested a secesh captain, searched his premises, found thirteen loaded guns backed up by his commission. Having this "big thing," out of respect for his family, I dismissed the guard and taking his revolver, marched him quietly to headquarters. There, to my dismay, I found him to be an accredited "Union spy" with the "papers in his hat." After this, I despair of becoming "truly great." I may acquire notoriety, but not a high niche of Fame. Our later captures are valuable, Gen. Butler having issued an order that "all arms must be delivered up before a certain date, in default thereof, the property of all persons so offending, shall be confiscated, and any negro informing where arms are hidden, shall have his or her freedom." The result is, several cords of arms, stacks of free negroes and miles of plantations. The primary cause of the order was the fact that at the battle of Baton Rouge, citizens who claimed to be loyal and had been allowed to retain their arms, were found dead on the field inside the rebel lines with the implements of warfare in their grasp. The General proposed to render the recurrence of such scenes here impossible, as it is contrary to the usages of honorable warfare. It is apt to make the honest uniformed soldier mad even unto death; that is, the death of the fellow in store clothes.

Our pickets have taken many fellows trying to cross our lines to the Confederates. One pedlar had his apparently honest stock of goods overhauled, and it contained about eleven thousand percussion caps which being contraband, served to confiscate his whole stock valued at three thousand dollars. He is now a Fort Jacksonist. Another, a subject of Queen Victoria, had thirty ounces of quinine worth fifteen hundred dollars, over the line. The most note worthy take, however, was a lot containing a few Confederate notes and forty-five thousand dollars in gold. We have confiscated one milk farm. Another small plantation near is owned by a Mrs. Legree, perhaps a relation of Mrs. Stone's devilish character. At any rate, she is the ugliest looking old termagant that I ever saw.

All the women in this section, absolutely, without any discount, hate all U. S. soldiers. We cannot by any courtesy and kindness disarm their hostility. In Legree's

case, her diabolical ugly actions resulted in prison seclusion, where she can meditate on secession and the loss of reb. protection.

Chaplain :

Aug. 8, 1862. Funeral at New Orleans of Gen. Williams, killed at Baton Rouge.

11th. Lt. Col. Lull quite sick, Col. Fearing in command.

15th. The big guns saluted Gen. Butler on his visit to us today.

25th. There is a reduction in the pay of chaplains, but I shall not leave the army for that: did not come here for money alone. I like the work and am too much attached to "my boys." Some of the poor fellows would be living now if they had had better food with which to conquer their fatigue.

26th. Dr. Sam Dearborn leaves us today. He has the warm regard of the whole regiment. He is a fine physician and a good man.

29th. Frank C. Dodge, a protégé of Lt. Burpee's died today.

It is remarkable that this is the first death in Co. F since it left N. H. Gen. Butler compliments our regiment for its fine appearance.

31st. King's letter. Brigade review :

Carrolton, Aug. 30. Human nature is peculiar. Here we have had fine quarters in the commodious court house and adjacent cottages; but a rumor reaches us of a probable return to camp, and the soldiers are pining for a move—a move even to inferior accommodations. The court house spoken of, is a fine building, full of records, papers and books. We found there a card of invitation to a military ball in Nashua. Upon it were the names of many old friends as a committee of arrangements for this brilliant affair of ten years ago; also in a file of Carrolton papers was an extract from the New Hampshire "Telegraph," calling on all old whigs to come home to Thanksgiving and stay long enough to vote for Ichabod Goodwin for member of Congress. Back of the court house is a jail, a match for our own Hillsboro County house of detention; both nuisances. This one is filled with runaway negroes

who have been kept there so long that they are lacking in clothing, and lounge about in primeval African nudity.

“ Sam ” letter extract :

CAMP PARAPET, Aug. 31st, '62.

DEAR FOLKS, — The Chaplain says that our letters don't come and go regular. When I got the last one I forgot my supper of salt hoss and patent shingles. I sent you forty dollars last pay day to pay for that Land.

I don't know what's the matter I don't hear from Nettie. I'd like to send you a 12-pound nigger Hoe and a whip I'd hate to strike an elephant with.

The ther. is 120 and the river has fell fifty feet, but I am healthy and happy though the niggers is thick and the muskeeters Too. You ought to seen 1,500 niggers that come on Steamers from Batron Rouge. Some are white as any Girl and as pretty (except my sisters and *one more*) but most of them are vulgar and slovens. When you send a box put in some bees-wax and Green tea. I've been reading the bible and it is more interesting than I thought it Was.

King's letter :

Aug. 30, 1862. A couple of patriots? the initials of whose names are G. W. Presby of Lyman, N. H., and Luke Howland of Lisbon, N. H., have deserted and gone to the — rebs. They were assisted in their hegira by a planter in this vicinity. If they are caught they will probably “ enjoy poor health ” shortly.

A military or surgical commission, appointed by General Butler, has been in session the past week examining invalids and recommending for discharge such as are not fit for future fight. Nineteen in our regiment will be thus discharged in a week or two. Quartermaster C. A. Putney and Capt. Estabrook of Co. H have both resigned on account of poor health, and their resignations have been accepted. Tyler M. Shattuck has been appointed Commissary Sergeant, a post he is well qualified to fill.

CAMP PARAPET, La., Sept. 6th, 1862.

Official Order No. 82.

A board of survey will assemble at 10 o'clock A. M. tomorrow at the house of Mrs. Cotter, corner of Short and

Second streets, Carrolton, La., to examine into and report upon the loss of one cow and a quantity of fowls said to have been taken by United States troops. Detail for the Board.

Captain Wm. M. Barrett, 8th N. H. Vols.

“ Geo. A. Flanders, “ “

1st Lieut. Hiram F. Chappell, 12th Com. Vols.

By order of

BRIG-GEN. J. W. PHELPS.

ALFRED G. HALL,

*A. D. C. and A. A. G.*

Chaplain's diary :

Sept. 3d. The “long roll” sounded for exercise and practice. It was funny to see the boys turn out.

9th. Chaplain was complimented by Gen. Phelps for his preaching to the Colored people.

10th. Serenade to Gen. Phelps before his departure for the North. Lt. Col. Lull addressed him for the 8th N. H., and Major Peck for the 12th Conn.

12th. Capt. Colby and Lt. Burpee go north, discharged for disability. I go to New Orleans with Gen. Phelps and staff. Gold is at 30 cts. premium, and Treasury notes at 13.

15th. Lt. Col. Lull will take a force up the river on a reconnoissance, that will suit him. Luck attend them.

## CHAPTER VI.

For Pass Manchac, Companies A, B, G, and K.—The Trestle.—A Week's Tramp and Return.—A Second Trip with Companies G and H.—Surprised a Rebel Picket; took Prisoners.—Return and a Move to Camp Kearney.—Grand Review in New Orleans.—Up the Mississippi.—Donaldsonville.—A Reconnaissance.—Battle of Georgia Landing.—Captains Warren and Kelliher killed.—Tigerville.—Incidents.—Repairing Railway.—Sergeant John Farley, Personal.

THERE has been a good deal of uncertain talk among the boys about the expeditions under Colonel Lull to Pass Manchac, which was about twenty-five miles from our camp. The following from the writer's diary covers the first one which started from Camp Parapet under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lull on Friday, the 19th day of September, 1862, at noon. The detachment consisted of Companies A, B, G, and K. The vets will recollect how intensely hot that streak of railway was, the New Orleans & Jackson, as we stretched along the five or more miles up to Kennerville. The dense woods which lined the track kept off all stray airs that might fan a Yankee, and we emerged at K village, tired, but the Colonel obtained a pailful of refreshment and we then continued our railroad march till we came to the lake and a trestle. The infants of the Eighth New Hampshire will not soon forget their three miles march, more or less (it seemed ten; some say that it is seven), across that trestle work on the afternoon that they waltzed on to it. Towards night as the dew fell, it caused the ties to become very slippery and some fell through, at which, according to Lieut. J. J. Nolan, Colonel Lull made the remark that a man who should fall from that trestle was no soldier. Lieutenant Nolan was

walking beside him at the time and heard the remark and saw the slip that followed instantly, and that the speaker was down below among the timbers. After he was recovered by the aid of a gun let down, he shook himself and declared with great emphasis that any man who didn't fall through was no soldier. The Colonel did not part with his wits as a lawyer, when he took the sword in hand. Soon Lieutenant King and the writer, who were the first to reach the land side, congratulated themselves that they had crossed without accident, when King, in taking his last confidential stride, missed and stepped off into the sacred mud of the "Louisiana lowlands low." He was a "looker" when he came up, but we had reached La Branch station where in five minutes fires were going and we recuperated. On Saturday morning, the 20th, leaving Lieut. Lyman Locke and twenty-five men, we pushed on ten miles and left a detachment of twenty men under Lieut. Michael O'Grady. At De Sair station, halted for the night. Sunday morning, under Colonel Lull's direction, the officers drew lots to see who could have the *privilege* of going on to the Pass. It fell to the writer's to remain as rear-guard with ninety men and twenty negroes. Colonel Lull and party went on to the Pass. Lieutenant King's account says, "five of us with Colonel Lull at the head, crossed the Pass after dark in an old skiff, without oars. Colonel Lull, revolver in hand, wormed his way through the swamp into the rebel works, finding only two dismounted guns, recrossed and bivouacked on the trestle-work; next morning, ten men under Captain Huse again crossed, penetrated three miles into the enemies country, drove in a picket, alarmed the camp, stirred up several hundred rebels, and so accomplished the object of the expedition by feeling of the enemy; recrossed and returned to main body on Monday.

Writer's diary says, Sunday, 9 A. M., received orders from Colonel Lull to send scouts across the river; also to

go down lake and reconnoitre, seize boats, etc. Tuesday morning, went across swamp to Mississippi river, wading sometimes in four feet of water, came out at Luke's plantation, the whole command together. The nose foragers there found a barrel of Louisiana rum under Luke's sugar house, so we had to pack and go on in order to dry inside and out; had, with Company B, charge of rear guard, halted at Stables six miles below for the night; were followed by cavalry at a respectable distance.

Wednesday to Kenney town, halted at old mill, writer being commissary; got for troops pork souse, mutton, coffee, and sugar, the commissariat was voted to be a success, owing perhaps to the unusual exercise engendering enormous appetites. We gave receipts for all necessary articles wanted for our use, but one jolly fellow wanted a pretty French girl, our hostess' daughter at La Branch station, *on a receipt*, but it did not appear to be in the line of duty. Arrived in camp at 1 P. M., Thursday, September 25. As an incidental result Lieutenants Landers and Locke and the writer went into the hospital on the succeeding Monday, September 29, for a two months' stay with inflammatory rheumatism. Surgeon Thompson was inclined to laugh at us while dosing us with morphine so that we could sleep a little. In 1878, I found him in Salem, Mass., afflicted with the same disease, requiring a frame work to keep the weight of the bed clothes off his limbs. I did not laugh at him. After intense suffering, he died about 1880.

Lieut. D. B. Newhall sent notes on the second expedition in which he says that "information having been received by Gen. T. W. Sherman, commanding the defences of New Orleans, that the rebels were concentrating a large force at Camp Moore, a rebel recruiting station on the Amite river, and that the Manchac Pass bridge was being repaired, a bridge which they had burned on their retreat from New Orleans, also portions of the long trestle-work previously spoken of. Lieutenant-Colonel Lull was ordered to take

such forces as he needed and go up the New Orleans & Jackson R. R. as far as in his judgment was safe, for the purpose of finding out just what Monsieur Reb. was about; so Companies G and H were detailed. Lieut. J. C. Maine, of Company G, and Lieut. J. K. Stokes, of Company H, were in command of their respective companies (Lieutenant Langley says that Lieut. B. F. Wells was of the party). Lieutenant Camp and Sergeants Blanchard, Newhall, Stickney, and Cobbs, of Company B, were also detailed by Lieutenant-Colonel Lull as his special staff, as as he expressed it. The expedition left Camp Parapet on October 18, and reached La Branch soon after noon where a part of the force was left as rear guard in command of Lieutenant Stokes. Reached Frenier station at dark; bivouacked. Next morning pushed on to the Pass. Colonel Lull determined to send a small force across Lake Maurepas to one Dutch Bill's where was reported to be a rebel picket; the distance was twelve miles. There were no boats at the Pass, so Lieutenant Main was sent back to Frenier with a party to get some. Lieutenant Main detailed Sergeants Newhall, Cobbs, and eight men to assist, and boats of capacity sufficient to carry twenty men were secured; it was a tough way back through a narrow bayou leading through a cypress swamp from Lake Maurepas to Lake Pontchartrain, but it was a picked crowd, tough in its best sense, so they pushed on in the dark and were fortunate enough to procure the services of a wood-chopper who was familiar with the swamp. Candles were lighted, and in real bad spots the famous hanging moss was set on fire which lighted the adventurous voyagers for a long distance. Alligators and snakes, alarmed by the unaccustomed invasion, splashed about. One enormous 'gator knocked with his playful tail the paddle from the hands of Sergeant Cobbs. Time passed and Lieutenant Main got nervous and threatened to feed the guide to the reptiles, but soon we sighted a camp and

rested. At daylight they reached a sort of supply camp, tired out and chilled; but Lieutenant Main interviewed the boss and finding that he had a supply of Louisiana rum on hand, he had some water heated and the party was given a liberal ration of hot liquor. Soon they found the lake shore and the journey's end. It was useless to go across the lake by daylight and, too, rations were getting short, so by a detail they got up from Frenier on a small flat car two hogs and a lot of sweet potatoes. During the day a sharp lookout was kept. The bridge was visited and found to be as left when burned. By and by a sloop was seen approaching. The boys kept out of sight while Colonel Lull watched it with his glass. When near enough, he sent out two boats and the sloop was ordered to come to anchor, which was done, of course, with some grumbling. Lieutenant-Colonel Lull, Lieutenant Camp, and Sergeant Blanchard went on board. The captain of the craft said that they were from New Orleans. (Lient. J. M. Langley says that the captain had a permit from General Butler to carry two ladies, found on board, and who claimed to be the wives of rebel officers in Richmond, across the Federal lines.) Lieutenant Newhall continues: Colonel Lull very properly detained the boat for the twofold purpose of not allowing our presence to be known to the rebels, and also to use the sloop to cross the lake, so at night a detail of about twenty-five men went on board the sloop and started for Dutch Bill's. When within two miles, a part of the force took to the boats which had been towed. Our guide proved loyal and smart, landing us within a half mile of Bill's place. Working our way quietly up to the building, we were startled by the outset of a herd of goats that clattered off the top of a low shed, the leading old buck ram in his descent knocking over Sergeant Newhall, whom he probably thought to be the prime intruder and offender. At Lieutenant Main's summons at the door Dutch Bill appeared in night costume, a

very "scart man himself," but being assured that we wanted only information, he picked up his candle and his courage, and asked us in. It was a country store, everything being in it from rum up. He told us that the picket was two miles further up near Camp Moore, where were five thousand rebels. We bought some rum, a couple of kids, and told him at the end of a gun to keep his mouth shut. We took to the boats and followed the lake shore till we saw the picket light. It was near a cotton gin and saw-mill. Getting between them and Camp Moore, we worked up, and beneath a shed discovered seven cavalry horses; that told the story. Lieutenants Main and Camp and Sergeants Langley, Blanchard, Newhall, and Cobbs moved up, keeping a woodpile between them and the fire, near which one man was sitting and another near by apparently asleep. The first named looked up and into Sergeant Langley's musket. Blanchard got the musket of the other, and Lieutenant Main quietly told them both to not screech. This was the first intimation they had that a Yankee was within thirty miles of them. The prisoners told us that an officer and four men were probably in the gin house asleep, so as the stairway was covered with cotton, the other five were soon covered by Lieutenants Main and Camp. They were as much surprised as if they had awaked in the other world, the officer exclaiming, "Where in h—l did you 'uns come from anyhow?" and, "Have you got the rest of the company at the next plantation?" This last remark was a revelation, and we gave them to understand that the whole Yankee army was behind us. So the prisoners very quietly went with us, and taking the saddles and equipments, we started for the sloop. The mill being set on fire (Langley says, according to orders), lighted our way finely; then the rebel camp was alarmed and a great commotion was heard. A prisoner afterwards taken, who was then at Camp Moore, said that the affair created then great excitement and they

believed that the whole Yankee force was down upon them. He said that "it was a thunderin' scare for you'uns, a dozen, to make." About daylight we let the sloop go free and took to the boats for a return; then came the most dangerous part of our raid, for the wind began to blow and the lake was covered with white caps and, worse still, we had to row quartering with the direction of the waves in order to get back. Being heavily loaded we shipped much water. It was not so much now the pluck and military genius of a Lieutenant Main that saved us, as the old sailor experience of Sergeant Cobbs who had in consequence, temporarily, the command. The prisoners worked hard, rowing and bailing, as they were told that if we were in real danger of swamping they would be the first to swim. After going over twice the distance to the Pass, on account of the gale, we at last were signalled to keep close in to the east side as at last the rebels were very careless with their guns, but we got safe in and were warmly greeted by the boys and complimented by Colonel Lull. Although now the colonel was in a hurry to start back, he realized that we had had no rest nor sleep for two nights, so we were allowed a few hours; knowing that the rebels were thoroughly scared and ignorant of our numbers, though they demonstrated by the thousands on the other side, we knew that they had no boats and we were safe. At nightfall we were at Frenier's and behind a strong fresh picket we slept soundly; the next day got back to Parapet and found the regiment just ready to move to Camp Kearney and the interior. We, in conversation with the prisoners learned that a hundred Confederate soldiers were at the reserve picket within a quarter of a mile of the old mill, and if any alarm had been given, we should have had to do tall hustling to get away from them.

Chaplain's diary :

October 1st, 1862. Brigade review by acting commander, H. E. Paine, Col. 4th Wisconsin Vols. Orderly

Serg. Hurd of Co. I died to-day. He was a fine man, and the tallest in the regiment, being six feet four and one-half inches.

3d. Inspection and Review by Gen. W. T. Sherman.

4th. Long roll and a rocket for exercise.

11th. So cold that I make a fire in my tent on a shovel.

Sergeant Shattuck's diary :

Oct. 11th. Lieut. Col. Lull with companies H and G start to reconnoiter Pass Manchac again.

14th. Ordered to report to Gen. Weitzel.

15th. Broke for Camp Kearney at 10 A. M.

20th. Getting ready for up river, overcoats in demand.

Comrade J. C. Philbrick, Company A, tells of Camp Kearney :

This morning, Oct. 22d. Having formed in line along the railway, hucksters from New Orleans occupied our front across the railway to coax the final picayune from the departing soldier. Col. Lull being in command, threw out a line of sentinels in order to keep the men together, but beer and stationery must be had and the buyers and sellers have a limited trade between the sentinels. At last the 4th Wisconsin became impatient; the same feeling extended along our line and pervaded the 8th N. H. which was at their left. Soon the rather indefinite cry of "charge" was heard and in less than ten minutes soldiers, sentinels and hucksters were mixed upon the huckster side of the railroad. Then again order was restored, but the "heft" of the beer, stationery and knicknacks was on the regimental side. Upon the discomfited sellers or losers applying to Col. Lull for redress, he told them with his accustomed legal astuteness that if they would just *point out* the aggressors he would promptly arrest them—as a consequence, "Quiet reigned in Warsaw!" and the beer and candy were sucked in comparative silence until the discomfited hucksters left for the purlieu of the great Crescent City.

From "Sam" :

CAMP KEARNEY, Oct. 23d, 1862.

Last week we had a grand review in New Orleans. It was a pretty good Try but I stood it, Though I was on

Guard the night before and on the road nine hours without anything to eat and way 32 pounds more than I did Last summer.

I got a paper from Nettie which pleased me mutch.

Yesterday we started to go up river but the cappen of the Iberville was going to run us under a marst battery, but he got took up, Tomorrow we shall go anyhow and make them scatter I tell you.

I was on guard last night and wish that I could lay down on the medow Hay in our barn.

Give my love to Nettie. I am writing up a little Blank book for brother Jerry and not for Show there wont be any floureshes in it, nothing but the truthe about the War.

Yours in love.

Sergeant Shattuck's diary :

Oct. 24th. Sailed on steamer "Iberville" at 4 P. M. Approached Donaldsonville on the morning of the 25th.

Chaplain's diary :

25th. Camp in the village, sleep at night in a house, near to Capt. J. Q. A. Warren for the last time.

26th. Camped at Assumption.

27th. Leave at 6 A. M. Our regiment and Perkins' cavalry cross the bayou. At 11 A. M. a fight ensues. It is awful to see, we drove them, but lost Capts. Kelliher and Warren and about forty more. I helped take off the killed and wounded, six were put in one large grave and I offered prayer over them.

For Georgia Landing. Lieut. D. W. King's letter :

On Oct. 25th we had been transferred from Gen. Paine's to Gen. Weitzel's brigade. Our force consisted of the Eighth N. H., 75th N. Y., 1st La., and 12th and 13th Conn. regiments, the 6th Mass. and 1st Maine batteries, Perkins' Company of Mass. cavalry and Barrett's, Godfrey's and Williamson's companies of Louisiana cavalry, numbering in all nearly four thousand men, conveyed by three gunboats. Next morning at 5 o'clock we landed and marched seven miles up into the town of Donaldsonville which is on the right or western bank of the bayou Lafourche where we halted until next morning. The

town was nearly all in ashes, having been burned by our forces as a punishment for firing into our unarmed transports on their way down from Baton Rouge. The rebel cavalry went out of the rear end of the town as we entered the front end. We quartered ourselves in buildings which remained, less than one hundred inhabitants being here and the place wearing that deserted look which war produces. Gen. Weitzel ordered Co. G, Capt. H. H. Huse, and Co. A under the command of Lieut. King to start after dark, make a reconnoissance and report to him at midnight. We mustered about sixty men. We came to a cross road where there was a bridge leading across the Bayou Lafourche. We left the men in column by platoon in the road and stepped down towards the bridge where we could see the rebel picket. Soon the men raised the cry of cavalry; we hastened back and gave the order "Left into line wheel" and by the time that the movement was executed the enemy were within a hundred feet of us. They commenced firing at us and we returned it, causing a skedaddling that was very pleasant to see; horses without riders and riders without horses. The rebels numbered about three hundred, and it being so dark that they could not make out our numbers, they did not attempt to form, except to run. We escaped without loss as they fired over us; not so on their side as the result counted up a loss of seven killed, and quite a number riding off with Yankee bullets within their hides as mementoes of the brush. We took as spoils, seven Enfield rifles and marched back to receive the commendation of the General, and we got it.

The next morning, Oct. 26th, we were astir at five and fairly under way at 6 A. M. Leaving the 1st La. to hold Donaldsonville, we followed the bayou in a westerly and then southerly direction. The Eighth New Hampshire and Perkins Cavalry were transferred to the right or western bank of the bayou and the divided forces kept a parallel march, communication being assured by means of two gigantic Mississippi flat-boats, which, being towed by mules and manned by negroes, could be swung across and converted into a pontoon bridge. A body of soldiers and contrabands were detailed to level the banks, being supplied with tools for that purpose if it was at any time thought necessary. That night, Sunday, Oct. 26th, found

us at Napoleonville where we occupied an open field. The morning of Oct. 27th was very cold for Louisiana. (Comrade Durgin says, "ice formed three-fourths inch thick.") We started towards Thibodeaux. About 11 A. M. a squad of four men of Perkins' cavalry scouting ahead in charge of a sergeant discovered the enemy lying close in ambush within the woods by the roadside. Without exciting suspicion that they saw the rebs. they returned without being fired on and reported. Perkins immediately deployed his men as skirmishers and opened fire which was vigorously replied to, the enemy bringing up four pieces of artillery. Co. E, Capt. Warren, and Co. F, Capt. Flanders, were sent out as skirmishers to assist the cavalry. They advanced, drawing the enemy's fire, but soon fell back slightly, bringing the sad news that Capt. J. Q. A. Warren was killed. Cos. A and B were then deployed and working their way forward secured the body of Capt. Warren and sent it to the rear.

Comrade W. A. Crosby of Company B relates that Lieutenant-Colonel Lull called for twenty-five volunteers to go forward and get the body. They promptly came from Companies A and B and headed by the Colonel, who cautioned the force not to advance faster than he himself did, led the way to its recovery.

Lieutenant King continues :

They then entered the line of battle for an advance, which was made through an open field, marching steadily, giving and taking volley after volley. We, of course, did not know the enemy's exact position and amount of force, but we were really advancing alone against his centre composed of four field pieces, supported by a regiment of Lafourche militia and two regiments of Bragg's army from Shiloh sent home to recruit. The rebel left wing, five hundred cavalry and two field pieces, was at this moment making a circuit on a country road intending to come in on the rear of the 8th N. H. Across on the east bank was their right wing consisting of a regiment of infantry supporting a battery of six field pieces. This force was well held back. General Mouton commanded. His plan was to draw our main column on down the east bank,

to repulse the Eighth on the west side and then cut them up with his cavalry, but our Weitzel knew his business and the enemy knew not of our pontoon bridge, so the General, after sending the 75th New York and 13th Conn. well to his front and finding not the opposition which he expected, ordered the pontoon into position, also two howitzers and the 75th New York to protect it, and the 13th Conn. to go to the assistance of the Eighth N. H. The 12th Conn. which had been the rear-guard, was ordered across and took position on our right. The rebels in front were well screened by thickets and woods, and much of the infantry was well protected in a ditch, while our advance was over rail fences and amid clumps of brier bushes which threw our columns into continual confusion; but Col. Fearing fought it out against all ill-luck and impediments, having a rank and file that nobly seconded his efforts. Our artillery ceased firing so as not to impede our forward movement, and when the final order came to "charge" on the enemy's line and batteries in front, the Eighth went at them with a yell and ran right through and over them but, owing to the obstructions, the enemy got off their artillery with the exception of a single 12-pound howitzer. We found seventeen of their dead along the line of our advance, including Col. McPheeters who was shot in front of the centre of our line, a large number of wounded, and we took one hundred and seventy prisoners. One shot broke our flag staff and nine balls went through the flag, but brave Sergeant John J. Nolan clung to it and carried it through the fight. At the close, Col. Fearing called for three cheers for the flag, which were given with a will. After these two hours of continuous fighting, the rebel left wing made its appearance in our rear, but when it came in sight of the victorious Eighth which had been sent out to meet it the rebels thereby guessed how the conflict had gone, so they retreated, firing a few shots at our baggage train, as they hurried to join the main body. Our loss summed up twelve killed, thirty-two wounded and one missing.

Capt. Warren's death is deeply felt by the whole regiment, he being to all kind, social, and generous to a fault. His place cannot be filled. He fought gallantly and fell with his face to the foe, nobly dying for his country.

We bivouacked on the battle-field the night after the battle, and the next day pushed on to Thibodeaux. The

enemy made no stand there and unwisely undertook to burn much valuable property. We are now at Tigerville and soldiering without tents. Col. Fearing's headquarters flag is flying from an uncovered wagon in an open field. At last the boys have caught breath and have time to talk over the incidents of the fight.

Lieutenant King's letter :

TIGERVILLE, La., October 28.

All hands are proud of the record of the 8th. Two of the regiments opposed to us, the "Crescent City" and the La. 18th, were veterans in the service, having fought at the battle of Shiloh, and the prisoners declare that the Yankees here are as tough to fight as the western boys were up there. We went in four hundred strong, with but sixteen officers. You may ask, where are the one thousand that left the Granite State about a year ago? Decimated, I answer, by death and disease, although we are the ugliest, "piourest" and healthiest regiment in the South with perhaps the exception of our twin brother the 4th Wisconsin.

The following report is by Gen. Dick Taylor, C. S. A. Extract :

There were Confederates on both sides of the bayou, but having neglected their floating bridge, they could not unite. Col. Armand with his own, the 18th, the Crescent, Col. McPheeter's and the four gun battery of Capt. Ralston; in all five hundred men, resisted Weitzel's advance at Labadieville, eight miles above Thibodeaux. The fighting was severe and Armand only retired after his ammunition was exhausted, but he lost many killed and wounded and some few prisoners. Col. McPheeters was among the former and Captains Ralston and Story among the latter.

Incident of the fight by Orderly Sergeant James M. Langley :

The order "cease firing" had been given, the majority of the rebels prostrate in ditches were shaking aloft all they had of dirty white in token of surrender, save a few in the edge of the woods who thought to get away by good leg





JOHN FARLEY, CO. K.

work. Among the latter, a confederate officer with one foot in the stirrup in the act of mounting his horse, was seen by Orderly Sergeant James M. Langley of Co. H. He called out to Lieut. John K. Stokes, "Shall I fire?" Stokes quickly answered, "Let drive." Langley fired and the officer fell. At the final advance it was found that Sergt. Langley had killed Col. McPheeters, the officer in command of the rebel force in their immediate front.

The above account is given by the two officers who are to-day living, and it refutes the sensational story of a writer for a New England regiment, in a prominent magazine, who claims for it the larger share of the fighting and consequent credit for gaining the victory, including the killing of the above named officer, which was an impossible feat to be done by anyone in that organization, so far away were they to our right and rear.

Lieutenant Langley died at West Andover, N. H., about May, 1891. The above facts were given by him and Captain Stokes to the writer at The Weirs in 1890.

Sergeant John Farley of Company K tells thus of his "first time under severe fire" at the battle of Georgia Landing: "We marched off the road into a field and formed in line of battle, and then got orders to march forward under a rapid, hot, and heavy fire of musketry, solid shot and shell. We had to advance around hay stacks and over fences, which, of course, broke up our line, so by the time that we came to what was luckily the last fence, I had got nervous and excited and went over it on the run and got as much as thirty yards ahead of every one, when Captain Kelliher came running after, and having caught up with me about the middle of the field stopped me, and swinging his sword over my head asked me, 'if I was in command of the company?' I said, 'No, sir;' said he, 'I will fix you when this is over.' By that time the regiment had caught up with us, and the firing being very severe, we all laid down in line. Soon Captain Kelliher jumped upon his feet and rallied for another

advance. I jumped up to follow him, being a little on one side and about three feet in rear of him, when I saw a hole puff through his back and he dropped dead instantly, being shot through the heart. I dropped also, thinking it a bad place to stand in all alone. In a few minutes we saw the 12th Conn. coming up on our right to our support, so we advanced again and there being nobody now to stop me, I got ahead again and rushed for the fence behind which, in a ditch, the rebels were. When I had got within about ten feet of it, up jumped a rebel and fired his gun right into my face then down he dropped. I got over that fence somehow in a hurry and found him lying on his back waving a white handkerchief. I had the bayonet on my gun and stood over him telling him that he had 'got to die.' He yelled for "mercy, mercy," and I tried to jab him, I don't know to this day what saved me from killing him. At last Lieutenant Gannon sang out, 'Sergeant Farley, don't kill that man' so I made him get up on his feet and turned him over with some more prisoners. I afterwards learned that a rebel officer, calling out to me that they had surrendered, had his revolver leveled saying that if I killed the man he would blow my brains out. I never afterwards had any such nervousness and was as cool as anyone."

Counting from date of enlistment, Sergeant Farley served three years and eleven months in the Eighth regiment, being always present and ready for duty. He re-enlisted for the three years and was in all the fights, skirmishes, and marches of the organization.

An incident of the advance. While the regiment was on the charge and just as Colonel Fearing gave the order, "right oblique," the flag was riddled with balls and the staff shot in two just above the hands of the color sergeant, John J. Nolan. Captain Huse, thinking that he (Nolan) was badly wounded, sprang forward to grasp the colors, but Johnny sang out, "No you don't this time," and got them first, bearing them on amid the cheers of the men.

“Sam” sends home very full accounts of the battle, but we will save him and his for where we weren’t; still it is evident that he was a good forager, for on the eve of the fight he alone got hold of an old hen, some sweet potatoes, and a lot of honey with which he made a half dozen comrades happy.

Lieut. J. J. Nolan sends the following incidents of the Georgia Landing fight: “Patrick Desmond, Company K, ran across a young pig the night before the fight, cleaned it nicely, and expected to have a fine feed. It must have weighed about ten or twelve pounds dressed. When we got the order to march, Desmond said he would not lose his pig if he were to die, so he strapped it on his knapsack, the two fore feet pointing out by his right ear and the two hind feet by his left ear. He went into the fight and he was badly wounded in the left shoulder, but he would not allow the surgeon to remove him off the field unless he would take the pig along. The same day Pat Shea, Company K, threw his gun at a chicken and broke the stock. Off he went into the fight with the company and waited until he saw the first man fall, when he picked up the good gun and fought like a tiger.

For coolness and nerve, I must mention the two Reeds, father and son, Elbridge senior and junior, in the same battle. The son was in the front rank, the father covered him in the rear. We went in, if you recollect, by inversion, rear in front, bringing Reed, Sr. in front and Reed Jr. in the rear rank. Reed, Jr. got his heel shot off and hollered out, “Father, father, I am shot.” Reed, Sr. looked around and said, “Well by —, Elbridge, I can’t help it; I have got to go to the front you know,” and to the front he went.

Capt. T. C. Prescott’s account of Hiram Young, the truly Christian, of Company G:

The Regiment had early been designated as the “Pious 8th” owing to the supposed scarceness of that spiritual

influence among its members, but it had one eccentric individual in its ranks who undoubtedly surpassed all other men in the Gulf Department in his persistent zeal to fight the devil with prayer as well as the rebels with bullets. This man was Hiram Young, a private of Company G, who enlisted by reason of an overpowering conviction that his plain duty required it. His conscience would not permit him to vote for Lincoln in 1860 for fear that his election would incur the displeasure of the Southern people, as they had threatened it would, and he voted for Breckinridge with the hope that he might assist in placating them. After the war commenced he saw his duty in enlisting and went into the Eighth. At Camp Currier, he commenced a systematic practice of praying aloud in the different tents of the regiment, during each and every spare moment, and on all convenient occasions, often having to be hunted up for drill and guard duty. This practice was kept up on Ship Island and at Camp Parapet, Carrollton, La. He would read a chapter from the Bible and offer a prayer in every tent of his company and many others through the regiment, sometimes repeating this proceeding several times each day in the same tent, and straying off into the other regiments of the brigade in his religious zeal. Officers as well as private soldiers were subjects of his prayerful solicitude and his invocations were heard in their tents. While on Ship Island some of the men of Co. G complained of Young's incessant praying, and being disposed to molest and disturb him a company order was issued restraining him from praying more than three times daily in any one tent, and confining his prayers within certain limits as to time, and requiring respectful attention on the part of the men while he was so engaged. This only gave him more time for outside work, and did not in the least quench or cool his missionary ardor. Strange perhaps to say, Young was also a zealous and faithful soldier, vigilant when on guard, reliable for any camp duty, apparently without fear when under fire, loyal and strictly obedient to his superiors. When for the first time he came under fire at Georgia Landing, La., he stood up before the enemy as unconcerned as he would on dress parade, never flinching the bullets, but continuing his loading and firing with the same unconcern as if engaged in target practice. He never forgot his prayers nor his solicitude for his comrades,





LT. JOHN J. NOLAN, CO. K.

and the custom which he commenced when entering the regiment was faithfully kept up to the end of his career. In the spring of 1863, his health broke down; death soon put an end to his missionary labors, and his remains now rest by the bank of the Mississippi in the vicinity of New Orleans in which city he died.

Chaplain's diary :

BATON ROUGE, March 17, 1863.

A good man, Hiram S. Young, is dead; I am sorry, he was probably more in the habit of praying than any other man in the regiment.

The following is Lieutenant-Colonel Lull's letter to the "Nashua Gazette":

THIBODEAUX, ON BAYOU LAFOURCHE, La.,

Nov. 16, 1862.

We have a fine and brave Irish lad as ever shouldered a musket, from your city. He was our color bearer at the late fight at Georgia Landing. He was moving up and looking straight into the muzzles of the enemy's artillery as steady and cool as Marshal Ney ever faced a battery. Three of his color guard fell wounded, still he moved on, next came a cannon shot striking his color staff just above his head and cutting it in two, and the colors fell forward on the ground. Two or three of his company sprang for them, but our young friend threw himself prostrate on his face, gathered the colors in his out stretched arms and with the remark to those who sought to obtain his colors, "No you don't," he arose and moved on flaunting the stars and stripes where the grape and canister fell nearly as thick as hailstones in a northern storm. I have asked the Governor and council to appoint him to a vacant lieutenancy. He is certainly deserving and I most certainly hope he will obtain the place. His name is John Nolan. Good night.

O. W. LULL.

(The above is an exact copy of Colonel Lull's letter. George W. Fowler, editor of daily and weekly "Gazette," Nashua, N. H., March 6, 1891.)

Extract from Adjutant-General's report. James H. Marshall, First Lieutenant and Adjutant Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers.

The enemy evacuated the Lafourche country and crossed over Berwick bay into Attakapas. After a day's rest at Thibodeaux, the Eighth was sent with two squadrons of cavalry and a section of artillery under the command of Colonel Fearing to take possession of the New Orleans and Opelousas Railway. After a hard march through cypress swamps heavily wooded and festooned with the somber drapery of moss that characterizes southern forests, the expedition reached Tigerville, La., capturing an immense amount of material which the rebels had been obliged to abandon. On reconnoitering the railway, it was found that a bridge across the Bayou Boeuf, one hundred and twenty feet long, had been destroyed, while a mile of the track was covered with the ruins of engines and cars burned to prevent their being of use to us: but Yankee skill was called into requisition, a detail was made from the regiment, the bridge rebuilt, the track relaid, the engine put in running order, and in one week trains were passing over the road bringing stores and ammunition from New Orleans ninety-three miles distant.

Letter of Lieut. D. W. King to Mrs. J. Q. A. Warren, of Nashua, N. H.:

In the field near Tigerville, La., Nov. 9, 1862.

DEAR MADAM,—At a meeting of the line officers last evening, resolutions of respect to your late husband were unanimously passed, and as clerk I was instructed to forward them to you with this letter, testifying to the high regard placed upon your husband as an officer and companion, and the sympathy entertained by the officers of the regiment for yourself and children, also his estimable mother. Rest assured that his name will ever be held in the greatest esteem by us; we feel that we have lost a friend that we cannot replace and his death cast a gloom over the entire regiment such as is never exceeded by the death of any prominent person in civil life. Our regiment is our world; its members, its society; and when the brightest one is taken away an aching void is created: a wound is made not to be healed in a day or a year. Believe us, ours is no commonplace grief. It is heartfelt and deep and we mourn for him as few are mourned for.

In behalf of the line officers I subscribe myself for the committee,

Sincerely your friend,

DANA W. KING,

*Lieut. Co. A. 8th Reg. N. H. Vols.*

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in his infinite wisdom to remove from us by instant death upon the battle field our esteemed friends and brother officers, Captains John Q. A. Warren and John Kelliher, they dying while nobly leading their men in defense of their country and for the honor of our glorious flag; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we, the line officers of the 8th Regiment N. H. Vols. tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the friends and families of the deceased. May they be comforted by the thought that they died the death of heroes, nobly facing death for what is dear to every patriot — for the Constitution and the Union as it was.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Capt. Warren, we lose the kindest of companions, the best of friends, and the bravest of officers; that his death shall urge us to greater efficiency and greater zeal in the work before us; that it shall be our untiring aim to make the regiment worthy the honor of having held the brave spirits, Warren and Kelliher.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Captain Kelliher we lose a man who, though not native to the soil, was a fine officer and a firm friend, who left the green isle of Erin, came to our shores and has nobly fallen in the defense of his adopted country. His name should be cherished with the galaxy of Irish patriots who have shed their blood to sustain our time-honored institutions.

*Resolved*, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the "New Orleans Delta" and the newspapers printed at Manchester and Nashua, N. H. (Signed)

Capt. G. A. FLANDERS,

Lieut. C. H. CAMP,

Lieut. D. W. KING,

} *Committee.*

Did Captain Kelliher feel a premonition of death? Some of his intimate friends say that he expressed it.

Just as he was starting on the expedition, he came into the hospital opposite Camp Kearney and told the writer that he would "like to borrow a pair of shoulder straps to be buried in." He was answered that he might have a pair, but that he ought not to use those words. "Oh no," said Kelliher, as he went out laughing, "I shall not take the words back; I think that you will see neither me nor the straps again." And it proved to be so. The two officers did not meet again.

Letter of Lieut. D. W. King, Baton Rouge, La. Extract:

The remains of Capt. Warren are doubtless in New England to-night. The body was exhumed and given in charge of Adams & Company's Express at New Orleans. My heartiest thanks are due to Col. Fearing for the many favors shown in giving me the fullest liberty for the successful completion of this mournful task. Lieuts. Stokes and Eayrs and others are deserving of much praise for their fidelity and assistance. With this I drop the painful subject. The last sad duty that I can do for my cherished friend is done and we turn to the sterner duties of every day military life.

## CHAPTER VII.

Thibodeaux. — The Poet and Patriot, Richard Dalton Williams. — A Monument Raised by Companies C and K. — Lieutenant-Colonel Lull as Provost Judge. — A Hanging. — The Court. — Niggers Bob, Dude, and Jim. — The Regiment at West Baton Rouge. — Destruction of the Rebel steamer "Cotton." — At Baton Rouge. — Indian Village. — Target shooting. — Improved Firearms of today. — The Chaplain enjoys a Sunday's Preaching. — The Lobby at Washington. — Damage to Property. — At Algiers. — Officers of Eighth under Arrest. — At Baton Rouge. — Preparing to Advance on Port Hudson.

LIEUTENANT King's letter :

CAMP STEVENS NEAR THIBODEAUX, NOV. 17, 1862.

Tigerville is a small station at the junction of the bayous "Tiger and Black." It is not, at least now, as ferocious as the name implies. It is rather dead property. The few planters have generally taken the oath of allegiance and are up in camp often, looking after their live property, the ubiquitous negro, who comes and goes at his own sweet will, while the Government is protecting him and, too, the planter's property. Sugar was the great staple here once ; "but times isn't as sweet as they were." The station agent had five flag poles out and he being a noted rebel we hunted the house for flags. The man of the house had hastily removed to Texas. We found no Confederate flags, but we did find a virago whose tongue beat the raggedest kind of a flag in a flutter. Shades of Nabby Folsom, Abby Kelly Foster, and the "Aunt Sarah" of my boyhood, couldn't she talk ! Out of the deluge of vituperation we escaped through the back door. She had a long, loud voice and if now alive it hasn't stopped. These women are worse than the men ; no reason, no listen, we can't put them in a guard tent ; we might match them with a regiment from old North street of Boston.

The Railroad is open for use from New Orleans to Berwick Bay and as it is through the richest part of Louisiana it will prove of great value as it is well stocked with sugar, cotton, cattle, horses, etc. The return here was made by railroad, and our camp is on the same field as before. Our tents have arrived and we are more comfortable. Thibodeaux was once lively in the piping times of peace. The cathédral is a fine building costing thirty-five thousand dollars, and furnished with a magnificence rare at the North. The cemetery connected with it, in which Captain Kelliher was buried, is laid out in the manner of French burial places, abounding with crosses, and almost every grave adorned with wreaths and flowers made of beads. Among the notables buried here is one who was a townsman of Lieut. Healy, the poet Richard Dalton Williams, a co-patriot of William Smith O'Brien in the rebellion of '48. No stone has marked the final resting place in a strange land of this gifted Irishman until Captains Connelly and Healy raised in their own companies, C and K, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which they expended in the purchase of a monument to his memory. It is a beautiful shaft, and an honor to all concerned in its erection. It tells its own tale with its humble inscription and will, years hence, note the whereabouts of the 8th N. H. Vols. at the close of the year 1862.

At this writing a letter was received from Lieut. J. J. Nolan, who enclosed one from Rev. C. M. Manard of Thibodeaux. Extract as follows :

THIBODEAUX, La., Oct. 21, 1890.

*John J. Nolan, Esq.,*

*415 Broome St., New York City.*

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry of Oct. 15th, 1890, please find enclosed a copy of the inscription asked for, also a copy of the certificate of burial. Although twenty-eight years have passed since the untimely death of Mr. Williams, yet his scholarship, patriotism, and, above all, his meekness and the great fervor of his faith, are well recollected by the good father. "I saw him," he says, "frequently during his last illness, and it was from my own hands that he received the last sacraments." Far away from his afflicted native land he found a resting place

among friends. He is not unwept and unknown. Each year when we are called to the commemoration of the dead, he is not forgotten, for tokens of kind remembrance adorn his humble grave.

C. M. MANARD,  
Per JAS. P. O. REILLY,  
Thibodeaux College.

The following is the inscription :

SACRED  
TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS  
THE IRISH PATRIOT AND POET  
WHO DIED JULY 5TH, 1862, AGED 40 YEARS.

This stone was erected by his countrymen serving in Cos. C and K, 8th Regt. of N. H. Vols., as a slight testimony of their esteem for his unsullied patriotism and his exalted devotion to the cause of Irish freedom.

Lieutenant Nolan adds that Mr. Williams was in 1848 the comrade of Maher, Mahoney, Mitchell, and O'Brien; and that twenty-eight years ago from the date of this letter Rev. Father C. M. Manard was the pastor of St. Joseph's church at Thibodeaux, and that on the morning of that day, we were firing upon the town; and twenty-eight years ago to-morrow morning, about the time that you receive this letter, adds he, we were taking possession of it.

Lieutenant King says: "One tomb bore the name of Edward Douglass White, once governor of the State, also a member of Congress. Philip Barton Key was the name upon another slab."

Francis Scott Key, the renowned author of the "Star Spangled Banner," was a cousin of the above named Philip Barton Key, who studied law in the former's office and was a member of the Louisiana Legislature and the Constitutional Convention of 1850. He died on his plantation, Acadie, near Thibodeaux, May 4, 1854.

Lieut. King's letter. Extract :

Our stay at Thibodeaux was very pleasant, our camp being the finest we have had. With an occasional visit to New Orleans and good mail facilities, soldiering is rendered endurable for a short time. Lieutenant Colonel O. W. Lull is appointed provost judge of all the State lying west of the Mississippi river except two parishes, and has organized his court at Thibodeaux, detailing Co. B of our regiment to assist him. Lieut. Camp is prosecuting attorney, Lieut. Eayrs is high sheriff, and Sergt. D. B. Newhall, deputy, Sergeant Blanchard being the efficient and gentlemanly clerk. Altogether, they keep a place where, as says Mrs. Partington, "Justice is dispensed with." There is no lack of business as the court tries all cases, both civil and military, and as the people are not all Christians, they manage to keep the jail full most of the time with a motley group interspersed with negro soldiers, of whose behavior there are endless complaints of burning, stealings, ravishings and lesser crimes. It is thought that Gen. Banks will have to disband them or put them under iron rule, or to garrison some fort away from civilization. They are termed "The Louisiana Native Guards," ostensibly freemen of color, but we know that slaves are in their ranks. One is Sergeant Leonard, a slave from Pearl river, whom I picked up in a starving condition on Lake Borgne last spring. The law is that no colored man can be enlisted without his showing the necessary papers to prove his freedom. Some negroes are getting tired of camp life and are returning to their masters. They are so thick that we all can have servants who can be very attentive for a week, and then each needs an every day strap admonition in order that he shall attend to his business. My man, Bob, is a genius of many virtues: a good cook, carpenter, mason, thief, etc., for he takes nothing that he can't lay his hands on.

The writer first tried a negro server who came recommended from the front row of a camp meeting. At the start he must have been colored good. He was absolutely clean, and so black that his eyes shone and his teeth flashed like diamonds. His countenance was vast, and open like a bursted shell; legs like a scythe snath: feet,

No. 19. For shoes he could wear ammunition boxes. He was as graceful as a derrick, and could get around as lively as a Nim's caisson going into a fight ; but he spent too much time over the regimental line at the camp-meeting, and his female co-laborer could not account for the washing, and, too, the religious idea in his head was so large that like Wouter Van Twiller's, he could not turn it over and look upon the two sides, so we had to part. Our next was Jim. He was smart and good looking. A great interest was taken in him. We saw him well fed, clothed, and armed with a knife suitable for wood, flesh, bread, and soup. We stuck a pistol in his belt, and have him now — in a picture. He was bound to get married, so we saw that he was legally tied by a chaplain and sworn in on the Army Regulations, a book that he feared, for he saw that it was consulted, studied, and anathematized more than all other printed matter. Finally, as he was an intelligent negro, he ran away and enlisted. With him disappeared clothing and things for toilet use, which no common negro would be expected to corral. We next saw him, trim and erect, resplendent in black, blue, and brass, one of a thousand guarding the railway over which we were passing in the enemy's country. We forgave him. We could not do otherwise, for we could not get at him. Comrade Henry L. Robbins of Company B, when riding with the 6th Massachusetts battery, the enemy at their heels, caught up by the woolly topknot a little black brother about five years of age, and elevated him upon his horse, and in the scale of being, by making him generally useful. He was an apt and interesting youth, good at figures, that is in turning handsprings and, too, any stray dollar into his own possession. Robbins clothed and fed him and took him up North and Yankeeified him into the principles of money getting, so that he became an adept at boot and head shining, which resulted in many multiplied dollars ; at the last he amply repaid his benefactor, and finally returned to

his native swamps to illustrate the triumphs of Northern civilization.

Thibodeaux. November 18, 1862. Chaplain's diary :

Camp Stevens. Went to New Orleans and to the hospital at our old Camp Kearney, Carrolton. Saw Lieuts. Locke and Landers, also Capt. Stanyan. They are suffering with inflammatory rheumatism.

Nov. 27th at Camp Stevens. Thanksgiving at home, but I am thankful to be here on rather poor rations.

30th. Lieut. Col. Lull in command and orders church services.

Dec. 4th. Col. Lull has been appointed Provost Judge.

27th. Sent home for the men 1804 dollars.

30th. Leaving Lieut. Col. Lull and Co. B as Provost Guard, the regiment marches towards Donaldsonville, passing on the 31st our old battle ground at Labadieville or Georgia Landing.

Jan. 2d, 1863. In Camp Weitzel, opposite Baton Rouge.

13th. Moved back across the river to Baton Rouge.

29th. Wedding! Lieut. Lighthizer of 4th Wis. and Miss Laura S. Jones of this city. Col. Fearing desires me to dress, and with Dr. Smith and Adj. Head attend him as staff, while he reviews a brigade.

At Camp Stevens, near Thibodeaux. By General Order No. 25 :

Capt. W. M. Barrett of Co. A 8th Reg. N. H. Vols. was appointed on a Military Commission for the hearing of and determining the case of one Burrell, a colored person, formerly a slave, and for the trial of crimes and misdemeanors. Said court to meet on Tuesday, Nov. 18th, 1862.

By order of

BRIG. GEN. WEITZEL.

J. B. HUBBARD,  
*A. A. General.*

Provost marshal, Lieutenant-Colonel Lull and Company B at Thibodeaux. Of the court the prosecuting attorney, Charles H. Camp, says, that it drove at conclusions very rapidly and fairly; that it was soon found out by the

planters and the negroes that no liars were tolerated, and so the truth was soon got at and by short stories. Confinement in the jail soon fell into desuetude as the ease and good rations thereat were provocative of a continuance of crime.

Comrade X. E. Mills was appointed as jailor, and found there a sleepy, kink-wooled nigger about twenty-four years old. He seemed to lie about as if he had a right to draw rations and pulp them down. At last Lieutenant-Colonel Lull noticed him and said that he had better be put at work about the kitchen, but there was no work in him to be got out. Then he was ordered out and off, but the darkey would not go, but continued to lay his bones, well cushioned with fat, around the premises, his eyes scarcely blinking at noonday, and not minding an occasional kick nor the report of a pistol fired near his flabby ear. By and by some old citizen happening about, asked why said nigger was allowed his liberty. Being told the circumstances, he said, "Why, the fellow has been tried, convicted, and is under sentence of death for the crime of rape. He is to be hung." Accordingly, after looking up the records, arrangements were made to carry the sentence into execution. A carpenter rigged in the loft of the jail a rude but strong scaffold; but all the preparations for his taking off and the announcement of the same to the victim, seemed to have no effect save to render him more limp, numb, and impassive. He refused his food entirely and would not talk. At the time of execution, Lieutenant-Colonel Lull went up to see that all was done judicially, but when the dread event occurred, Comrade Mills says that he came down three or five steps at a leap, and he declares that it was the only time when the Colonel ever looked scared.

Peter A. Shedd of Company C was an unique character. He came from a fighting ancestry, but his energy and genius was unfortunately limited in the Eighth Regiment

to the management of a mule team. There he was supreme. General Banks on his favorite horse looked no more the commander than did Peter on a mule looking after his load and beasts; then he was like a king in voice and action. He had an intuitive understanding of and with mules, and mules knew him for a master. If a mule got off his base from four legs onto two or none, Peter's halloo and stinging lash brought the refractory animal from his airy flights to a dead level or death. But Peter had an occasional humiliation when coming in contact with the brute called man. On one occasion Comrade J. C. Philbrick of Company A, with others, went to load on one of Peter's carts commissary stores for Donaldsonville. Peter on being asked how much he could draw, said, "pile on, my mules will draw any load." Philbrick accordingly built up a packed load, and as it was mostly of beef and boxes of crackers, they fitted in well, and being bound upon each other they projected over the wheels. Just as they began to taper off the load towards the towering top, Peter A. Shedd appeared with his four restive mules, and as he beheld the commissary monument on his cart he broke out with a whole broadside of invectives peculiar to army life and wound up by saying that he'd be — if he would *ask* his mules to draw the whole commissary department. This explosion was mollified by a draft of "commissary" which had a history. Sergeant Laton had given quite a slice of a month's pay for a canteen full, and Philbrick in loading had kicked that innocent looking article, which by some strange oversight had been left upon the floor of the storehouse. The heft of the canteen led to the discovery of its intrinsic value in that climate. Afterwards on the march, Sergeant L. complained to Philbrick that he felt sort o' bayou like, or sickly sluggish, and said that he had lost his tonic and cash too. The identical canteen being produced in a friendly manner, Laton instantly pounced upon it as his own, and in proof, showed its ear-

marks. So the property was soon divided, accounts balanced, and Louisiana looked lovely.

Some account of First Sergt. J. M. Blanchard, clerk of court at Thibodeaux, La., 1862.

Mr. Shaffer, an elderly gentleman of the old school, who was Confederate enough to have implicit faith in rebel bonds and notes, was impressed with the necessity of hiding the same from the sight and possible touch of Federal troops, so on our approach he glided into his garden with a valuable package of many thousands of dollars and placed it within one of his deserted bee-hives; so far good and cunning, for the Union soldier was only to be tempted by hives in full and active operation; but Mr. Shaffer's actions had been watched by the colored brethren and they appropriated the package of money. Mr. Shaffer in his despair and indignation, applied to the provost court for redress. The precious cash was recovered and remained in the possession of the clerk of the court, Sergt. J. M. Blanchard, for many days, being kicked about the office with less consideration than would have been a bundle of home newspapers. Six of the African thieves were jailed and the case came up for trial. The whole Shaffer family were summoned, and they were an interesting lot, which included Miss Belle, who was a beauty of sixteen summers. She was viewed with a good deal of awe by the gentlemanly and efficient clerk though he did not know her at first to be really beautiful when he swore her in as a witness, as she gave her evidence through the thickness of three veils. But at the noon recess, Colonel, otherwise Judge Lull took the g— and e— clerk by the arm and said in his well known style, with voice pitched at b flat a big octave below middle c, "Jim don't you ever again put a witness under oath without seeing his or her face during the operation." The young girl was put upon the witness stand again in the afternoon and was re-sworn with an open countenance, but with evident and painful reluctance.

But the elder Shaffer recovered his money and his composure. As a consequence Company B had as much fresh provision as three donkeys could draw from the Shaffer plantation, and the honorable court rode twenty miles and dined with the family, the Belle of the house doing the honors gracefully.

In January, 1863, General Banks ordered General Weitzel to unite his forces with the naval and hunt up on the Bayou Teche the gunboat "Cotton," and to destroy it. That gunboat, which had been the terror of our naval forces in that section, was named after one John L. Cotton, a wealthy planter who was at the first an ardent Union man like a majority in that county of Attakapas; but after the State of Louisiana officially seceded, he turned into an out and out Confederate and vented his enthusiasm for the newly fledged government by equipping a river steamer which he owned, as a gunboat, and presenting it to the Confederacy. The craft was partially iron-clad and heavily armed. Its commander was Captain Fuller, one of that daring class of western boatmen who fight to the bitter end with tooth and nail, for after his pilot was killed on the "Cotton" he was partially disabled, and steered his boat by the use of his feet till it had crawled out of the fight. Our Eighth New Hampshire was at Baton Rouge, but in this affair Lieutenant-Colonel Lull acted as chief of staff to General Weitzel and of course Company B went along with him, having begun to wind up their judicial proceedings at Thibodeaux. In a letter written to his wife, dated January 23, 1863, he gives the following account of the affair, the more interesting as it was not intended for publication:

MY DEAR WIFE,—I am at home in camp again, have been in another fight, came out all right, and so think I am in luck. We left here on Sunday before last with seven regiments of infantry, twenty-one cannon and a company of cavalry, Went by railroad to Berwick city. There

the infantry by steamer to Pattersonville, landed, formed line of battle and advanced about three miles, encamped for the night. Jan. 14th the plan was for the fleet to proceed up the bayou and open the attack with the infantry supporting on each side, so the 8th Vermont was crossed over and we resumed our march. In about an hour we came in sight of the "Cotton" and saw that she was well protected with railroad iron from below her water line to some feet above her main deck. Soon she began to shell our advancing forces and our artillery answered and the Union gunboats opened fire. Gen. Weitzel ordered me to go forward and send a line of skirmishers of the 75th New York out, supported by the regiment, to silence the guns of the "Cotton." By that time the air was full of shell, grape and canister and my way lay right between the two fires for nearly a quarter of a mile, but away my Golden Eagle went like the wind. The skirmishers were thrown out, proper orders given and back I started; got nearly to our artillery again when a spherical canister, that is, a shell holding about two quarts of small balls, burst exactly over my head and fell in a shower all around me. I took off my hat in acknowledgment of the compliment, and was soon away; but it was seen that the firing was too hot for the 12th Conn. and 160th N. Y. and they must be ordered to lie down as a partial protection. I was sent with the order and my way lay again over the same course. Soon the New York boys drove the gunners of the "Cotton" off; our artillery riddled the craft well, so that she sought safety by moving around a short bend in the bayou where she was sheltered by the woods. She ventured down once more in the day, but a ready shower of balls drove her back. At night we laid down in the cornfields, the water standing between the rows, in mud. It rained and blew unmercifully. About four o'clock in the morning a sentinel came galloping down reporting that a fire-raft was coming down the Teche. We were all up in a moment and soon found that the "Cotton" was on fire. She made a magnificent flame with ever and anon the shell upon her bursting. She probably was so disabled as to be useless, so they destroyed her rather than that she should fall into our hands. Her destruction assured, we returned to camp upon Friday. Commander Buchanan of the Calhoun was killed upon his own deck, he being at the extreme front

fighting the "Cotton" and Semmes battery, and not waiting for the 8th Vermont to clear out the rifle pits. He was a glorious fellow: young, bold and genial. Our loss was comparatively light: six killed and twelve wounded. We took fifty prisoners, killed about thirty of the enemy, which were buried. The casualties on the "Cotton" we know not. Gen. Weitzel is being glorified by our boys. He seems to be invincible.

Howarth of Company B, at date of January 24, Baton Rouge, says that the company being provost judge's guard were well out of the fight, and during the rain storm spoken of housed themselves in a row of new molasses casks, they being luxurious after having been driven from the negro quarters by the fleas. During the night, he, having a soldier's hunger, found in the darkness a hen coop and a dozen eggs. On undertaking, however, to cook the hen fruit, it was discovered to be preoccupied by immature chicks, much to his disgust and the laughter of comrades. He reports that the regiment of Louisiana cavalry enlisted at the finale of General Butler's administration, was an awful set to fight, not afraid of anybody or anything, they knowing that to be captured was sure death. General Weitzel was as cool as the old fashioned cucumber, smoking his cigar during the fight and moving about on his horse as unconcernedly as if bossing a gang of field hands. The enemy's force to support the "Cotton" was three regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry and two batteries.

### THE COLONEL'S TURKEY.

BY LIEUT. JAMES H. MARSHALL.

It was a drizzly, dismal afternoon in January, the rainy season in tropical climates, and Gen. Weitzel's division, about five thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were marching down the bank of Bayou Teche toward Berwick bay in Louisiana. The sacred soil of this part of the quondam Confederacy had been trampled and cut up by the wheels of scores of wagons and guns, the hoofs of hun-

dreds of horses and mules, and the feet of thousands of men, into a sort of porridge which adhered to the feet of us unfortunates of the infantry with a tenacity which promised us our "bounty land" without the formality of an act of Congress; and the rain, varying from a Scotch mist to down-pouring floods as though the bottoms of the celestial cisterns had been suddenly knocked out, fell alike on all, from the major-general on his charger, to the company cook laden with camp-kettles and messpans. But notwithstanding the mud and rain the hearts of the boys in blue were light, for we had once more encountered the gray-clad legions of Dick Taylor, had driven them to their fastnesses in the swamp, and had blown up their boasted iron-clad "Cotton," to accomplish the destruction of which we had exchanged our comfortable quarters for a week's marching and fighting in the mud and rain, and our sumptuous fare of fresh beef and soft bread for the more frugal rations of hard-tack and coffee.

And now that our work was done, and our line of march was toward camp, the men, elated with their victory, and regarding more the adage, "To the victors belong the spoils," than good order and military discipline, began to fall out of the column and make furious onslaughts on the pigs and poultry of the unfortunate inhabitants of the debateable ground, and the squeals of the porcine quadrupeds and the cackling of the feathered bipeds as they fell before the sabres and bayonets of their pursurers, were fearful to hear. Now we of Company B were the Provost Guard of the command, and our Lieut.-Col. O. W. Lull was the Provost Marshal General; and as the Colonel was something of a "martinet" such a flagrant infraction of the rules and discipline of war could by no means pass unnoticed, so Company B were straightway set to arresting and driving back to the column, the ruthless invaders of the sanctity of the barn-yard. By dint of some threatening and much swearing, the marauders were finally all driven back to the road: save one long-legged Indiana boy, who in the ardor of his chase after a huge turkey, disregarding the loud command "to halt" of the Colonel, struck down the luckless gobbler at the very feet of the mistress of the plantation, who stood in the doorway wringing her hands in agony at the devastation going on around her. Reining round his horse, the Colonel leveled

his revolver and sent a bullet through the regulation hat of the culprit, and, as he started up, cried, "Stand still my man, I'll shoot lower next time." The soldier, however, didn't wait to be the object of further practice, but abandoning his booty fled precipitately through the fence and disappeared in the column which filled the road. The Southern matron was profuse in her thanks to the Colonel for stopping the slaughter, and, as a more substantial token of her gratitude, begged him to accept the turkey which lay quite dead from the last furious stroke. Delighted, doubtless, with such a welcome addition to his mess table, the Colonel received the gift: the turkey was transferred to his orderly's saddle-bow and the column marched on.

## II.

### HOW THE COLONEL LOST HIS TURKEY.

By sundown, the column reached Berwick bay, and before the sudden nightfall peculiar to those regions had dropped the curtain on the day's performance, the wet, tired, and hungry men were housed in the sheds and warehouses of the dirty collection of wooden buildings dignified by the title of "Brashear City." Now Provost duty was what was denominated in the army vernacular "a soft thing," thereby implying less work and better quarters than fall to the lot of troops of the line, and Company B on this occasion enjoyed their "otium cum dignitate" in a deserted store whose well shingled roof defied the rain, while the shelves and counters made excellent sleeping places for the men. Stocked as it now was, however, it was anything but a dry-goods store, rather a storehouse for wet hides. The heavy accoutrements had been unbuckled and laid aside, the last remaining drops of moisture carefully wiped from the polished rifle barrels, and the coffee and hard-tack discussed with as much gusto as though it were champagne and roast turkey; the bugles had sounded the last notes of "tattoo" and the sergeants of Company B were enjoying the solacing fumes of the Indian weed, which, as Byron hath it, —

\* \* \* \* from East to West,

Cheers the Tar's labor, and the Turkman's rest,

upon the piazza in front of the building. The group con-

sisted of J. M. B., his triple chevrons surmounted by the diamond denoting his rank of Orderly Sergeant, his athletic form as well-knit and firm as the Granite Hills of his native state, his clear blue eyes—one of which, alas, went out forever when that fatal shell sent its murderous fragments whistling into Company B at Fort Hudson, on June 14, 1863—though stern and fixed in action, yet full of friendly light when, as now, we gathered to smoke the social pipe; D. B. N., the originator of all the fun and mischief in the company, from his short statue familiarly denominated “Stub”; C. R. S., steadier than his comrades yet equally ready to share the hazards of a scrape; G. S. C., the son of a Major in the old regular army, and who, singularly enough, was not only by birth a native of the state in which we were then campaigning, but who, impelled by inevitable fate, was destined to sleep his last sleep upon her soil, where he fell in a fierce night skirmish on the banks of Red river; and lastly, your “humble servant” in all, five as jolly soldier boys as ever wore sergeant stripes.

The Colonel had taken up his quarters in a building directly opposite; on the piazza lay his saddle and horse equipments, and as the gleam of the camp-fire flashed and flickered upon the front of the building, something large and white suspended from one of the pillars stood out in bold relief against the dark background. It was the Colonel's turkey denuded of its feathers and hung to cool in the night breezes; and as he swung pendant by his drumsticks, his skin white as an infant's, his rounded outline plainly showing that his part of the confederacy had not been starved out. No sight could have been more tempting to Yankee soldiers who had been for two years deprived of their annual Thanksgiving cheer. Many were the longing, lingering looks from across the way, till at last “Stub” removing his “briar root” from his lips and sending a gush of smoke from under his mustache, gave utterance to his longings.

“Orderly, what a bully dinner that turkey would make for our mess, just enough for five.”

“That's so,” quoth the Orderly, chorused by assenting ejaculations from the other three.

“We ought to have him,” said “Cless.”

“We will have him,” decisively responded “Stub,” and when he said a thing, it was generally done.

But how? For there upon the piazza directly beneath the pendant treasure, sat its Cerberus in the form of the Colonel's negro boy "Bill," energetically polishing his master's sabre, crooning the while some old plantation melody, and ever and anon turning up the whites of his eyes toward the turkey, till they glistened in the fire-light like distant locomotive headlights.

A faithful henchman was Bill, drilled to obedience by eighteen years of servitude, there was little hope of his betraying his trust.

But Bill had his weakness, and, like most of his sable brethren, this weakness was rum, a common beverage of the country. So in a few moments of whispered consultation, the sergeants matured the plan of their campaign and like good generals lost no time in putting it into execution. "Cless" left the group and disappeared in the darkness, till under its cover he crossed the street and cautiously gained the rear of the Colonel's quarters. The rest of the party then sauntered toward the camp-fire in the middle of the street, and standing full in its light, ostentatiously passed a canteen from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, each as he lowered the tin utensil giving an ejaculation of satisfaction. This operation was not lost upon Bill, his song and his labor ceased simultaneously, his big eyes took in the scene and his thick lips quivered as though the loved fluid was at their portals.

"Wat's you all got dere, Mas'r Orderly?" sung out the thirsty Ethiopian.

"Good Louisiana rum, Bill," answered the Orderly, smacking his lips.

"Come now, Mas'r Orderly, jes gib dis nigger a little taste," cried the darkey.

"Well Bill," said the Orderly, "you're not such a bad nigger after all, so come out here and get a dram."

No sooner were the words spoken than the sable American dropped his sabre and brick-dust, and, forgetful of his duties as sentinel, left the turkey to take care of itself, while with eager hand he grasped the canteen and glued his thick lips to its mouth piece. As his eyes closed in satisfaction upon the deep potation, a dark form came around the corner of the Colonel's quarters, gained the piazza, seized the turkey, and in another instant both had vanished in the darkness. Though finally obliged to

lower the canteen to take breath, Bill could not tear himself from its vicinity while it contained any of the seductive fluid, till at last, under the potent influence of several drams, he took his serpentine course back to the piazza, too much confused to tell whether there were one, two, or a dozen turkeys, even had he possessed the accomplishment of counting, which is very doubtful, and rolling himself in the Colonel's saddle was soon in the negro beatitude — sleep.

The turkey was disposed of by being deposited in the bottom of a barrel of hard-tack, and the five conspirators were soon sleeping as soundly as Bill himself. Reveille had hardly sounded the next morning, when there was a great outcry from Bill. With eyes sticking out like a Ship Island sand crab, he came in and exclaimed, "Who done stole dat turkey?"

"Why, is he gone?" says the Orderly.

"Yaas, he's sure 'nuff gone," says Bill.

"I wouldn't wonder if that was what that 6th Michigan fellow was hanging around here for," says "Stub."

"You should have brought him in here, and let us taken care of him," says "Cless."

Off goes Bill to the Colonel with his tale of woe, but what the Colonel said or thought was past finding out.

We were soon on our way to Thibodeaux, going by rail to Terre Bonne station, and marching from there after dark, a distance of about seven miles. To get our bird to Terre Bonne was easy, but how to get him the rest of the journey was a serious question. "Cless" had confiscated a grain bag from some source and the turkey was soon transferred to that. We each took turns in "toting" our prize and all declared that the weight of the fowl had increased to at least fifty pounds, before reaching our quarters.

### III.

#### HOW THE COLONEL REGAINED HIS TURKEY.

Early the next morning a detail started out to find some reliable person to cook the turkey. A colored baker was found who agreed to stuff, bake, and fix the bird in fine shape. For obvious reasons our banquet was to take place at night. Our quarters were in what was formerly a hotel and the sergeants all occupied a room which could be

locked. We had secured some other things to go with it, both liquid and solid, and everything looked promising for a grand feast. Apparently the Colonel and Bill had forgotten the existence of the turkey, and the boys thought they were safe. Soon, however, their joy was turned to sorrow. "Stub" had been skirmishing around the bakery and what should he see but Bill in close confab with the baker. He watched him and saw him return to the Colonel's quarters with a broad grin on his face. "Cless" was sent to the cook to see if everything was O. K., and came back with the information that all was lost. The turkey was discovered and the Colonel had ordered the baker not to deliver it to any one without his permission.

The "non coms" were completely outflanked, and moodily the sergeants gathered in their room with "curses not loud but deep," to meditate on the mutability of human affairs. One o'clock came, and Bill emerged from the bakeshop with his goodly burden, flanked by the Colonel's men to prevent the possibility of a rescue. Close beneath the sergeants' window passed the triumphal procession, so close that the appetizing odors titillated the nostrils of the downcast lookers on, and finally the turkey, the loved and the lost, which we had carried ninety miles, which we had washed and dressed, and to crown all, which we had paid for cooking! vanished in the Colonel's door thence to come, ah! never more.

Diary of Henry J. Durgin, principal musician :

Thibodeaux, La., July 8th, 1862. Issued by command of Col. Lull, an order to regulate the Drum Corps: I intend to have discipline.

24th. Tremendous thunder storm and drums breaking fast.

Aug. 5th. Thunder and lightning. The bass drum arrived.

29th. General Butler reviewed our brigade to-day. We did not pay the salute properly and Gen. B. rode up to me and corrected us by giving the proper instructions on something we had never done before.

Sept. 25th. Our drum corps was highly complimented by Col. Fearing to-day. It will play for ten days at brigade guard mounting.

Oct. 19th. Sick with fever and chills at hospital, also very unwell on the subsequent march.

Dec. 5th. Found the man who stole my pistol, valued at \$20.00. Lieut. Col. Lull sent for him and took it. He will test the peculiarities I said that it possessed and if satisfactory will give it to me.

8th. Munsey is discharged and D. Franklin appointed as "principal musician."

14th. Got my revolver from Col. Lull who was satisfied as to its ownership.

21st. Attended church at Thibodeaux, but the services were entirely in Latin and French.

25th. The regimental officers by subscription bought me a \$20.00 E flat clarinet. Lieut. Bell went to the city and got it. It is a beauty and got here on the 28th.

30th. Marched for Baton Rouge where we arrived Jan 1st.

Jan. 10th. I was made "drum major."

West Baton Rouge, Jan. 6th, 1863. Extract from letter of Corp. J. F. Chandler :

One week ago to-day we left Camp Stevens, striking our tents at 6 A. M., and then waiting for some governmental reason in the rain until 11 A. M., and then off for Donaldsonville. The mud was deep and we made only about twelve miles and then encamped in an old pasture. The next morning we passed our old battle ground at Labadieville and stopped to rest and have a look at it. No one seemed to have troubled it. The fences were as we left them, broken down; even the dead horses were left unburied. Marched until seven P. M. and camped in a field. Next morning was New Years, Jan. 1st, 1863, and Col. Fearing rode out in front of our battalion in line and wished us very pleasantly "A Happy New Year," and we all greeted him with three hearty cheers. My New Year's breakfast was raw pork cooked on a splinter before the camp fire with an addition of two hard-tacks and coffee; for dinner salt junk and hard-tack with Bayou Lafourche water; for supper hard-tack and river water, for we were on the iron-clad transport "St. Mary" bound for Baton Rouge, and we landed opposite that city. Several hundred of the enemy had been hovering there and Gen.

Grover said he did not wish to send a new regiment to cope with them, so here we are and the pickets are some troubled by the wandering imps.

Lieutenant King's letter. Extract :

We left Thibodeaux in a rain and mud storm on Dec. 29, 1862. Reached Donaldsonville on the third day, went on board steamer "St. Mary." Glad to get under cover. By 10 A. M. next day anchored opposite Baton Rouge.

A happy New Year to it! Pitched camp on west side of the river in a sunken hole; guerrillas all about. The Essex is just opposite us. Port Hudson is eight miles by land and eighteen by water, Gen. Grover in command. When we do get across we shall be on highest land we have struck since we strided the sands of Ship Island. Baton Rouge is the first bluff above the Passes. The mouth of the Miss. was right here some three million years ago, according to geology and common sense. Our being sent here with the 13th Conn. breaks up Gen. Weitzel's brigade. The Gen. expressed himself as very sorry about it, and we echo the feeling; we are mutually proud of each other. He should be a Major-General. Every inch of his six-feet-four is soldier. His disposition is kind and he is social. He wins the esteem of all, giving all his command confidence and making them willing and eager to do his bidding, whatever the task may be.

Jan. 6, 1863. On the 5th I was "Officer of the Day" and placed the usual pickets, one of a corporal and three men at an old sugar mill, a steam mill by the way, and toward night they saw a human head poked out of an ash hole. They ordered said head to come forth, and lo! it was attached to a well developed male body clothed in full rebel uniform. He claimed to be a deserter, first from Vicksburg, then Jackson; lastly Port Hudson. Putting it all together, we called him a "spy" and sent him over the river to the General commanding.

To-day I visited Baton Rouge and pronounce it a very uninteresting town. Although I conversed with some of the supposed "aleet," they seemed to know precisely nothing; whether they were married or single; whether this was a war for the Union or a continuation of that of 1812. They do not know enough for their own interest

to charge two dollars and a half for a ninepenny plug of tobacco. There are no celebrities to look at. They are all at war or in hiding. Gen. Zack Taylor was reported buried somewhere here. The State House was burned long ago and with it was lost a mass of valuable papers. The late battle field included the cemetery. The slabs and mounds bear the marks of shot and shell, and the long piles of earth testify to the numbers of slain.

Jan. 23d. We have moved across the river to Baton Rouge. Since coming I have seen the ruins of the once magnificent State House. The grounds are laid out beautifully, all surrounded by a fine iron fence which encloses statuary, trees and shrubbery of many kinds which grow in this latitude; all well kept. Just below is the asylum for the deaf and blind and dumb. It is now used as a general hospital. Further back from the river stands the State penitentiary, a vast establishment, with room enough planned for a vast lot of State rascals. That was right. It is now used as a huge guard house, the necessary number of troops keeping there such rascals as are always found in an army, and in the wake of an army. That is right too.

The day before we left the west side of the river, Capt. Healy and myself with a detail of thirty men went up the river with the intention of capturing some signal officers who were stationed about six miles above us. When about five miles away from camp we ran on to a force of two hundred cavalry who were lying in wait for us behind an extensive cane field. We immediately took to the levee for protection and in turn waited for them. After a good square look we concluded to be discreet, and keeping on the safe side of the levee we retreated to camp. Had they known the smallness of our force, they could probably have bagged us at a considerable loss to themselves. The able-bodied inhabitant here is to be pitied or not, just as you look at him and his case. He very often takes the oath of allegiance to our government, and we through military or other reasons, go off and leave him, so that he is instantly a prey to regular Confederate or to guerrilla forces. So mote it be, I see no remedy.

We are now quartered in tents inside of the breastworks which enclose about fifty acres of the best camping ground in the vicinity, being on the bank and sixty feet

above the river. It is a sightly place. We have a fine view of the opposite shore, the passing boats and the men of war below. Ours is the only brigade inside of the works, and consists of the 8th N. H., 133d and 174th N. York regiments, also Nim's Battery. It is 2d brigade, Emory's division, and is commanded by acting brigadier Gen. Halbert E. Paine. Our pickets are exchanging bulletins with rebel pickets around Port Hudson. Co. B has just returned from Thibodeaux. After a confinement of over two months in the hospital at Carrolton by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism caused by exposure on the expedition to Pass Manchac, last September, Capt. Stanyan is again in command of that Company. Lieut. Col. Lull still retains his position as Provost Judge of the parish at the earnest request of the citizens who appealed to Gen. Banks to have him retained.

From "Sam":

BATON ROUGE, La., Jan. 19th, 1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHER, — You are so good I'll write you a letter. It is not as cold Here as it is where you are, but cold enough. When we move to a new camp we dig a Hole in the Ground in the middle of the tent and cover it over with brick or stones and dirt and make a ditch covered from the Hole out to the back of the tent to let the smoke go and a little hole in front to put wood in and it keeps warm and the ground Dry.

We sleep on the ground, I have not slept on anything softer than Ship Island Sand since I left my Attick bed on straw.

From your loving  
big brother.

While Lieutenant-Colonel Lull was provost judge at Thibodeaux a question of law came up and he wished to consult General Banks before rendering his decision. At New Orleans in the ante-room of the General's office, he found a staff officer who was noted for his boorishness and incivility. On inquiring if General Banks was within, he was answered, "Yes sir, but you can't see him." "Why not? I have important business with him," said the Colonel. "No matter 'why not,'" was the reply,

“I have told you you can't see him and that is enough.” “Well,” persisted the colonel in his peculiar way, “what kind of a man is General Banks?” The staff stick blurted out, “He is a gentleman and a soldier, sir, why do you ask?” “Because,” said the colonel, “if he is a gentleman and a soldier, as you say, I have business with him. If he is an ass he needs you for a door-keeper.” The colonel turned the knob and went in to interview General Banks, leaving the officer assured that there was one man not to be scared by his audacious superciliousness.

The dilapidated letter of the “Unknown” before referred to is in order, dated at Baton Rouge, Jan. 8th, 1863. It is apparently addressed to an old friend and *an editor*. It says:

DEAR SIR, — Your paper has reached me, at intervals, “without money and without price” as you said it should “to a friend and a soldier.” I thank you for so much, anyway.

On leaving you asked me to write to you or your paper “something literary.” Well perhaps I'd better try that, for as to news of us you seem to have more than we do up here at the front. And in the views you have of the situation here, they are superior (?) to ours. You have of late advocated the “peace at any price” doctrine. *That don't go down with us.* We out here don't care much about, so we don't hear much talk on politics. We all feel that we must conquer a peace without regard to party. We have no drafted men yet in our regiment and don't want any. Give us the volunteer to uphold the honor of our Government. If you had been with us in New Orleans and worked your way round, leaving comrades, some dead at Ship Island, New Orleans and Georgia Landing; some suffering, as now, in hospitals, till you rested here, temporarily, at the base of Port Hudson, you would hold *our* views. Why do they not fill up by enlistment at home? I well recollect the enthusiasm with which eighteen months ago, we started in on drill on the green in front of our old meeting house. How well militia Captain “Sam” used to put us through in Scott; how serious some of the solid business men were and how, after the first reverses

seriousness deepened into almost despair with some men and into a stern and grim determination with others. How some remained with the Home Guard and promised *sympathy* and *material aid*, while others grasped weapons and fought without much thought of *pay*. I recollect the gatherings in the Town Hall and the speeches by prominent men, full of appeals to the sturdy, middle aged and the enthusiastic youth to enlist, till the embryo soldier began to feel that he indeed was a unit of consequence to his country. It was no matter who the individual was, or his social standing in the community, provided that he enlisted. He was then transformed into a heroic savior and when he had donned his new and clean blue uniform, he was a subject for adoration. As looked at through thoughtless or cynical eyes, all this is amusing, but to the true and loyal the spontaneous movement was sublime and the true and loyal were and *are right*. The given signature and oath opened the gates of martyrdom, through which is passing a continuous train to early and oft times lingering deaths, aye, even to-day, thus early, many are slowly and painfully carrying the cross that they took up in 1861. Haven't you any more of *our sort*? We dread the coming of the drafted men and, too, the men lured by big bounties, if, indeed, they get here at all! Oh, Patriotism! In spite of all the avarice and duplicity in high and low life, in spite of all the mean, cool and insane deviltry that hedges about and preys upon the national life from the Capitol to the farthest hamlet, it was, it is the unmeasured mass of sterling Patriotism among the people that saves us; we know not exactly *where* it is nor with *whom* it is, but at the demand it crops out and saves us at the last extremity. Perhaps we are not in the last ditch yet, but by your columns we should think so. Better sell your type to the bullet foundry and *come out here*. Haven't you any of the old militia spirit? The old "slam-bangs" served to keep the war spirit alive just a little. How we used to laugh at the able-bodied summoned to appear "armed and equipped as the law directs," with, among a mass of things "two spare flints, a priming wire and brush." We well recollect one of the most noted and popular muster fields with its necessary adjunct, in those times, the ancient "Tavern," where the honored, newly elected officers stood treat on that day. In the autumn, musters, like scores of

good things were ripe. To our young eyes, the evolutions were majestic and imposing. We loved to watch the long columns marching to the music of bands, led not by the accentuating cornet of now-a-days but by the smoothly drawn notes of the old-fashioned bugle, played by Ned Kendall, eh? The rattle of the snare drum and the squeak of the shrill fife were not then music for us, but we thought much of our town *bass drummer*. "Our John" came on with the big drum slung on his neck; no small boy then weakly assisted in carrying one end, but it was hung in front of the beater and carried with a backward strut as a part of himself. Oh! didn't he pound his personality on to it with both loaded fists, determined that each note, if 'twere his last, should be there on time, each muscle strained, the perspiration pouring from him, while his large blue eyes bulged half way over the drum. And, too, did not "we boys" run the lines, in spite of the impotent guard, whose rations, a cod, were derisively slung from his bayonet. So we watched the forming of hollow squares, the grand review, till the affair culminated in the sham fight which often caused real fights. All this was not very dignified nor helpful to military discipline and none but a few city organizations, held together by law and cash and drill and consequent pride, were in condition to go to the front in April, 1861, when the first deadly missile from the South hissed into our lines breathing more than "threatenings"—even "slaughter"! and found us possessed, except in rare cases, of not the faintest idea or suspicion of the big *war that is upon us*.

But my friend perhaps my pen has run away with space and time. I am going to say plainly to you with no ill will, that I do not think that you will publish any of my writing, and as long as your paper keeps its present tone, I do *not* want you to send it to me, it only provokes swearing among the boys of all parties, and you will need all your friends when we *get back*—for we are coming back after we conquer that Peace. Things look black enough now, but its always darkest just before day.

Yours for the Right and nobody and nothing else.

In reading over the "Unknown" a second time, we are inclined to think that he got some one to help him with

some "literary taffy" so as to get his communication into the home paper.

The writer having examined several volumes of the government's official published Records, here commences to use condensed extracts which are thoroughly reliable. Of Grant's siege of Vicksburg, those extracts only will be used which show contemplated or actual movements toward the reduction of Port Hudson, and an understanding of the situation will be given as viewed at the time on both the Union and Confederate sides.

Serial 38, page 645. Confederate. February 27, 1863. Major-General Gardner to Major-General Pemberton :

The "Essex" can be bought for 300 bales of cotton. This is considered reliable.

Pemberton to Gardner :

Jackson, Miss., Feb. 27th, 1863. Buy her at any price. I will guarantee payment.

Lieut. Slime Slack is on lookout for these negotiations, and if any are found he will hereafter report in these pages.

Lieut. D. W. King bound for Indian Village, Feb. 10th, 1863 :

Gen. H. E. Paine's brigade, of which we formed a part, started on the above date, as was supposed to form a junction with our old commander, Gen. Weitzel, somewhere on Grand river. We landed on the west side of the Mississippi river at the town and bayou of Plaquemine, twenty-two miles below Baton Rouge; from thence we marched nine miles down the bayou to a little gathering of huts glorying in the name of "Indian Village," and occupied by a few families of the copperskin persuasion and a few rebel whites who all left at our approach. The "Village" is as forbidding a looking place as we have as yet occupied; the ground being some feet lower than in the bayou was, of course, very wet. A couple of reconnoissances were made, one down the bayou and one towards Grosse





H. C. Paine

1840

1840

Tete, but nothing was discovered but old rebel nests — the game gone. A skeleton of some "unknown" found close to our camp was in keeping with the lowliness of the place. It was given a christian burial. Three men were taken as spies by Capt. Huse, our Provost Marshal, and I took them to New Orleans, a very costly trip for me. After a stay of two weeks, the regiment was ordered back to the river where, with the 4th Wisconsin, they embarked and landed at Algiers, all a mysterious movement. Strategy was at the bottom of it, and that, after a week, boosted us back to Baton Rouge.

From the diary of Gen. Halbert E. Paine :

On Jan. 21st, 1863, I assumed command of the Second Brigade, Emory's Division, consisting of the 4th Wisconsin, 8th New Hampshire, 133d and 173d New York Regiments, and occupied the arsenal grounds at Baton Rouge, La. Feb. 7th at 3 o'clock A. M., started with my brigade and a regular battery under Lieut. Norris for "Indian Village" on Bayou Plaquemine, ten miles from the Mississippi. The village was inhabited by a small remnant of the ancient tribe of Phestimaches. This movement was made under orders from Gen. Banks to disperse a rebel force supposed to be on an island at the junction of Bayous Plaquemine and Grossetete. The Bayou Plaquemine, being one of the outlets of the Mississippi through which its waters pass by way of Berwick Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, had a channel so narrow and crooked, and a current so swift at high water as to render navigation extremely difficult. Having no wagons I was compelled to risk the "Iberville" for transportation. She backed down without damage; the troops marched down and encamped. Thirteenth, sent Major Boardman with a detachment to explore and map the lower Grand river near its junction with the Bayou Plaquemine, to ascertain the extent and character of the "drift" which proved to be a complete obstruction to navigation. Sixteenth, Gen. Emory, arrived in the night with additional troops, intending to make a demonstration by the way surveyed against Fort Butte-a-la-Rose on the Atchafalaya. Our reconnoissance had already shown that much labor would be required to render the Atchafalaya navigable, but Gen.

Emory deemed it proper to make further examination. This was done in part by myself. On the 22d, pursuant to orders from Gen. Emory, I marched with the 4th Wisconsin and 8th N. H. to Plaquemine and embarked for Algiers, leaving the remainder of the force with Col. Currie to finish the exploration of the country. 23d, arrived at Algiers, went into camp and remained until Mar. 5th, then started up the river. On the 10th of March the brigade was reunited at Baton Rouge.

INCIDENTS. — “Alick’s the boy can do it.” Sergt. J. J. Nolan had a boy Alick, that was bound to go with him from Baton Rouge down to Indian Village. He says the “boy” was sixty years old, straight as a steeple, coal black, with gray hair topped with a white plug hat. He went. First day about 1 P. M., as the brigade rested in front of one of the poor plantations Alick went off to raise something to pay for his board. Soon he came running back puffing, with an old nig and an old nig woman at his heels “hollering.” Alick ran straight to me, opened his coat tails, pulled out a big rooster and shoved it under the American flag. Rooster began to crow. Captain Haley and the nigs deployed as skirmishers and captured the noisy rooster, but Alick had gone, humming “Alick’s the boy can do it.” No more was seen of him till we got camped. The sergeant was declared innocent of all blame.

Among the Vets, the name “Indian Village” excites derision, but we saw some fun there. The writer there wished that Company B, at least, should practice at target shooting. He had, when a boy, handled a rifle considerably, when turkeys “were sot up at 40 rod” and “chickens at 30 rod at 10 cents a shot.” Then, we used to load at the muzzle altogether, with great care, moulding our own bullets, using nicely greased “patches” and exactly measuring our powder; even then, in the firing, the slug balls would turn and go off in strange tangents; then the turkey and his owner were happy. At Indian Village

we got a board about the size of a man and set it up with one end resting on the ground at the bank of the bayou. In a couple of days the ball cartridges that had been teased for, came. The company was called out on line and remarks were made to the effect that the piece should be held level in aiming, also that the trajectory must be taken into account, for, although we had a score of good shots in the company, a large number thought that the bullet went from the gun as straight as a string to the mark. Vain delusion! for with all the modern improvements, it is said that the rifle ball then fell, in 1863, forty inches in traversing five hundred yards. Well, each man was to make his best record, so the first man stepped forward and fired. His ball made the dirt fly a little to the right of the target, when lo! the figure of a badly scared man jumped out from behind the board and yelled out "Blankety, blank, blast ye! why didn't ye let a fellow know that you was goin' to sho-ot?" When it was seen that the man was lucky enough not to be hit, all hands roared. It seems that Charley Hale, our fifer, wanted a retired and shady place in which to read unmolested and behind that board looked to him to be a nice spot for quiet contemplative peace. Rube Howarth, of Company B, vouches for the last part of the above, and Rube was an honest boy, now grown into an honest man. He was one of our best shots, for when we first came to Camp Parapet, the prize in Company B one day for the best shooting was a pass to New Orleans, and Mr. R. Howarth now shows with commendable pride the paper target shot at. It is about the size of a goose egg, and the mark of the winning bullet is on the edge. He sent it there with his pet rifle which he kept in the best of order.

Since the foregoing has been written about the trajectory and so forth, the following correspondence has occurred. It is pleasant to acknowledge the promptness with which the government officials have always answered

inquiries, and the uniform courtesy shown in regard to all communications addressed to them. In regard to the following letter, the writer saw in the Boston "Traveller" an article in relation to the efficiency of modern firearms and addressed a letter to the War Department covering the points made. The newspaper was right in one statement, viz., that the projectile was one half of the weight used in the civil war.

NATIONAL ARMORY,  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., February 14, 1891.

*Capt. J. M. Stanyan, Milford, V. H.:*

SIR, — Your letter of the 2d inst. to the War Dept. small arms, has been referred to this Armory for reply. The weight of the present O. "30 calibre arms" projectile varies from 212 to 230 grains thus being less "than half the weight of that of the civil war." The powder has about "25 per cent greater force" but the pressure in the rifle chamber has been very largely increased to obtain the great velocity of projectile (about 2,000 feet per second). The velocity of the bullet is (about) doubled. Its curvature for 600 yards is not imperceptible, but the trajectory is sufficiently flat for that distance to make a dangerous zone of that depth. To fire "7 rounds per second" with a single barrell'd rifle is not practicable. From 25 to 30 rounds per minute can be fired from magazine rifles, and one charge of magazine varying from 5 to 10 rounds can be fired more rapidly. With machine guns, using small arms, ammunition from 400 to 500 rounds per minute can be fired.

Respectfully,

A. R. BUFFINGTON,  
*Col. of Ordnance Commanding.*

July, 1891. And, too, the next killing will be done probably with smokeless powder.

One energetic soldier to pass off the time in the desolate hole with its doleful surroundings, did in a sort of lost and gone way, by the use of oil and emery and much labor, tribulation, and perspiration, scour all the beautiful blue off his gun, and it did shine and shine for about a day, and

then it began to rust and rust, and then the soldier "cust" and "cust."

Letter extract from Howarth :

The old chief lies buried on their own grounds, the old squaw, his wife, with the five sons still lives here. The rebs wanted them to enlist, but no. To avoid their entreaties they retreated into the swamp. Two of us stood guard over the remnant of her property and she, venturing out to see about it, was assured by sign language that the remains would be safe while "them Yankees are here." She retired with a beaming smile as far as we could judge by the workings of her wrinkled countenance, which was about as expressive as a dried potato.

An account of Sunday services by Capt. T. C. Prescott :

An incident of camp life occurred here which illustrates the humor of an officer who afterwards attested his bravery on a most terribly bloody field, and also the fact that sacred matters were not always exempt from its effect. Sergeant T. C. Prescott, of Company G, had been appointed sergeant major just previous to this time by Colonel Fearing (a proceeding not wholly in accord, perhaps, with the wishes of Lieutenant-Colonel Lull), and had entered upon his duties. Adjutant Head had obtained leave of absence to visit the city, as we all designated New Orleans, and was away some six or eight days. During this absence, the colonel had directed the sergeant major to perform most of the duties pertaining to the adjutant's office, even to officiating in his place at dress parade, and guard mounting. The propriety of this course may have been questioned by some of the officers of the regiment, but whatever may have caused Colonel Fearing to adopt it, instead of detailing a commissioned officer for the place, certain it is that the retiring disposition of the new sergeant major did not suggest it. In truth, it may be said, however, that there were no blunders in executing the duties.

It happened also, during the absence of the adjutant, that Colonel Fearing was called away to be absent over a Sunday and the command devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Lull. Chaplain Cilley, "good soul" that he was,

as Captain King would sometimes say, had some peculiarities that all the officers did not like, and he was strenuous in his efforts to have divine service in the regiment every Sunday. The attendance was usually voluntary on the part of the soldiers, and the number present did not always indicate such a degree of interest as the chaplain desired. He had complained and sometimes appealed to the colonel for an order to compel full attendance. On this bright, autumn Sunday, Chaplain Cilley was anxious to have his wish gratified, and resolved to try his persuasive powers on Colonel Lull. On approaching the colonel, he found him in a gracious mood, and soon had the satisfaction of a promise of the desired order, which promise the colonel proceeded at once to put into execution, issuing an order in writing, the important portion of which read something like this: "At three o'clock p. m. to-day, the several companies comprising this command, will assemble on the parade ground, forming battalion under command of the sergeant major, then be marched by him to the chaplain's tent and there attend religious services." This order fell on the unsophisticated sergeant major like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. To say he was nonplussed, would but faintly express the situation, and it may be questioned whether he did not doubt for a time, patriotic as he was, the advisability of saving the Union, if at such cost and sacrifice. But this was an order, it was in *writing* and not to be trifled with, so he quickly determined to execute it fully and in strict obedience. It was sent to the company commanders. At the appointed time the drum corps sounded the proper call and the battalion was formed. The command was then given to march by the right flank, and when approaching near the chaplain's tent, column was formed by companies on the first company at close distance and halted at the proper place, having marched with colors flying and drums beating. If the colonel was viewing the proceedings, he had no occasion to criticise the execution of his order. The chaplain was surprised evidently not to greet Lieutenant-Colonel Lull in his congregation, but he was eloquent; the singing was hearty and strictly congregational, and the preacher voted the meeting a success. At the close of the exercises the companies were taken in charge by their officers, and thus ended an episode not laid down in the regulations.

Indian Village had, too, its representative at the Capitol at Washington several years after the close of the strife in the person of a Mrs. Eliza Hebert, who presented a claim to the senate committee for losses incurred while *we were there*. She claimed to have there a plantation planted, which was true; but she claimed that there was a spoliation by us to the amount of \$40,000 and a list was made out of said losses which included negroes and negresses, mules and molasses, corn, cows, and hogs, rails and chickens, ducks, general damage, and dirt. We did lug off the last in quantities, it stuck so. In tramping about we churned a lot of the sacred soil into common mud. Senator Bainbridge Wadleigh, of New Hampshire, told the chairman of the committee that probably some of the live members of the Eighth New Hampshire knew something about it, so he stated the case to the writer, who told him that as he happened to be there and at one time for twenty-four hours to be an officer of the day, his duties had taken him over the whole ground and that he should not have to sleep on it over night in order to give an opinion of the claim, so he wrote out an affidavit to the effect that no such losses occurred or could occur in the locality named; that Indian Village in its entirety was only worth about a split New Orleans car ticket, and moreover, as far as the Eighth New Hampshire and Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers were concerned, their every day drill and conversation demonstrated that they were incapable of appropriating any such extraneous property or a share of it, especially as they couldn't there get hold of it. The set forth of the case in not exactly the above words may have had effect, for the government saved its money, and the widow moved to other spheres to trap the careless and the unwary.

The above version has been lately submitted by the writer to very high authority, and it is declared to be true.

"Sam" has been interviewed on the negro and negro troops; he doesn't think much "I tell you" of their getting thirteen dollars a month and no "fitin," besides twenty-five cents a day when they work, and as they do work, and their big families getting rations down to the smallest yelper. He hasn't seen but one honest nigger

and that's the company "Caleb," who says that all niggers is liars, and he, head and heel belongs to Hissself and Goramity — good property — Hoo!

Chaplain :

Sunday, Feb. 22d, Washington's birthday. We are off by moonlight for Plaquemine, the men happily singing.

23d. At Algiers. A large mail distributed. A big rumor went North that the officers of the Eighth were all under arrest. A big rainstorm was on when they came here at night and they temporarily appropriated some lumber to lie upon. "Hinc Lacrymae."

Mar. 5th. Ordered to Baton Rouge, arrive there at 7 P. M., Mar. 6th.

## CHAPTER VIII.

General Bank's Powers by Authority from Washington. — Communicates with General Grant. — March on Port Hudson. — The "Hartford" and "Albatross" pass the Batteries. — Lieut. G. W. Bridges, Personal. — "Rattlesnake Swamp." — A Mudstorm and Whiskey. — Back to Baton Rouge. — To Algiers. — For Berwick City. — Pattersonville. — Battle of Bisland. — General Paine plants our Regimental Flag on the Works. — Gunpowder and Whiskey. — That Steer. — Two of Them — On to Franklin. — General Grant going to Port Hudson. — Company G Mounted. — At New Iberia. — St. Martinsville. — Vermillionville. — At Opelousas. — Army reviewed by General Banks. — Banks to Grant. — Diary Letter. — Marched to Alexandria.

IMPORTANT and True. At a reunion and banquet of the 19th Army Corps held in New York City at the "Down Town Club Rooms" on February 18, 1888, Col. R. B. Irwin, who was General Banks' adjutant-general, read a paper giving an account of the siege of Port Hudson. In it he said what proved to be a matter of history, "*That General Banks carried in his pocket to the Gulf written orders, that provided that, 'when in ascending the Mississippi any of his troops should meet the forces of General Grant, General Banks was to assume the supreme command.'*" The effect of this would have been that when a force, however small, of Banks' army met a force, however large, of Grant's army, then the latter would become subordinate. This was the deliberate intent at Washington; but General Banks magnanimously took no advantage of this opportunity. He manfully set himself at work to capture Port Hudson. He was criticised for stopping to besiege Port Hudson. The impression at New Orleans

and at Washington was, that Port Hudson was not fortified. At his first attempt the assault was recommended by each general officer save one. As an official backing to the statement that he did not wish to supersede General Grant, the writer appends correspondence between Banks and Grant: and in its proper place in the United States official records will be found the foregoing evidence of General Banks' power, which was not used by him.

Official Records, Series I, vol. 24-104. U. S. Flagship "Hartford," March, 1863, received by General Grant, March 20, 1863:

*Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding United States Forces, Vicksburg:*

SIR, — I herewith transmit to you by the hand of my secretary, a despatch from Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks. It was sent up to me the evening I was to pass the batteries at Port Hudson.

FARRAGUT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE GULF,  
19TH ARMY CORPS.

BATON ROUGE, La., March 13th, 1863.

*Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Dept. of the Tennessee:*

GENERAL, — Anticipating the success of Admiral Farragut's proposed attempt to run the enemy's batteries at Port Hudson and to open communication with you, I will avail myself of the opportunity to give you a statement of our position, force and intentions. We have at Baton Rouge a force of about 17,000 effective infantry and one negro regiment, one regiment of heavy artillery with six light batteries, one 20-pounder battery, a dismounted company of artillery and ten companies of cavalry, of which eight are newly raised and hardly to be counted on. Leaving a force to hold Baton Rouge we marched to-day upon Port Hudson by the Bayou Sara road to make a demonstration upon that work for the purpose of coöperating in the movement of the fleet. The best information we have of the enemy's force places it at 25,000 or 30,000. This, and his position, precludes the idea of an assault on our part. Should the admiral succeed in his attempt, I shall try to open com-

munication with him on the other side of the river, and in that event, trust I shall hear from you as to your position and movements and especially as to your views of the most efficient mode of *coöperation upon the part of the forces we respectively command.*

Very respectfully your obt. servant,

N. P. BANKS.

BEFORE VICKSBURG, Mar. 22d, 1863.

*Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks, Comdg. Dept. of the Gulf:*

Your communication of the 13th inst. per Admiral Farragut was duly received. The continuous high water and the nature of the country almost precluding the possibility to land a force on the east bank of the Mississippi anywhere above Vicksburg, has induced the hope that you would be able to take Port Hudson and move up to Black River. By the use of your transports I could send you all the force you would require. The best aid you can give me, if you cannot pass Port Hudson, will be to hold as many of the enemy there as possible. If they could be sent, I could well spare you one army corps to enable you to get up the river.

U. S. GRANT.

Continuation of Gen. Halbert E. Paine's diary. (As will be recollected, the Eighth New Hampshire was in his brigade.)

The 3d and 4th divisions were reviewed by Gen. Banks at the race course at Baton Rouge upon Mar. 12th. Rations cooked and all packed for Port Hudson, March 13th, 1863. The orders in force require us to drill at every opportunity. At 2 P. M. we marched one mile to the race course for brigade drill, drilled during the afternoon; on our return met orders to march at once for Port Hudson and started at the head of Emory's division; at 11 P. M. bivouacked one half mile north of Bayou Montesino.

14th. At 2 A. M. received orders to march at four, but immediately ran into Gen. Grover's train, which this day had the advance, and halted till 8. At 11 A. M. had reached the 12 mile post from Baton Rouge. At this point Gen. Emory received information from Gen. Banks that the enemy was advancing on the Clinton plank road east of us. Formed line of battle and waited for the enemy

all day. The army included parts of Augur's 1st, Emory's 3d, and Grover's four divisions of the 19th Army Corps. Gen. Augur stood in reserve on the south of the Bayou Montesino. At night took my brigade with two regular batteries through Grover's division to a point on west bank of Bayou. We lay on our arms. Witnessed the bombardment of Port Hudson and the disaster which befell the U. S. Steamer "Mississippi." After her explosion, received orders from General Banks to move toward Port Hudson: were soon ordered back to our bivouac. At daylight 15th, a circular from Gen. Banks was read to the troops stating that the "Hartford" and the "Albatross" had passed Port Hudson and the object of the expedition was accomplished. Returned through Grover's division which was posted at the junction of the Port Hudson and Ross Landing roads, and bivouacked near Montesino Bayou on the ground before occupied. Until the 20th, the corps quartermaster used all the wagons in collecting cotton which was hauled past our camp into Baton Rouge. On the 20th returned with the army to Baton Rouge and encamped. Daily brigade drills on the race course. 28th, moved brigade to Camp Indiana beyond the cemetery.

The object of the expedition was to draw the attention of the enemy from the river's front, while Farragut's fleet or some part of it passed the batteries of Port Hudson. We do not think that the draw amounted to much, but we lost no men killed, and but a few prisoners, say a few late sleepers who belonged to a band. Some think that if we had advanced, we should have taken the Post, but no, it was an unknown ground to fight over with unknown forces in front, protected, and so we watched the grand pyrotechnical display of rockets and deadly thirteen-inch shells which fell within the rebel lines, meaning business. The chief illumination was caused by the burning of the "Mississippi," which when deserted, turned around and floating down stream, is said to have discharged her port guns at the enemy, they being fired by the action of the heat. Cannon answered cannon with a continuous roar, the rebels having the advantage of not being likely to fire





SERG'T GEO. W. BRIDGES, CO. B.

into their own side. No lights were on the passing fleet, but the decks being whitewashed, the tars could see to work the guns. The "Hartford" towed the "Albatross"; the "Richmond," the "Genessee"; the "Monongahela," the "Kineo"; and the "Mississippi," the "Sachem." The "Hartford" and the "Albatross" alone got by and those with the saucy and *unbought* "Essex," kept the river clear of Confederate craft of any consequence. By the way, the Vets would like to give a cent a pound for some of those iron vest linings which were thrown away on the road up to Port Hudson, the thermometer being at 100 in the shade. One is to be seen at the adjutant-general's office at Concord, N. H. According to Captain Dan some soldiers attached them to their persons in such a manner as to have their rear well guarded.

PERSONAL. — George W. Bridges enlisted in Company B, Eighth Regiment, September 30, 1861. December 20, was appointed corporal and detailed a corporal in the color guard. March 15, 1863, was promoted to sergeant; was wounded June 14, 1863, by a shell at Port Hudson, La.; September 21, 1863, was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Ninety-second Regiment, U. S. C. F., at New Orleans. June 21, 1865, was commissioned a First Lieutenant same regiment. January 12, 1866, was finally discharged from the service at New Orleans, La.

For the last seventeen years he has resided in Brookline, N. H., engaging successfully in various business schemes; also has filled various civil offices, at present being a member of the town school board. Is a justice of the peace and notary public for the State.

"Rattlesnake Swamp," Comrade J. F. Chandler's letter extract:

When returning from Port Hudson, we had got within six miles of Baton Rouge towards night, when we were ordered to halt and make coffee. In less than ten minutes

it began to rain and we had to stay and take it all night and next day, and then waited three days for the roads to dry. It brought out the snakes and alligators on to the logs, and fallen trees, and all together, it was rightly named "Rattlesnake swamp." Now, Mar. 26, we are a little better off: we are just outside of Baton Rouge in a graveyard, and with an average of a grave in each tent, yet we don't mind it and sleep well and eat well.

The writer's recollection is, that we turned for the night out of the road into the woods to our left and, completely tired out, laid down in the dark on the brush heaps as best we could, supperless, and with no light nor fire, and went to sleep in a rainstorm. The locality was full of 'em. It is related of Jack Mullins, that he found in the morning that his knapsack had been taken possession of by a denizen of the swamp, who when disturbed, set his fourteen rattles agoing, whereat an interested, large, and respectful circle was formed around the snake's quarters, and when he appeared he was gunned out of existence. If you don't believe it, by "the sword of Bunker Hill" ask Del. Franklin: couldn't he sing that patriotic song when he *felt like it?* (Since the above words were first written the poor fellow, after losing one arm by amputation, died about August 1, 1890.)

Yes, at midnight, it rained worse and worse; any change of base or back was out of question. We knew not the lay of the land nor any better quarters, so the only endeavor was to lie squarely with the nose cocked to the zenith. It seems as if at such a time the legitimate, military use of a ration of good whiskey was eminently proper: so thought as brave an Irishman as ever wore the blue or the name of Michael. He did not blow a bullet hole into a cask of whiskey nor ram a bayonet into it, but he wormed his way into it with a convenient augur that he borrowed from one of the plantations. Then he, beneath the wagon, caught the exhilarating fluid in camp kettles, and rapidly slid it out into the hands of his waiting and

watching comrades. Soon almost everybody *smelt* of whiskey. It got among our comrades of the Fourth Wisconsin. All this, of course, soon created a noise which woke up the corporal and the sergeants, reached the second lieutenants and first lieutenants and the captains, so on up to the officer of the day who was not equal to the night so he got out Com. Sergt. T. M. Shattuck. He, too, smelt whiskey, and proceeded to examine one of his wagons in which before starting, he was ordered to place three barrels of whiskey in as private a manner as possible. He had done so and covered them over with bread boxes securely, and that night had a guard placed over them, a soldier whose temperance principles were of a high order of merit. Said guard was found pacing his beat with great care and had seen no one around, nor any suspicious movements; still there was a smell of whiskey in the air, and when Shattuck had pulled off bread boxes and rapped on those barrels, one of them sounded hollow! then the guard was again examined, and maintained his innocence. The mystery was by and by solved on looking under the wagon, for the remains of the implements for gathering and dispensing the fine old dew-drops were there, and it was still drop, dropping, like that which the gentle Portia in Shakespeare, speaks of. There was talk of a drumhead court martial, and hurried shooting among some subordinates, but it was soon calmed and quiet reigned over the swamps and sloughs beneath the mournfully dripping trees that hung their drooping boughs in apparent sympathy over the sloshy camp of the tired Eighth which was soon wrapped in serene repose. It was afterwards discovered that the brave Sergt. Michael T. Sullivan who lost his life in the charge on Port Hudson on June 14, was the hero of this raid in the interest of the common soldier.

Our second lieutenant, Geo. S. Eayrs, at this time was brigade commissary and enjoyed the honor of officially

guarding, in a lone tent, alone, up the road beyond the headquarters tent, a single barrel of whiskey. It goes without saying that in the morning he had many interested callers. The line officers, somehow or other, found a drying off place on a high ridge on the opposite side of the road and tented there for two days.

Commissary Shattuck in his official newspaper report, said that the above night whiskey affair occurred just after Lieutenant King had dismissed his Sunday school class, but on applying to higher authority, we find that that was generally omitted when on the march.

Lieut. J. J. Nolan writes that through the terrible rain-storm on the night of March 16, Sergt. Pat Dougherty, of Company K, and a good sized alligator slept on the same log, of course "unbeknownst" to each other, and that Jim Coughlin assisted Mike Sullivan in his raid on the government whiskey, they being desirous of drinking St. Patrick's health on the morning of March 17, 1862.

Grant to Farragut, March 23, 1863. Extract :

I expect to be able to effect a passage through from the Mississippi to Bayou Macon and from thence to the Red river. With Ohio river steamers which I have sent for, I can send a force of say 20,000 effective men to coöperate with Gen. Banks on Port Hudson and enable them to come on up the river. I look upon it as of vast importance that we should hold the river securely between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

U. S. GRANT.

General Paine's diary :

April 3d, 1863. Took my brigade (this included the Eighth New Hampshire) in rear of division to Algiers and encamped. Daily brigade drills until April 7th.

7th. Broke camp at Algiers at 4 A. M. Started by railway for Bayou Ramas to await orders. Reached there at 5 P. M. Bivouacked east of the bridge, and three and one half miles east of Brashear City. Weitzel's brigade of Augur's division was there, and Grover's division back on the railway at Bayou Boeuf, having marched from Donald-

sonville. Weitzel sent word that he expected an attack in the morning, and desired me to march to the sound of the cannon.

8th. Lay all day at Bayou Ramas, Gen. Emory, division commander, arrived.

9th. Marched to Brashear City, my brigade in advance, crossed the bay and bivouacked in line of battle north and east of Berwick City.

10th. Moved munitions across the bay in order to intercept and strike the enemy on the right. Gen. Grover's division went by water from Donaldsonville, through Grand Lake to Irish Bend; ours by land, preceded by Weitzel's brigade, my brigade leading Emory's division.

11th. Marched westward to Pattersonville, Weitzel skirmishing most of the way.

Official 1.24. Grant to Halleck :

MILLIKEN'S BEND, April 12th.

There is nothing but high water in the way now of my throwing troops into Grand Gulf and destroying the works there, and then sending them on to Port Hudson to cooperate with General Banks in the reduction of that place.

Upon the ninth, Lieut. Robert Swiney, Company K, becoming suddenly insane, shot himself with his revolver. On the evening of the 10th, Lieutenant-Colonel Lull brought to me a paper which was ultimately signed by a majority of the officers of the Eighth, agreeing that in the case of the death of any of their number during the campaign, their bodies should, if possible, be sent home, each of the living bearing their share of the expense.

A serious personal loss occurred to individual members of the Eighth in this campaign, which was no less than that of their knapsacks which were stored by order at Brashear City. We all know that the loss of nicknacks and trinkets is often more serious than that of clothing, etc. The enemy invaded that section and appropriated all such leavings.

Report of Gen. H. E. Paine :

April 12th. As our army approached the fortifications of

the enemy at Bisland near Centreville, Weitzel's brigade and my own marched in line of battle. My brigade formed the second line when the enemy's fire opened on us in the afternoon.

We recollect General Paine's tactics here. Of course, after passing the ditches spoken of hereafter, our line was in some disorder, so by his orders guides were stationed and the whole alignment made perfect. This was repeated as each ditch was passed under fire, and served to fasten our attention and cause a steady advance.

The fortifications behind which an unknown quantity of the enemy awaited our approach, were constructed on both sides of the Bayou Teche, which at that point closely approached Grand Lake and commanded all ground practicable, even for infantry. We had advanced all day in line of battle (occasionally for a short distance by the right of regiments ready to form instantly), and found ourselves at 4 o'clock P. M., in front of the works distant about one thousand yards. The force present included Weitzel's brigade of Augur's division, Emory's entire division with parts of Emory's and Augur's artillery and cavalry, and also a part of the Indiana heavy artillery regiment. We were on the south side of the Teche which was deep though narrow, and navigable for large steamers. The road along the bayou and between us and the enemy, was skirted with trees. Between the road and the bayou stood a sugar-house, distant about eight hundred yards from the intrenchments, and near the sugar-house, the negro quarters. These obstructed the view between the right of our line and the left of the enemy's. But the large open cane field to the left rendered the view to the enemy's right clear. The swamp to the left was covered with timber. At the end of the artillery fire which developed the position and character of the enemy's works, three of my regiments, the 8th N. H., Col. Hawkes Fearing, 133d N. Y., Col. Currie, and 173d N. Y., Major Galloway, took position for the night with their right on the bayou road and their left on Weitzel's right. Col. Bean of the 4th Wisconsin reinforced by three companies of infantry, and thirty cavalry went forward to the sugar-house and posted

his force to look out for the gunboat "Diana," then in rebel hands. A dense fog enveloped us until 8 A. M. the next morning. Capt. Moore of Co. E and Capt. Carter of Co. B both of the 4th Wisconsin, distinguished themselves greatly by holding their positions, the latter until noon of the 13th, his ground being swept by the artillery fire of both armies.

Apr. 13th. Before the fog lifted the 8th N. H. regiment was moved up in obedience to an order from Gen. Emory to support the 4th Wisconsin regiment. The area in front of the intrenchments which eventually became the battle-field, was crossed by deep plantation ditches nearly parallel with the line of the works. These ditches were of the greatest service to us, enabling us to place our batteries within easy range of the enemy with the infantry supports protected, except as against shells exploding above or within the ditches. The 4th Wisconsin and 8th N. H. regiments, took position two hundred yards in advance of the army in these ditches. The front covered by skirmishers of the 4th Wisconsin; afterward, the 133d and 173d New York regiments, came up and were posted, the former on the left and the latter in the rear of the 8th N. H. The "Diana" and the enemy's force being covered or masked by the grove and negro cabins, they were fired, and their smoke materially impaired the accuracy of the enemy's fire when the action opened, by concealing the puffs of our guns. By 7 A. M. on the picket line, I was satisfied that the "Diana" and light batteries would open on us when the fog arose, and soon seeing its flag and hull, I sent a request that heavy guns of the 21st Indiana artillery might be sent up to destroy her. Immediately a heavy fire was opened on us from the whole length of the rebel line besides a battery across the Teche. The movements of the "Diana" indicating that she was about to change her position, it was hoped to capture her, as four companies of the 4th Wisconsin and five companies of the 8th New Hampshire had been deployed along the bayou to fire on its men at short range, but as she did not venture down the bayou the companies returned and the artillery crippled and drove her off up the river. Soon Capt. Mack reported to me with two sections of his splendid "Black Horse Battery" of twenty pound Parrots, and I posted him on my right near

the bayou road, and he opened on the retreated "Diana" and the whole range of rebel works with admirable effect. Information having been received from the pickets that an infantry force of the enemy was advancing down the bayou, the right wing of the 8th N. H. under Major M. B. Smith, was thrown out to the right of Mack's battery to repel any possible attempt against it. Capt. Mack having exhausted his ammunition, two sections of Duryea's battery under Lieut. Norris and one section of 1st Maine battery under Lieut. Haley relieved him.

At 11½ A. M., the enemy having ceased firing entirely, Gen. Banks through Gen. Emory, ordered me to send forward skirmishers to ascertain if an evacuation was in progress. They immediately drew the fire of the enemy and the contest was renewed on both sides, but again ceased at noon. Gen. Emory ordered another advance, I disposed my brigades in two lines in front of the left of the intrenchments, Gen. Weitzel the same to my left. We advanced rapidly until our first line was close up to the works. The artillery of our division was on my right and left. My first line was composed of the 4th Wisconsin and 8th N. H.; my second of 133d and 173d New York. At noon, Gooding's 3d brigade was sent across bayou; continual fighting all the P. M. Weitzel said that if I would assault he would conform his movements to mine. I started but was then requested by him to withhold until he could hear from Gen. Banks. I moved the brigade back into the ditches. Gen. Banks sent word to use our discretion and if not prepared to make an assault, to fall back at dark to a line with the right resting on the point of woods in front of sugar-house, and picket strongly. We fell back and the line was picketed by a fresh regiment, viz.: the 4th Mass., Col. Colby, who occupied the ditches which our front line had during the day. The picket reserve held the 2d line of battle with the 8th N. H., 133d N. Y., and brigade headquarters between them. At 1 A. M., a messenger from the picket line reported the moving of artillery. A personal observation upon the picket line failed to satisfy me whether a general evacuation was going on or only a transfer of guns from one part of the fortification to another. Soon Gen. Emory ordered me to go into the works if I could. A like order came from Gen. Banks while I was forming my brigade and I sent Capt. Allaine,

Co. E, 133d N. York, forward as skirmishers with orders to advance and report at intervals. The 8th N. H. being deployed as skirmishers along my entire front, marched to the entrenchments. As I took and planted the flag of the 8th N. H. on the breastworks, they all bounded in with three loud cheers, the gallant 133d on their left and the other regiments following. The behavior of all of the officers and men of my regiments was most admirable. For the 4th Wisconsin and 8th N. H. to be brave was only to be true to their hard earned fame.

Most respectfully

Your obt. servant

HERBERT E. PAINE,

*Col. 4th Wisconsin Regt. Comdg. Brigade covering the three days in front of Bisland.*

The above is Gen. Paine's official report to Lieut. Peter French, A. A. A. Gen.

INCIDENTS. — When Captain Mack's "Black Horse Battery" came up to the front, we were astonished at being ordered to "attention" and "fix bayonets." A blue streak came over the Eighth as it felt that it was pretty certain annihilation to charge on the rebel works, but we as instantly were ordered to unfix and get into the friendly ditch, so it dawned on us that the movement was only to give confidence of support to the artillery. At one o'clock Captain Duryea's battery of 12-pound Napoleans came up to the front, and Lieut. Morris planted one piece right in front of the left of Company B. It was an exciting time for many of our infantry boys. The horses galloped to the rear. On call, three of Company B men leaped out and helped to set the piece, then followed a pretty bit of artillery practice. The object was to disable a gun which was planted at the enemy's sally port. General Paine having, with a single aid, ridden out in front half way to the intrenchments to watch the effects of the shots, gave an occasional coach as the artillerists ran up on the wheels to see over the smoke after each discharge. At last he was heard to order "half a

degree lower," and after the next shot he very quietly rode to the rear, and off, too, went our friend, the gun. When we went in we found the antagonist, a brass piece, struck in the axle and of course out of true. It was labeled as cast from the bells of, and presented by the ladies of St. Mary's parish. Its captain, Valverde, and several men and horses were killed and many lay there unburied. One horse of the battery was sitting as if alive, but a pistol shot in his wide open eye did not cause a wink.

In answering a letter of inquiry in regard to the action, General Paine writes: "What brutes war makes of us all. Duryea and I actually laughed at the havoc we made."

Upon the other side of the bayou General Grover had fought the enemy at Irish Bend. That was far on the right and in advance about eleven miles. The C. S. A. troops were those of Gens. Dick Taylor, Mouton, and Sibley, and the intention was to surround and capture them, but "the bag didn't hold," and even their right in front of us got away on the night of the 13th.

Losses. Two men of the Eighth were killed and seven wounded, including Colonel Fearing and Lieutenant O'Grady.

Lieut. John J. Nolan relates that being then the color sergeant, General Paine, who led the charge in person, asked him on the morning of the 14th to let him have the privilege of planting our flag on the works. Sergeant Nolan cheerfully assented and after driving the staff into the parapet, the General ordered three cheers for the Eighth New Hampshire. They were given with a will, after which he gracefully thanked the sergeant for the honor and handed him back the flag.

It is worthy of remark that Gen. Dick Taylor, utterly ignorant of General Banks' intentions and movements, had planned to attack Brashear City on the very day that our guns were opened on Bisland. If the Union advance had been planned in Washington, probably General Taylor

would have known our line and time of march, if a wire had run to him.

The "Black Horse Battery." Some of our men, it cannot be found out who, helped at their guns on the last day. Capt. A. A. Mack writes, "The members of your regiment did not, as I recollect, move forward and remain with us after the fight. One of the squad of men that came to our assistance that day was killed and two or three wounded. They were a gallant lot of men and I regret that I haven't their names. I afterwards understood that the sergeant and most of the detail fell at Port Hudson."

The one of the Eighth killed, as above stated, is still unknown as this book goes to press.

If anyone has certain knowledge of the one killed or who helped on Captain Mack's battery as reported, they will please communicate it to the writer at any time hereafter.

He continues: "I do not think that my boys got the distinction they deserved for the destruction of the 'Diana.' "The Indiana battery got the credit. But I had four guns trained on the boat in good easy range and gave her the best I knew how. One shell entered her bow port I know, for I followed its flight till it was lost in the boat. We fired at least one hundred and ten 20-pound shots, and must have damaged her, but we were not mentioned in connection with the matter in the slightest manner." We suppose that Captain Mack means in the official reports (printed). General Paine's was, of course, an official report, and perhaps Captain Mack has not seen it. Our boys certainly had a great admiration for the "Black Horse Battery."

On the forty-fifth page, et seq. of Flinn's book, Captain Mack's battery gets full credit for silencing and driving off the "Diana."

Gunpowder mixed with whiskey will make men fight

like demons. It fairly crazes them. Since the war, the writer, for the first time learns that some soldiers (many may have done it) did *eat* gunpowder to fire up with before or in a fight. Howarth, of Company B, declares that he found it (powder and Louisiana rum) in rebel kettles at Camp Bisland, and Comrade J. F. Chandler says that the rebels had it in their wooden canteens at Sabine Cross Roads when driving Banks back to Pleasant Hill. One of our newly arrived recruits who was a very sharp fellow found on the 14th a canteen full on a dead enemy, but being very suspicious that it was poisoned lost three drinks by trying them on three victims. He watched them until he was satisfied that the article was innocuous and then proceeded to punish the remainder of the fluid. It must be that the wait was a terrible strain on the bottle holder.

That steer! Before the writer had touched pencil to the history, Colonel King said, "We must be sure to get in that steer story, Comrade Ezra E. Morrill did one of the most daring things that I ever saw." I soon received a letter from comrade Hodgdon in which he said, "Get that steer story of Lieutenant Beckford;" and probably being fearful that I should miss it, told it himself, thus: "It was a day's march above Franklin, we came to a halt at night upon the open prairie. Our sight was first out for rails, but Sergeant Beckford saw coming down on Company F, a *big wild steer* from a herd grazing near by. It came direct for him with lowered head, carrying a pair of horns branching out a yard each side, eyes ugly and rolling with mad, mouth open and bellowing like the infernal regions, tail up and stiff with rage, hair sticking out like Shakespeare's porcupine. It did not take "Beck" long to grab a musket from the stack, spring forward and bring down the piece to a rebel charge with the butt in the earth. Then there was a cloud of dust, a mixture of man, gun and steer, next the steer was executing a flank movement

with the gun a bobbing in his cheek, the sergeant was covered with dirt and glory. The steer swam the bayou and fell for beef to some regiment on the other side. We don't know as this gallant action had any influence, but the sergeant went out of the service as a lieutenant.

It took a dozen letters to get the *facts*. On writing to Lieut. William A. Beckford, he responded as follows :

MY DEAR COMRADE,— In reply to yours of Mar. 17th, 1890, I will say that the wild steer collision spoken of, was not at Franklin at all. You will recollect that we crossed Berwick Bay and advanced on Camp Bisland that night. May 12th, I think, we went into camp close beside the bayou and stacked arms in column by companies. That steer came down from the direction of the rebels' breastworks very near their right. At that time Gen. H. E. Paine was in Co. F street, talking with Capt. Flanders. The boys on the left began to cheer and get out of the way. I may have wanted to play smart, so I says, "If he comes this way I'll charge bayonets on him." Well, he kept on coming, and pretty soon it became evident that somebody had got his mother's fool into trouble. I stepped back and took Charles Willey's gun from the stack and came to a charge. On he came as straight as a bullet and I caught him between the eyes. He slid me about ten feet on the grass; the bayonet broke off at the shank, and the steer went plumb into the bayou about two rods to the right of company. Gen. Paine told the boys to shoot the steer, and they did so. Capt. Flanders then reminded me that I should have the bayonet to pay for, but Gen. Paine said, "No, Captain, call *that lost in action*." I, of course, was excited when I saw what I had done, and the General wished to help me out. Willey did not like my breaking his bayonet, but it came out all right as the poor fellow was shot through the head on the next day.

Hoping that the foregoing will settle the "steer story" I remain

Yours in F., C., and L.,

WM. A. BECKFORD,

Co. F 8th N. H. Vols.

Sergt. C. E. Conant in a letter of Mar. 26, 1892 says that Willey laid in the ditch about the third man from him at Bisland and was there shot through the head, and that his brother, George Willey, and Steve Mills carried him back to the hospital where he died about 1 P. M.

But it required considerable correspondence to find out that there were *two steer collisions nearly alike*. Soon there came a letter from Corporal E. Morrill of Company D as follows :

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE,—I know nothing of the steer story of Lieut. Beckford at Bisland, and I do not wish to match any story that has been told: I only know that you wish me to relate to you the story of the steer as *it happened at the time*. I am not anxious to have it made a matter of history, but my steer story is correct and came about in this way; somewhere between Franklin and Alexandria, we went into camp after a hard march, on an open prairie, with a large herd of wild cattle upon it. As rations were all used up we went for a supper ourselves, as the old 8th N. H. was always noted for, so as soon as we broke ranks Sergeant Flagg and myself started for the herd. We both fired and brought down our steer, and while in the act of reloading to fire again, Sergeant Flagg said, "Ezra, look out!" There came a bull on the charge and there he was almost upon me, head down and tongue out. My only hope was to charge the bull, so I dropped down on one knee and received him on the point of my bayonet, striking him fair in the head and driving the bayonet clear through the side of his head. I turned a double somersault in the air and the bull went flying off with my gun. After running some distance, the bull shook off the gun and I got it and *carried it to the close of the war*.

Very truly yours,

EZRA E. MORRILL.

*Co. D 8th N. H.*

General Paine's diary :

April 14th. Pursued the enemy to Franklin: narrowly escaped collision with a part of Grover's division which, on its march to Franklin from the battle of Irish Bend, mistook us for the enemy.

Milliken's Bend, La., April 14th, 1863. Grant to Banks :

I am concentrating my forces at Grand Gulf. Will send an army corps to Bayou Sara by the 25th to *coöperate* with you on Port Hudson. Can you aid me and send troops after the reduction of Port Hudson to assist at Vicksburg?

U. S. GRANT.

The above was received by Banks *May 5th* and understood by him that Grant's force would be at Port Hudson *May 25th*.

April 14. C. A. Dana to Stanton :

Grant decides to take Grand Gulf and go on to Port Hudson with 20 or 30 thousand men.

Letter of Lieut. Thomas C. Prescott, of Company G, mounted :

The army in the Gulf department was organized without cavalry, owing, no doubt, to the difficulty in transporting the required horses so far by water, and the scarcity of steam vessels for that purpose. Until after the opening of the Mississippi river, this condition existed in all that department, and no attempt was made to organize cavalry regiments until after the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Two or three companies of cavalry comprised the whole mounted force, and these were wholly inadequate for the demands of the service. After the campaign opened in the spring of 1863, on the west side of the Mississippi, in preparation for the siege of Port Hudson, the need of a small mounted force in our division became urgent for various purposes, and Gen. Paine commanding the division, desiring such a company always at his disposal, detailed Co. G of the Eighth for that service and it reported to him in the latter part of April.

The first duty imposed upon the company under this detached service, was to procure horses and saddles from the country around sufficient to mount its officers and men. The division was now resting near Opelousas in a country of marvelous richness, and the rapidity with which the company became equipped for duty was surprising.

There was a little fellow in the company by the name of Huntley, who had a wonderful faculty for procuring horses, finding them on plantations from which every horse had been driven to Texas long before we came into the country, if the stories of the owners were to be believed, and with this valuable service, they soon had quite a respectable outfit of horses, saddles and bridles. Those who were not used to riding soon learned, and every day brought some necessary duty to be performed in special guard duty, scouting in the vicinity of the camp to look out for the enemy, protecting forage trains, and especially looking for horses and mules to recruit the teams and artillery.

Upon one of these expeditions for horses, which took a much wider range from camp than usual, the company came near getting into serious trouble and had an experience which may be worth relating. While the army was still at Opelousas, there being urgent need for various purposes and a desire to ascertain the location of forage, the company was ordered out for a two days' expedition. The route selected did not follow the main roads, except where unavoidable, in order that certain plantations might be visited which had not been favored by Yankee calls. About noon they came upon the home of a farmer some distance off the road, where there was considerable forage, and a halt was made for dinner. Lieut. Col. Lull, who was provost marshal of our division, had accompanied the expedition, and he with the three company officers, went into the house and upon inquiry, found that the planter was absent; in fact, was in the rebel army, protecting his home, as the lady of the house informed them. There being indications of preparation for dinner, the Colonel invited himself and companions to dine with the family. While ample justice was being done by her guests to the somewhat restricted bill of fare, the hostess interspersed her excuses with a vivid account of the hardships and privations they were experiencing, frequently directing the little slave who stood at the foot of the table pulling a rope which propelled a large board fan suspended from the ceiling over the table, to "pull faster" as she became engrossed in the recital. At last the woman subsided for a moment, and Col. Lull in his inimitable way said, "Have you suffered badly, Madam?" This inquiry

seemed to open a fresh store of grievances and she let loose a shower of invectives on the whole "Yankee tribe," ending up by asking how long this cruel war would last, to which the Colonel replied with that same immovable expression, "It will continue madam until the last rebel lays down his arms, or we drive every one of you into the Gulf of Mexico." This settled the discussion of the war topic, and the dinner having been finished, the guests took their leave, receiving no expressions of regret from their hostess.

Resuming the march, the company, about three o'clock, came to the back portion of a large plantation remote from the buildings, where some fifty or more slaves were hoeing cotton, the typical driver being there with the veritable whip. Men, women, girls and boys, of various shades and color, were toiling side by side. The fading process had been at work. One girl was so light colored as to attract attention, and it was learned on inquiry that she was born on the plantation, had been brought up a house servant but as she grew older had been banished to the fields. This girl, with most of the slaves on the place, afterwards followed the army across the Mississippi river, but whether for a better or worse condition, the writer cannot say.

All the information we desired was readily obtained from the negroes, viz.: that some rebel soldiers had recently been in the neighborhood; that there were some good horses concealed on the place and their location pointed out. Ed. Huntley, who never failed to find where the chickens slept, the hams were buried, or the horses concealed, was sent with a few others to find and bring up the horses, while the company rode up to the big house to interview the planter. He was found comfortably seated on the wide upper veranda with his lady and two or three nice looking daughters, but did not come down to greet us. Col. Lull questioned him with reference to rebel soldiers, and asked if he had any horses, to which he replied that no rebel soldiers were or had been in the vicinity, and that he did not have a horse on the place; all had been taken to Texas. But while the conversation was going on, after repeating that he had no horses, Huntley came dashing up a lane behind some ten or more fine looking horses, even then riding one of the planter's thoroughbreds. Mr. Planter seemed utterly astounded at

this turn of affairs, and the daughters commenced a chorus of "O, papa." It was Col. Lull's turn now, and looking sternly at the planter he said, "Sir, you have lied to us about your horses; you may have lied about your soldiers; but if we are molested in our march and you assist in any way to that result, I will put your miserable body where it belongs, and I assure you that Ship Island is too good a place for it." The Colonel's style satisfied the planter that he was in dead earnest, and the interview ended. The confiscated horses being ready, the march was resumed toward the Atchafalaya river. The night found us at a small plantation, the buildings being a short distance from the road, surrounded and hidden by trees, and we decided to remain there until morning. Upon inquiry of the owner of the place in regard to supper and lodging, he replied that he could give the officers a chance, "but," he added, "I can't take care of your crew." After posting a good picket on the road and a guard about the premises, the balance bivouacked in readiness for an attack or for marching instantly. Sleep came to all very readily, but about one o'clock the report of a musket at our picket post brought every man to his feet and into his saddle. A party of men coming up the road had been twice challenged and, no answer being received, the guard had fired and the party turned and fled. The blowing of horns in different directions could be distinctly heard, apparently answering one to another, so it was thought best to fall back without delay, not waiting for any formal invitation to that effect. The march commenced on the gallop, the captured horses being led. This gait was kept up for several miles. At daylight, there were no pursuers that reached us, and we gained camp about noon, safely bringing in the trophies of the expedition.

General Paine's diary :

April 15th, 1863. Encamped between Franklin and New Iberia.

16th. At New Iberia.

17th. Marched on and encamped near St. Martinsville. Grover's division took the left hand road to Vermillionville and sent a detachment to destroy the Avery salt works.

## Chaplain's diary :

I stop at Louis Prudhome's, a jolly French Dutchman's place. He has worked in the salt mines, says that they were discovered in 1862, a salt spring there having been used by the Indians, Confeds. have taken out millions of pounds, rendering them before now, for a time, independent, in salt, of the U. S. and England. The mine is 16 feet under ground, and the salt is blown out in huge bowlders, some of it being as clear as glass.

## General Paine's diary :

April 18th. Encamped at St. Martinsville.

19th. At Vermillionville.

20th. Emory's division and Weitzel's brigade encamped at Opelousas. 4th Wisconsin ordered to become Mounted Infantry.

## Banks to Grant, Opelousas, April 23 :

States that the army and navy of this part of the Confederacy is destroyed, and the most important officers of all arms taken, as Captain E. W. Fuller, commander of their fleet, their "King of the Swamp" the representative of their fighting element and candidate for governor; Capt. Semmes, their first officer of artillery, and Col. Vincent, chief of cavalry. Says the route to Alexandria is open, six days' march. We can cooperate with you in any manner you suggest, by a junction on the Red river, or by an attack from Baton Rouge, joining your forces at Bayou Sara. Waiting anxiously your response and with full confidence in your judgment I am very truly yours,  
N. P. BANKS.

## General Paine's diary :

24th. Review of army by Gen. Banks at Opelousas. Supplies reached us from New Orleans. The troops having a surfeit of corn bread and fresh beef, called loudly for salt pork and hard-tack.

Opelousas, April 21st, 1863. It was tiresome chasing the retreating Confed. Gov't. or Headquarters of which the genial Flinn said was not in the saddle but "on wheels." We have at last caught up with a wash, a clean

shirt, and got a mail, and while the navy is being loaded with cotton by Col. Chickering, a short unofficial trip can be taken from New Orleans over the route just passed.

Diary letter :

Starting at Algiers, opposite to New Orleans and going by railway west, a low region is entered, alive with water-fowl, snakes and alligators, and it was fun for the boys to shoot the latter with harmless balls. The long stretches of cypress swamps, thickets of Spanish bayonets, poisoned black waters overlaid with plants, rank and rampant vegetation, luxuriant foliage knit upon vines leaping from tree to tree, funereal with the ever present Spanish moss, furnished wonderfully new scenery to our northern eyes. By and by, firm arable land appeared and, too, the negro; not with clout and hoe, but clad in the (to him) gorgeous uniform of the U. S. Army, and grasping the implements of liberty and progress. They were stationed along the line as railway guards, and some of our impious white soldiers would, as we ran slowly along, call out, "take off your hat," "present arms." The responsive blacks would show a wide battery of white teeth, throw up a gun with one hand and crack a thigh with the other, ejaculating with a roll of the eye, "Bress the Lord, massa," "Roll on Glory," "Goin' to the Kingdom."

After crossing Berwick Bay and turning north, we soon reach the fertile lands of the Acadians, the Paradise of America! These people made a splendid exchange, little as they thought so in 1755, when they left bleak Nova Scotia for this land and climate, suited to their idiosyncrasies and where they have easily preserved their primitive traits. Being isolated from modern life, they have kept the habits and customs of the eighteenth century. They spread themselves loosely over the vast expanse, nowhere gathering in compact form, save perhaps in the neighborhood of Abbeville and St. Martinsville along the Teche. The latter was Frenchy, and of course, came to be the social capital; in tone, Parisian. The Bayous were the making or preserver of the country in a business and social sense, for they were the means of communication. The Atchafalaya starts in near the Red river and, relieving the Mississippi of much of its stream, takes its way to

the Gulf leisurely in all directions, frequently expanding into lakes. The Teche, a dark, muddy, sliding river, comes from Washington and Opelousas and wanders along about parallel with the first named, and joins it at Morgan city. Steamers go up to New Iberia through a flat region of sugar plantation. The way is, to the new comer, striking for its picturesqueness; its peaceful, quiet sleepiness. The afternoon sun strikes down, but is *absorbed*. The wind, perhaps, stirs not the black bayou nor waves the overhanging gray moss. The cattle graze, and the everlasting negro sleeps and fishes; that is, he will wake if he has a bite. It is almost sacrilege to march through such a country, but the rebs. are scurrying away ahead, and catch them we must, so *en avant*.

Ah! there is a group about a wounded soldier, one of Perkins' cavalry, and the surgeon is busy with a sabre cut. The only satisfaction is that the enemy is not entirely out of reach. As we move on we see brilliant expanses of water mirroring huge cotton-woods, an old vine-clad sugar-house, an old begass chimney and a cotton press, all lazily propped up; negroes coming to see us, over a bridge all awry, its timbers shaking and creaking; more oaks and moss and palmetto thatched houses standing far from the road and led to by rose bordered paths; occasionally a pretentious frame one upon a substantial brick underpinning and mounted to by a broad flight of steps which landed one upon a spacious piazza.

St. Martinsville. A part scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Of this region he sings thus:

On the banks of the Teche, are the town<sup>s</sup> of St. Maur and St. Martin.  
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to the bridegroom,  
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
 Beautiful the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana!

Through such scenes we came to Opelousas, where our Company G, the first mounted infantry, of the Eighth was organized as was the Fourth Wisconsin and Third Massa-

chusetts, and, too, General Banks issued his first order for organizing the colored troops, to be called Corps D'Afrique, to ultimately consist of eighteen regiments, of all arms.

From "Sam," extract :

OPELOUSAS, La., Ap. 23d. '63.

DEAR FOLKS, — When you see by the Papers that the 19th Army Corps, 3d Division, 2d Brigade, 2d Battalion, —th Co. is anywhere you may expect me to be there *too*. I generally have been and intend to be in the first platoon, front rank, 3d file unless we are shot out. we were up at the front at Bisland, I tell you ; cannons firing all ways, the rebs. were a good rifle shot off and if I had had that *Telescope on* I could have got in some Work between the smoke before we got up to their breastworks. Lem. Used to say that he hated to work for his Relations but Uncle Sam is the hardest one that I have found yet.

Lieutenant King's letter :

OPELOUSAS, La., May 4th, 1863.

A few words more from the warm end of our dilapidated Union. This is a town or city or Capital, *s'il vous plait*. The rebel column has led the way and we're off for Alexandria, some day, soon.

Our brigade (Gen. Paine's) has been sixteen miles out on the Texas road to a Bayou Brule, the road is mostly prairie, dotted with ponds ; country filled with cattle ; beefs a drug. Camped in a fine grove at Brule. The bayou was there spanned by a very rude bridge. Beyond nestled a church, and all the surroundings were pastoral and so forth, " and only man is vile."

Opeλουςas is " splat out" over much ground. Flour is \$90 per bbl. Gen. Banks gave the nunnery here, containing many children, large supplies of food. Gen. Paine has just been put in command of the 3d Division ; Col. Fearing is Acting Brigadier General ; Maj. Smith has a detachment across the bayou, and Capt. Stanyan commands the regiment.

May 5th. Our 3d Division marched for Alexandria, our brigade in front camped at Bayou Boeuf.

The following contains the extraordinary official statement before referred to by Gen. R. B. Irwin, in regard to General Banks' official powers, which has remained, probably, secret until it reached the hands of the government printer. At least, the writer knows that it was, until very recently, unknown to many prominent military people. On account of its importance as regards our purpose we anticipate the date.

Halleck to Banks, Washington, May 23d, 1863. Official records, Series 41, page 500 :

GENERAL, — Your despatches, dated Opelousas, May 2d and 4th are just rec'd. I regret to learn from them that you are still pursuing your divergent course to Alexandria while Gen. Grant has moved on Jackson, instead of concentrating with him on the east side of the Mississippi as you proposed in your previous despatch, and as I have continually urged. If these eccentric movements do not lead to some serious disaster, it will be because the enemy does not take full advantage of his opportunity. I assure you that the Government is exceedingly disappointed that you and Gen. Grant are not acting in conjunction. *It thought to secure that object by authorizing you to assume the entire command as soon as you and General Grant could unite.* (The italics are not Halleck's.) The opening of the Mississippi river has been continually presented as the first and most important object to be attained. If Gen. Grant should succeed alone in beating the enemy and capturing Vicksburg, all will be well, but if he should be defeated and fail, both your armies will be paralyzed and the entire campaign a failure. I can well understand that you have had great obstacles to overcome with inadequate means; but you have had all the means we could possibly give you, and *if you succeed the glory will be so much the greater.*

The same, May 25 :

Gen. Grant seems likely to succeed in capturing Vicksburg, but the government is still uneasy at your separation.

## CHAPTER IX.

Official Extracts. — Halleck, Banks, Grant. — Confederate Extracts. — Logan, Gardner, Pemberton. — On to Port Hudson. — Grierson's Raid. — Company G. — Port Hudson Invested. — Assault on May 27, 1863. — Company B to the Left. — Charge by the Regiment. — Lieutenant-Colonel Lull killed. — Charge of the Colored Troops. — A Mysterious Flag of Truce. — Colonel Lull, Personal. — Banks to Gardner. — Flag of Truce. — Banks and Halleck's Correspondence. — Confederate Account. — Southern Historical Society Papers. — Inside Port Hudson. — March to Clinton. — Chaplain's Diary.

THE following is in answer to Grant's of April 14. Banks thought that Grant's Corps would be at Port Hudson on May 25, while Grant intended to be there on April 25, but was incidentally, or accidentally turned into the interior around towards Vicksburg from Grand Gulf.

Banks to Grant :

OPELOUSAS, La., May 6th, 1863.

By the 25th probably, by the 1st certainly, we will be there. (This received by Grant, May 10.)

Banks to Grant (condensed), Series 38, 281 :

ALEXANDRIA, May 8th, '63.

Our successful march here enables me to say that I can coöperate with you for the reduction of Port Hudson upon the 25th of May with fifteen thousand good men, all told.

Grant to Halleck :

April 14, '63, I sent to Gen. Banks that I could send an army corps to Bayou Sara to coöperate with him against Port Hudson on the 25th. This will now be impossible.

Office of Chief of Subsistence, C. S. A. Theo. Johnston to Memminger :

JACKSON, Miss., April 20th, 1863.

In reply to your inquiry as to the supply of subsistence at Port Hudson, I have the honor to state *that that post is better supplied now than any in this department.*

(The report below is of number of troops at Port Hudson and vicinity on April 29.)

General Gardner to Pemberton, April 29, 1863 :

Report. Effective infantry 8,600, artillery 1,700, cavalry 1,400, including Ponchatoula force. (Total, 11,700.)

General Pemberton to President Davis, May 2, 1863 :

Unless I am heavily reinforced I think Port Hudson and Grand Gulf should be evacuated and all concentrated for the defense of Vicksburg and Jackson.

Gardner to Pemberton, May 2, 1863 :

Emory's raid (Grierson) has successfully passed to Baton Rouge. I need more cavalry and a good commander. Can I break up the post at Ponchatoula?

Pemberton to Gardner, May 4, 1863 :

You must come here and bring five thousand men with you, Maxey's brigade, call in out-posts except cavalry; leave sufficient artillery for the defense of Port Hudson.

Davis to Pemberton, Richmond, May 7, 1863 (important) :

Beauregard cannot spare more than the five thousand sent. Want of transportation must compel the enemy to seek again their fleet in a few days. To hold both Vicksburg and Port Hudson is necessary to a connection with Trans-Mississippi.

#### INSTRUCTIONS.

Pemberton to Gardner, May 8, 1863. Vicksburg (at Osyka).

Return with two thousand troops to Port Hudson and hold it to the last. President [Davis] says both places must be held.

(A bird's eye view at Washington, D. C.)

Halleck to Grant, May 11, 1863 :

If possible the forces of yourself and Gen. Banks should be united between Vicksburg and Port Hudson so as to attack those places separately with the combined forces. The same has been urged on Gen. Banks.

Grant to Banks, extract :

ROCKY SPRINGS, Miss., May 10, 1863.

It was my intention on gaining a foothold at Grand Gulf to have sent a sufficient force to Port Hudson to have insured the fall of that place with your coöperation, or rather, (mark Gen. Grant's delicate way of stating the case,) *to have coöperated with you to secure that end.* Meeting the enemy, however, as I did south of Port Gibson, I followed him to the Big Black and could not afford to retrace my steps. (Italics not Grant's.)

Many days cannot elapse before the battle will begin which is to decide the fate of Vicksburg. I would earnestly request therefore, that you join me or send all the force you can spare to coöperate in the great struggle for opening the Mississippi river.

Banks to Grant :

ALEXANDRIA, La., May 12, 1863.

I have neither water nor land transportation to join you at Vicksburg. The most I can accomplish is to cross the river for the purpose of operating with you against Port Hudson. Were it within the range of human power I should join you, for I am dying with a kind of vanishing hope to see the armies acting together against the strong places of the enemy. We believe that seven thousand of the enemy have left Arkansas river to join Kirby Smith.

Banks to Halleck :

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 18, '63.

GENERAL, — Grover's division left Alexandria 14th, Emory's 16th ; Weitzel probably marched on the 17th, thus concentrating all our troops at Simsport about the 20th. We shall move on Port Hudson with the best chances of success and join Grant immediately after. That is satis-

factory to him and he will send reinforcements to us as proposed earlier, for which, however, we *shall not wait*. Three or four thousand men are disabled from the incessant labor of the last six weeks. Gen. Emory will be left in command at New Orleans, and Gen. Sherman will be assigned to his division. General Augur's forces move tomorrow towards Port Hudson. Admiral Farragut's fleet is now there.

Halleck to Banks :

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1863.

I see by the newspapers that you have Alexandria and Gen. Grant has Jackson. These operations are too eccentric. I urge that you unite with Gen. Grant as soon as possible. I have no troops to re-enforce him. He must concentrate his forces and not move east until he gets control of the Mississippi river.

Gen. Halbert E. Paine's diary :

May 6th, 1863. At Cheneyville.

7th. At Williams R. R.

8th. Entered Alexandria. Gunboats were there, camped on the Red river below the town.

13th. Took command of 3d Division of 19th Army Corps in place of Gen. Emory who went to New Orleans sick and took command of the defences of that city.

15th. Marched the Division for Simsport and Port Hudson by way of Bayou Huffpower. Sent cavalry to hold the bridges.

16th. Marched twenty-five miles to Bayou Rouge on the Huffpower road. Held the bridges for Weitzel.

Johnston to Gardner, C. S. A., Camp, near Vernon, Miss., May 19, 1863 :

Vicksburg is invested. Evacuate Port Hudson forthwith and move toward Jackson. Bring all but heavy guns and their ammunition, which destroy.

John L. Logan, C. S. A., Col. Comd'g Cav. Brigade, to Gardner, May 21, 1863 :

I am at Bayou Sara in enemy's rear with three hundred cavalry and three hundred infantry. Gen. Augur's division has passed up. I move to Clinton.

Banks to Grant, May 18, 1863 :

My belief is that your first suggestion of sending a force to coöperate with us against Port Hudson is best. Port Hudson can be reduced certainly and without delay, if you can assist us with ten thousand to twenty thousand men. The moral effect on Vicksburg of the reduction of the post and the junction of our forces would be great.

Confederate. Gen. John Adams to Maxey :

BROOKHAVEN, May 14th, 1863.

Halt! Fall back on your wagons. Go in the direction of or to Port Hudson. We are evacuating Jackson.

Gen. J. E. Johnston to Pemberton, May 18, 1863 :

If you are invested in Vicksburg you *must ultimately surrender*. If it is not too late, evacuate Vicksburg and march to the northeast.

(Gen. Grant has been accused of being reckless in exposing his troops to slaughter. In this next communication he says that he wishes to "save my men." Also, in a line to Admiral Porter, he says, May 23, "There is no doubt of the fall of Vicksburg ultimately. I intend to lose no more men, but to force the enemy from one position to another without exposing my troops.)

Near Vicksburg, May 25, 1863, Grant to Banks, extract :

I now have Vicksburg invested, and can hold the enemy or whip him if he comes out. The place is so strongly fortified that it must be taken by an assault and great sacrifice of life, or a regular siege. I have determined to adopt the latter course and save my men. The greatest danger is that the enemy may collect a force outside and attempt to rescue the garrison.

When I began writing this, it was my intention to propose sending you ten thousand men to coöperate with you in taking Port Hudson, but while writing, a courier came in from my cavalry saying that a force of the enemy was now thirty miles northeast of here, so it is imprudent for me to send away any men. I would be pleased, General, to have you come with such force as you are able to spare. I am

in hopes this letter will find you in possession of Port Hudson.

Confederate John L. Logan, 11th Arkansas Infantry to Gen. J. E. Johnston :

C. S. A. HEADQUARTERS,  
CLINTON, La., May 29, 1863.

Your despatches for Gen. Frank Gardner came to me 25th inst. I could *not get them through to him*. The despatches ordering the evacuation of Port Hudson were also received and sent through. Gen. Gardner was *then completely invested*, and to have attempted to cut his way out would have been attended with great loss. I doubt his being able to get through at all, and then, if successful, his line of retreat to Jackson would be long. I have not heard from him since the 24th. He *intended to come out then*. I have a small command of cavalry and mounted infantry, twelve thousand men, and am doing all I can to aid Gen. Gardner by dashing upon the enemy's lines, thus drawing troops from Port Hudson.

I have prevented the enemy from making raids into the country. Can we get reinforcements? I am informed that Lieut. Gen. Smith is near the mouth of the Red river with ten thousand men. If he would come down and cross at Port Hudson under cover of our guns, that post would be relieved at once. Despatches by way of Natchez, would reach Gen. Smith.

Mr. C. A. Dana (see government official reports, Series 1, vol. 24, pp. 66, 67) was a special commissioner of the United States War Department sent upon the ground to report to and by orders of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war.

Dana to Stanton, behind Vicksburg, May 26th, 1863 (see page 89 of reports) :

Gen. Grant last night sent a staff officer to Gen. Banks urging him to bring his forces here as promptly as practicable, and assuring him that he (Grant) *would gladly serve under him as his superior in rank, or simply co-operate with him for the benefit of the common cause*, if he should prefer that course.

Dana to Stanton, May 30, 1863 :

At Gen. Grant's request, went down to see Gen. Banks, but, meeting on the 31st Grant's previous messenger, I returned. Banks has invested Port Hudson and declines to send any forces here.

Continuation of General Paine's diary :

May 17th, 1863. Bivouacked at Bayou Glace on Marks-ville and Simsport road.

18th. Arrived at Simsport in the morning, Grover already there.

19th. Crossed the Atchafalaya with steamers and flat boats; marched to Trist's plantation.

21st. Marched on for Port Hudson; at night at Williamsport on the Mississippi.

22d. Marched to Morganza. On landing at Bayou Sara, I received an order from Gen. Banks that Augur was engaged southwest of Port Hudson, and directing me to hurry forward, marched at once in a violent storm. Stopped on Perkins' plantation one mile in rear of Grover's division (Banks' headquarters), which had been transported from Simsport to Bayou Sara by water.

23d. Crossed Thompson's Creek, met Grierson's cavalry. By order of General Banks, took a position on Flower's plantation and posted my division so as to form the right of the line of investment, being separated from Port Hudson by densely wooded, broken grounds, by the Big Sandy, mainly a dry ravine, and by a bay of the river. Captured the steamers "Starlight" and "Red Chief" in Thompson's creek.

24th. Advanced my line a mile, my special duty to-day being to resist any attempt of the garrison to escape through my line, which extended from the Mississippi above Port Hudson around to the south side of the Big Sandy. Reconnoitred in force, met the enemy, cut the artillery road across the Big Sandy, was ready for an advance.

25th. Crossed the Big Sandy, Dwight's brigade of Grover's division in advance. Drove the enemy steadily through the woods to within a half-mile of his fortifications.

Irwin to Weitzel (Riley's), before Port Hudson, May 25, 1863 :

The commanding general directs that you assume command of the right wing of the forces before Port Hudson, including the Third Division under Col. Paine, your own, and Dwight's brigade and Prince's cavalry.

Col. Benjamin H. Grierson's run of eight hundred miles through the enemy's country, was one of the most remarkable raids on record. Starting from La Grange, Tenn., with his own Sixth Illinois, the Seventh Illinois, and Second Iowa, in all, less than one thousand men, he took a straight southerly course through the State of Mississippi, but sending detachments off to strike the Mobile and Ohio railroad. At Decatur, due east of Jackson and Vicksburg, he deflected to the southwest and crossed the Gulf and Ship Island railroad, and the New Orleans and Jackson railroad three times, then on to Baton Rouge. Within the fourteen days out, he captured over one thousand prisoners, destroyed miles of railway, and military stores to the amount of four millions of dollars, arriving in Baton Rouge on May 2. It is almost impossible to calculate the assistance that the raid was to us by crippling Johnston's movements so that he could not relieve either Vicksburg or Port Hudson. As will be seen, he was retained by General Banks, and continued hovering at our rear and keeping off the aggressive enemy.

Company G. On the afternoon of May 26th, Gen. Banks desired to discover the exact position of the enemy in front of the centre and asked for a detachment of Co. G to advance until they should be found. Lieut. T. C. Prescott and six men were detailed to accompany an officer of Gen. Banks' staff, and at once started from the woods to the front. Between us and the enemy were found, first an open field, some five or six hundred yards across, and beyond this was thick, heavy timber in which it was

expected the enemy would be found. A bridle path was found leading into the woods, and before entering, two men were advanced some fifteen paces, the two officers following at this distance, and the balance of the detachment bringing up the rear. After advancing in this manner about twenty rods, suddenly one of the men in advance threw up a hand to indicate a halt, and there a short distance in front could be seen a breastwork composed of logs and earth, with now and then a musket barrel and a head visible. This sight was anything but agreeable, and it needed no order for retreat. As each man turned suddenly and gave rein to his horse, a volley from the rebel line sent a shower of bullets which cut the trees and limbs all around them, whistling like a storm of hail, but fortunately without deadly effect. The bullets followed us clear back across the field, but strange to say, not a man nor horse was hurt. This developed the position of the enemy and on the information gained, the attack in the centre was arranged for the next day. Company G was now ordered to move to the extreme right of the line, there to coöperate with a cavalry company of regulars under Capt. Williams, who afterwards drilled the regiment in cavalry tactics at New Orleans, and there assist in supporting the two regiments of colored troops which were posted on that flank. The company was under fire for considerable time on that day, and in the afternoon made a charge on foot with the company, under Capt. Williams, nearly up to the rebel batteries under a heavy artillery fire, but the infantry had to fall back taking the little force of cavalry with them, and the charge failed of advantageous results. To get back to our original position, we had to cross a pontoon bridge over a creek, and it seemed almost impossible to live on this crossing as the enemy had it under complete range. The passage was successfully made, however, without loss to Company G, every shot either falling short at the moment of crossing or going too

high; but the other company was not as fortunate, losing several men in the retreat.

Banks to Farragut, May 26, 1863:

ADMIRAL. — Today we concentrated Paine's (Emory's) division, reduced to about a brigade, and Weitzel's and Dwight's brigades, all under Weitzel's command on the right; turned the head of Big Sandy Creek and pushed through the woods on that part of the line up to the abattis which continues the enemy's line of defence toward his left. During the afternoon he made quite a determined attack on our right. For a short time the action was brisk, but the enemy was soon driven back in considerable confusion and at dark we held the ground I have indicated, on our right.

Please let the mortars destroy the enemy's rest at night; to-morrow (27th) at daylight, we shall assault; the light artillery will then open fire, the heavy batteries on left centre at 6 A. M. Your fire should cease as soon as you observe our artillery slacken, which will probably be at 10 A. M.

Gardner to Banks, May 26, 1863:

*Commanding Officer U. S. Forces, near Port Hudson:*

SIR, — I have some U. S. prisoners of war within my line of fortifications that I am willing to release on parole if you will authorize them to give their parole and receive them. I find myself constrained to mention that some of your troops have violated the rights of the flag of truce in making use of it to pick up killed and wounded in front of the breastworks. I request that orders be given to prevent the like occurring again, or otherwise, I will be compelled to fire upon the flag used for such purposes.

Irwin to Sherman (in regard to the foregoing):

May 26th, 1863.

SIR, — The commanding general directs that no flags of truce be sent to the enemy without orders from these headquarters, and that in all cases the flag shall not be used to cover anything except the special object for which it is set. (Copies sent to Augur, Weitzel, and Grover.)

General Paine's diary :

May 26th. Perfected our line of investment. The brigades of Generals Weitzel and Dwight were temporarily united in a division under Gen. Dwight. This division and mine were made the right wing of the army and were under Gen. Weitzel's command until the afternoon of May 27th, when they were attached to the command of Gen. Grover. The general officers met in the evening at the headquarters of Gen. Banks. A general assault was ordered for the next morning. The position of the troops : On the left was 1st. Sherman's division ; 2d, Augur's ; 3d, Grover's ; 4th, Paine's ; 5th, Dwight's (Weitzel's). Two colored regiments reported to me. I posted them on the extreme right. At Gen. Dwight's request, they were transferred to him, and they fought bravely in the attack which followed. The nature of the ground rendered it difficult for all of the divisions to make a simultaneous assault on the fortifications, because the troops on the right had to drive a large rebel force over densely wooded hills and ravines, and then over ground very precipitous and rendered almost impassable by felled timber, before we could see his works, whereas on the other portion of the line of investment the fortifications were nearer, and to a great extent visible from our own position. Weitzel's two divisions prepared to form at three o'clock in the morning. I ordered my pioneers to follow the infantry rapidly under the supervision of Capt. Duryea, chief of Division Artillery, who was directed to bring up the batteries with the utmost promptness. We had not definite knowledge of the ground over which we were to fight, for the enemy occupied it. The forest was so dense that glasses were useless. The difficulties actually encountered were very great. Port Hudson was naturally very strong on the northeast.

May 27th. At first Gen. Weitzel placed a part of Gen. Dwight's command in the first line and mine in the second, but very soon after the advance commenced, that portion of Dwight's line which was in my front, for some reason obliqued from my front. Perhaps because a section of the 1st Maine Battery went to the front on our left, and, too, as observed, our advance, as far as the ground was concerned, was a trifle easier to the right. (A very slight reason will deflect a body of men advancing.)

The attack was a huge bushwhack. The rebels availed themselves of the thickets, trees, fallen timber ridges, ravines, and also of rifle pits and breastworks of earth and logs constructed at convenient points, and being concealed and protected themselves gave us a most destructive rifle fire, retreating rapidly from point to point. From favorable positions, their light artillery fired upon us grape, shell, and canister, and for a few minutes with comparative immunity, on account of our momentary uncertainty as to the position of Dwight's troops, resulting from the darkness of the morning, the underbrush and the smoke; but we pushed on until we drove the rebels within their works, capturing many prisoners, but suffering heavily in killed and wounded. At length we reached a ridge two hundred yards from their fortifications and the enemy met us with a concentrated artillery and infantry fire. With admirable celerity the pioneers opened up the roads and Capt. Duryea brought up the division artillery, and within fifteen minutes after driving him in, our batteries were answering his guns from two commanding points, which positions were retained until the surrender. While we were waiting for Augur's and Sherman's guns, Grover, whose division joined our left, took command of the right wing. Positions were gained within one hundred yards of the parapet and kept in those hazardous places by frequent reliefs until the assault of June 14th. From the 27th of May until the 14th of June, there was by day and night a constant fight of artillery and sharpshooters on my front from Weitzel's left to Augur's right. There were repeated night attacks by my troops, and sorties by the enemy. Communications were opened between adjacent divisions and preparations made for another assault.

On May 27, Company B of the Eighth, being detached by command of General Paine, given through Lieutenant-Colonel Lull, obliqued slightly to the left and passed on in the line of fire from the rebel gun we were to look after, and soon issued from the woods and saw before us an abattis about two hundred yards wide, extending up to the heights on which zigzagged the line of rebel works, and within which was plainly to be seen the smoke of the piece we sought. To our right and left upon the tree

trunks, were nailed white crosses which had evidently served for practice, to get the exact range of the rebel guns, and they had it. For instance, a section of the First Maine Battery came plunging forward into position, and as the horses wheeled, shots came thick and instantly we saw a wheel knocked to pieces, several horses killed, and a lieutenant came down the slope towards us, his clothing torn by shell, and he bloody from head to foot; yet he coolly said, "Can you tell me where I can find a surgeon?" We could only direct him straight to the rear where he would soon find our own.

The ludicrous always occurs in the midst of carnage. Just as we started, Comrade McKensie was completely covered with debris caused by a shell from the aforesaid gun bursting near. Shifting his gun to his other hand he commenced a whirling and brushing which caused someone to sing out, "Bob, that's no hornet's nest," and all hands laughed as they passed on with the re-assured Bob in their midst.

Advance was necessarily slow. Company B skirmished through the underbrush, gaining ground ahead till it emerged from the woods and entered the dense abattis spoken of. A few yards further on, we came across Colonel Fearing who was in command of the second brigade. Said he, "This is as far forward as we can get, the force of the charge is spent," and added that Lieutenant-Colonel Lull was disabled, which was the first information of it we received. We were then on a line with the left wing of the regiment and about thirty rods distant from it. We took a temporary partial shelter in a little gully where we chanced to meet. The lay of the land was very peculiar, looking like the skeleton of a huge fish, the backbone representing the long ridge running from the woods towards the fortifications, and the ribs the short ridges which partially protected us in the gullies. Company B was picking up prisoners, who, in

our advance, had got stuck in the abattis and gullies. One healthy looking young Texan hung with wood can-teens, said, "We didn't think you'uns had got so along." He had come out for some good water for forty comrades.

Soon in our gully struck a huge solid long shot, smok-ing hot. The colonel made a remark about lightning not getting into the same place twice, but in about five minutes another of the same sort struck within four feet of the old hole, and we left. I went up to the right upon the back-bone and saw Frank Lawrence, of Company B, lying behind a stump and firing with raised sights at some of J. Davis' army a quarter of a mile away behind the intrenchments which reminds me of a "Hatch story." The genial C. G. can locate the men, the place and the dates.

One "X," a regular old thorn and borer, would mortify and disconcert Mr "Y" by asking him in a crowd who was listening to "Y's" yarns of doings in the late war, "How many rebels he ever killed?" What made the inquiry most aggravating, was that Mr. "Y" had been a good soldier in the Mexican war and was of an age not to be snubbed like a young buck of the civil war, so finally, having patiently endured the periodical question that came to him every fifteen minutes like one of those night-mare-rotten-old-fashioned shells that used to break in on our Port Hudson snoozers, Mr. "Y" turned on his tormentor, and told him very spitefully that he had killed an almighty sight more of rebs. than they had of him, which axiomatic statement shut up the questioner.

Frank J. Lawrence was wounded soon after he had gone a few steps to the rear. A solid shot from the enemy glanced from the trunk of a tree and passed *near* one of his legs. Capt. J. M. Blanchard says that it was a peculiar case. It is not known that the shot even *grazed* his leg; the skin was not broken in any place, but there was a black stripe about two inches wide on and from the thigh

down, and the bones of the foot and lower portion of the leg were crushed. He adds that as they carried him off the field, he coolly marked time so that the stretcher bearers might step together and cause less jar; that he saw him next day, and that he had suffered amputation below the knee. He was carried to hospital at Baton Rouge and there died on June 30, after the third amputation.

Such cases as the above are very rare. The old fashioned idea was that the bones were crumbled by the wind of the ball in passing. A modern theory is that a certain rotary motion of the passing ball causes the strange effect.

Passing on to the top of the ridge, I saw three men about half way on towards the intrenchments, apparently lighting their pipes. Their attitudes and position were instantly photographed upon my memory as if by one of our modern kodaks. The fact that their backs were to the enemy, and that they were standing quietly as if merely looking over the ground, all this while active firing was going on all about them, looked, when recalled, as at least odd; but they were forgotten for ten minutes as I passed over to the slight depression where the major, who was in command of the regiment was stationed. He told me that the regiment was ordered back from the front, and as I started out to notify all, the spot upon which the three men stood, was vacant, and they were seen just vanishing around an angle of the rebel works far to the right. The three men started the fire which, with the help of the wind, rapidly swept the ground over which we had fought all the morning. It did not probably do much damage, but the smoke was in our faces, and some wounded may have suffered.

The Confederate line of defense here fell off sharply on the right, and after proceeding about a third of a mile to a spot in the wood clear of underbrush where Lieutenant Thompson of Company E was shot on the 29th, I found some of the right wing, and then returned to our line of

advance in the morning. Right there I met Lieutenant King, acting ordinance officer, 3d division, who had charge of the ammunition train. The meeting was accidental, but it could not have been more satisfactory if it had been primarily planned. We have since thought it, as we did then, very refreshing. I then turned to the right again, my attention being called by the energetic appeals of an aid who stood before General Dwight who was sitting at the foot of a big magnolia tree. The aid was asking the general to allow the colored troops who had charged on the right, to retire to the rear, but the general refused, ordering "charge again." The aid venturing to remonstrate, a bit of shell came spinning in near by. Says General Dwight to the aid, "Don't jump, it's nothing but a shell," running the last word up through an octave in tone. The aid kept on with his entreaty, saying that the colored regiments were all cut up and had lost half their numbers, but Dwight broke in sharply saying, "Charge again, and let the impetuosity of the charge counterbalance the paucity of the numbers." (The striking verbosity and pomposity of the order caused me to recollect the wording exactly.) The aid, of course, retired. It was said that General Dwight was greatly opposed to the use of colored troops in the field and thought, like many others, that their place was in garrison and there only under the bravest and most reliable white officers, as when they entered the service, they were as children with little of the stimulus of ambition to energize and uplift them, and that therefore they placed their reliance upon their white officers. Under their influence, where properly led, they would at least *start* to go or do as they were bidden, but were easily confused, for there was little or none of the inter-dependence which is found in the ranks of white soldiers, and assists their *esprit de corps*; but their services were important, sometimes glorious, which is remarkable, considering that they had been

previously slaves with all which that implies in regard to will and manhood. It is but just to say that these remarks apply to the mass of the thousands enlisted, and not to those from the North merely, nor to those recruited in and near the great cities of the South. The majority could fight when Providence seemed to be on their side, but when adversity came they had no reserve force, had no self-reliance, and, too, disease swept them away swiftly, as they died quickly from lack of the higher pluck or moral courage. We think that the friends of the colored soldier will admit that the charges on the enemy at Port Hudson and Wagner, were made by a higher class of men than those generally in the field. Capt. T. C. Prescott writes of them as follows: "The two colored regiments who were under observation, acquitted themselves like veterans, standing under heavy fire for hours, and this first experiment with that class of soldiers proved their valor and worth. They suffered severe losses, and as we moved back at night to our quarters, we passed the little house on the road where a temporary hospital had been established for them, and at the back door of this house we saw a pile of considerable size of legs and arms which had been amputated from those poor fellows."

Banks to Weitzel :

May 27th, 1863, 10.40 A. M. Grover will re-enforce you with his whole force, except one regiment. Augur and Sherman will attack at once.

Banks to Weitzel :

May 27, 1863, 1.45 P. M. GENERAL,—General Sherman has failed utterly and criminally to bring his men into the field. At 12 M. I found him at dinner, his staff officers all with their horses unsaddled, and none knowing where to find their command. I have placed Gen. Andrews in command to advance with Augur who waits for him. I should have sent Augur to you, but thought Andrews could join sooner than he could reach you. We hear that you are supporting your position successfully.

General Sherman's failure to charge was not due to any lack of push or bravery. It has never been fully explained, and as he died soon after, it probably never will be.

Just after the regiment had been called back to the edge of the wood, not out of range, about 2 P. M., a line of white flags appeared along the rebel breastworks. I heard Major Smith call out, "Port Hudson has surrendered." Major-General Gardner on a white horse was seen galloping along inside the rebel line. Afterwards it was reported that one of our shells had burst in one of their batteries, killing twenty-five men and doing so much damage that they called for a truce. After writing to many parties who know nothing of it, including General Andrews (General Banks' chief of staff), who has very kindly furnished many valuable facts, I conclude to put in the following newspaper account. It is at least interesting reading, and will serve the purpose of setting the boys talking. It agrees in time with the display of flags above mentioned.

A strange incident happened during this assault, that might have resulted in the surrender of Port Hudson. At one moment a white flag showed above a rampart in the fort. A regiment of men in butternut gray filed out at an opening and stacked arms.

"What does that mean?" asked the Union troops nearest them.

"We suppose we have surrendered," replied the men in butternut gray.

If any Union officer of sufficiently high rank had been present to order the Union troops to enter the fort, the Port Hudson siege would have then and there ended. But there was no such officer near enough to the skirmish line. There was an interval of silence and waiting on the part of both armies. Then a Confederate officer, said to be General Gardner himself, rode out of the opening and ordered the surrendering regiment back within their intrenchments.

An incident both ludicrous and tragic caused the display of this white flag. A New York colonel had been leading the advance column. Carried away by his enthusiasm, he had approached nearer and nearer the Confederate

works till, turning suddenly, he found himself, single handed, up to their very lines. Either to advance or retreat would have been certain death. At this emergency he tied his handkerchief to a stick in token of his personal surrender. A Confederate colonel some distance away saw the handkerchief above the Confederate lines, fancied it was displayed by the Southern side, and at once got out his handkerchief and waved it, believing that the proper thing to do. The New York colonel succeeded in getting away, but the Confederate colonel was court martialed.

The same reliable author says that General Gardner replied to General Banks' demand for surrender on June 13, that he felt it to be his duty to hold out as long as Vicksburg did. The same says in "The Reformer" of Brattleboro', Vt., that one, Sergt. Rufe Dooley of the Twenty-first Indiana, fired a gun whose shell struck the hard packed face of the rebel works, exploded, and a piece flew back high overhead and crushed the skull of a Union soldier a long way in rear of the gun, which was stationed on the west side of the river, (according to Lieut. Freret) three fourths of a mile distant. The Twenty-first at least fired splendidly and did tremendous execution (see Freret's account), but out of such capacity are born squads of lies.

PERSONAL. — Lieut.-Col. O. W. Lull was commissioned October 1, 1861. He died fighting gallantly for his country at the head of his regiment, on May 27, 1863, his age being thirty-seven years. He was a man of commanding presence, of marked character, persistent, of great energy, even aggressive. Such a man always has enemies, but his were ready to concede that he was honest and consistent. Whatever he was and whatever he accomplished, was done by no favoritism, but by his own efforts. In his youth, he received but a high school education, afterwards teaching and studying law in Framingham, Mass., and finishing the prescribed course with the Hon. David Cross at Manchester, New Hampshire, being admitted to the Middlesex county, Mass., and the Hillsboro' county bar in 1852.



Yours Truly  
O. W. Lull.



In 1848, he married Mary Augusta, granddaughter of Gen. Stephen Hoyt, of Bradford, N. H.

One child only remains living, a daughter, Ada Georgianna, wife of Hon. M. J. Gray, now of Crested Butte, Col. Little Nell sleeps beside her father and grand-parents who loved her so well.

He commenced and continued a lucrative law practice in Milford, N. H., until the breaking out of the civil war. At that time he held a commission as First Lieutenant in the Governor's Horse Guards. Instead of doing as some prominent military peace men did do, viz. : throw up his commission and attend to getting rich on the country's misfortunes, or wear in certain positions the insignia of rank while shirking the dangers of war, he offered his services to the governor of the State and went forth to battle for its honor and the preservation of the Union. In fact, he was always urgent to be at the extreme front. Before me lies one of his letters addressed to General Banks at New Orleans asking for further instructions in regard to the status of the negro, that black ghost that will not, to-day, "down" at anyone's bidding. He finally says, he then being provost judge of the military district of Lafourche, "I hope, general, on the moving of General Weitzel's Brigade, to be relieved from my present position and duties, as fighting disloyalty is much more to my taste than settling the peccadilloes of negroes and planters." Many men would have preferred to enjoy the dignity, power, and comparative ease of his semi-civil position at Thibodeaux, La.

The above extract is in line with the sentiment expressed at home in public in 1861, as follows: "I am willing to give all that I have, all that I am, or expect to be, for my country, in this her hour of peril, asking only that the dear old flag may be my winding sheet." It is appropriately graven upon the marble shaft that now stands over his grave where his remains rest in the ancient cemetery situ-

ated upon a high bluff above the Souhegan river at the chosen home of his early manhood. Over him the grand old pines sigh a requiem, and around, the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep." A little way off is the bustling centre of trade, and often we have heard his old friends say at times which called for private or public action, "What would Lieutenant-Colonel Lull have said or done now, if he had come back to us in the pride of his strength and intellect to take his willing share of the burdens of the hour?"

At the time of his departure, friends in Milford presented him with a sword and belt, also friends in Nashua with a fine horse and trappings. In regard to the particulars and manner of his death, the following accounts are at hand.

At the time that we approached the defences of Port Hudson, he was in a place of honor and comparative safety; but he chose, on invitation of the officers of the regiment, to leave the staff of General Emory and assume the command of his own regiment, as Colonel Fearing was acting brigadier-general and led the second brigade.

On the evening of May 26, as we prepared to bivouac in the woods within three hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments, he said in a familiar way but reverent tone, "Boys, eat your suppers, say your prayers, sleep well, and in the morning we will attack Port Hudson. Some of us will be sure to fall, but you know that all good soldiers go to heaven." At daylight we formed our lines of battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Lull was seen writing a note, resting his paper upon the pommel of his saddle. It was despatched to Lieutenant-Colonel Bean of the Fourth Wisconsin, who also lost his life upon the same day. It read as follows: "The Eighth New Hampshire greets the Fourth Wisconsin, and will march with you into Port Hudson to-day or die." A line to his wife reads thus: "Dearest Wife and Little Ada, — This morning we storm Port Hudson, many of us will never see another day; if I

am one, I shall have done my duty. Good bye, God bless you, dear old father, mother, all.

(Signed) OLIVER W. LULL."

He then dismounted and gave his writings and valuables to a friend. Perhaps it is well here to remark that, judging from the general trend of his action and expressed thought, his friends think that he then had a strong presentiment of near death. If so, how much greater the courage needed to face it, that moral courage which is sublime, which we think finally gave the victory to the North, so much was seen of the collapse of mere physical courage. Soon he moved to the right in consultation with Brig.-Gen. Halbert E. Paine, commanding. Then, turning to the writer he said, "Captain, deploy your company as skirmishers, find that gun (one that was shelling us through the woods upon our left) and take it if you can."

Twenty-nine men of Company B had enlisted in Milford. The first lieutenant, Charles H. Camp, was then a law student in his office. As has been said, the company was his provost guard the previous winter at Thibodeaux, and as it moved on obeying the order, that was the last time that any of its members saw Colonel Lull alive, as the regiment immediately charged to the right and our company obliqued to the left. He was soon struck by a Minie-ball while cheering on the regiment. The wound was not instantly fatal, and as he was being carried to the rear, he called out to his old comrades, "Don't let the regiment break; we can whip them." But at about six o'clock that evening he died. His last words were of his family, and finally when informed that he could not live he said, "Thank God! I die for my country." His body was put in a receiving tomb at New Orleans, and in the autumn removed to Milford, where on November 17, in the church in which the deceased was accustomed to worship, the funeral services were held. The church was filled with sorrowing kindred and friends. A detachment

of the governor's horse guards was present and performed escort duty. At the close of the religious exercises Hon. David Cross of Manchester spoke in terms of highest eulogy of the deceased, and the remains of the distinguished dead were conveyed to their final resting place.

An extract from a letter to his wife, contains the following assertion which was prophetic of the final ending of that for which he paid a treasure which is dearest to man, his life! "I am for fighting until the South makes an unconditional submission to the Constitution and Laws of the United States; no hesitation; no compromises; no concessions." A forcible and noble sentiment supplemented by an honorable record.

Lieut. John J. Nolan as an eye witness, gives the following particulars in regard to the charge on the 27th, and the fall of Colonel Lull. "Though all of the field officers were ordered to go into the fight on foot, the colonel ordered Joel Stimpson to bring up his horse, I carried that order. He then called me to him and said, 'Johnnie, I want you to bring those colors to-night to my headquarters in Port Hudson.' I answered, 'I will, colonel, if I am alive.' When General Paine gave the order to advance, the colonel was directly in rear of our regiment behind the colors. When the brigade in front ceased to advance, he ordered Colonel Lull to charge as we had arrived at very serious obstructions, abattis, etc. Colonel Lull dismounted and, placing himself about twelve paces in front of the colors, gave, while waving his sword, this his last command, 'Eighth New Hampshire, forward, smartly and steadily, and follow me.' When he was shot, he dropped on his sword and tried to steady himself, and I passed on within three paces of him. I saw the action, but did not see him fall, and did not think or know that he was badly wounded until after the battle."

Comrade H. J. Durgin's account: "Lieutenant-Colonel Lull was the second one that I helped to bring off the

field. He was struck in the thigh. The doctor said that the bone was not broken, yet as he died before night, it was thought that the ball glanced up and cut an artery."

Comrade Charles F. Smith was a drummer in Company E. Among incidents of the service, he relates that on the 27th of May, 1863, he helped carry Lieutenant-Colonel Lull off the field, being shown where he lay by Lieut. Tyler M. Shattuck, of whom, by the way, Principal Musician H. J. Durgin, who had charge of the stretcher bearers, speaks in the highest terms in regard to the help given freely by him at all such times. His duties as commissary, of course, did not demand that he should be up there in so dangerous a position at the front; but he says that he often met him in such places when he least expected to see him: that he (Shattuck) had a great deal of *esprit de corps* — a pride in the old Eighth.

Sergt. C. A. Emerson's letter, extract:

On the 27th of May we got well scattered at the latter part of the day. I got well up to the works on the right of where we went in. I think that if a regiment could have been organized from the remnants up there, it could have easily gone in. The rebs seemed to be prepared and *expected to surrender*. If Lieutenant-Colonel Lull had lived, he would have been the kind of a man to have headed a party to go in.

Lieut. J. J. Nolan's letter, extract:

May 27th. The flag that I carried was then partly torn away by a piece of shell, and two sets of color-guards were nearly all shot down. I was wounded, and none of them escaped untouched, except a corporal of Company B, I forget his name, who was killed on June 14th.

The above named corporal was Edward P. Ross, of Company B, a very peculiar and a very brave fellow. He was one of the few who would *tell* what he was going to do, and then go and do it, and perhaps *more*, to the great surprise of some of the doubters. He was not satisfied as

corporal until he got upon the color guard, and he felt a great pride in his colors. He spoke of taking them up on the skirmish line on June 14, but as that was not allowable, he said that he was not going to be cheated out of that fight, and so in the gallant attempt he lost his life, which he might have saved for a while, at least, by remaining in his rightful and honorable place. His record is thus worthy of being preserved.

By Lieutenant Nolan :

A curious circumstance was the death of Edward Mettismus, of Company K. On May 27th he was shot through the neck, cutting the windpipe. He lived until the next day. We went to see him. He made an attempt to drink our health in a dipper of water, but the water ran out through the hole in his windpipe, and he instantly lay down and died.

Banks to Grant, May 28 :

General, — May 27th, we made a combined assault on Port Hudson. The fight was very bitter and our losses severe. Our men, after a march of five hundred miles, have done all that could be expected or required.

Banks to Gardner, May 28, 1863, 6 A. M. :

I have the honor to request that there may be a suspension of hostilities until 2 P. M., in order that the dead and wounded may be brought off the field.

Gardner to Banks :

7.30 A. M. I consent, provided you withdraw your entire force to a distance of not less than eight hundred yards of my lines and send in only unarmed parties for that purpose : also that the fleet withdraw to its original position.

Banks to Gardner, 8.30 A. M. (in reply to note of 7.30) :

I cannot comply with your request to withdraw my entire force to a distance of not less than eight hundred yards from your lines. I cheerfully consent that only

unarmed parties remove the dead and wounded. It is unnecessary for me to refer to your suggestion in regard to the fleet, as I am compelled to decline compliance with a similar request in regard to the forces wholly under my own command. I have the honor to renew my request for a general suspension of hostilities for the purposes named.

Gardner to Banks, May 28, 1863 :

Your note of 8.30 received. As a matter of humanity, I will comply with your request to permit unarmed parties to pick up the killed and the wounded, if you will give orders that your skirmishers shall not make any advance toward my breastworks. I am compelled to make this request or condition, because your entire line moved somewhat forward yesterday afternoon under white flags displayed. The fleet is still firing, and your skirmishers on my left also. I must request that hostilities shall entirely cease to carry out the object you desire. I will fix the time until 2 P. M. which can be further extended if required.

I have also to request that I may be permitted to send unarmed parties into the woods on my left to pick up the killed and wounded.

Banks to Gardner, May 28, 10 A. M. :

I accept the proposed conditions. I have given orders to suspend firing from this moment: also that no flag of truce shall be used without authority from these headquarters. If any incident like that which you refer to, has occurred, it is through misunderstanding, and will not be permitted. It is my desire to take no advantage of any arrangements which may be consented to on your part tending to mitigate the horrors of war.

P. S. I have ascertained that a white flag was in fact improperly used on my right yesterday. It was displayed by an inexperienced officer, without the knowledge of his commanders, and the flag which you displayed in acknowledgement, gave them the first information of its existence. I need hardly say that I regret the circumstance exceedingly, as I have taken great pains to enforce the observance of the usages of war in regard to such flags within my command.

Same. Gardner to Banks :

GENERAL, — I am informed that your troops are erecting a battery within easy range on my left. As this work could be materially interfered with if I should open on them, I consider it a violation of the truce.

Same. Banks to Gardner, May 28, 1.10 P. M. :

It was my intention in proposing a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of relieving the wounded, to cease all offensive operations, and have given orders to this effect. I have sent a staff officer to ascertain if work is being done of the character you describe, and if so, to suspend it. Several complaints of infringements by your command have been made to me. I have considered them unauthorized by you, and have forbidden my men to return them in kind.

The foregoing correspondence about the flags of truce of May 27 and 28, is given quite fully as it deserves, both as concerns those days, and afterwards during the siege. The final decision after the passage of four more notes, was embodied in the following circular :

HDQTRS. DEPT. OF THE GULF,  
19TH ARMY CORPS, BEFORE PORT HUDSON,  
May 28th, 1863, 3.30 P. M.

A suspension of hostilities until 7 P. M. is just agreed on. The conditions are

First, Total suspension of hostilities,

Second, We are to send the enemy's killed, who have not been buried, and his wounded, not picked up and sent to the rear, to the enemy's lines by unarmed parties.

Third, We are to send unarmed parties to pick up our own killed and wounded before the works.

Fourth, Our skirmishers are not to advance during the armistice.

These conditions will be strictly observed.

By command of Maj. Gen. BANKS.

RICH'D B. IRWIN, *A. A. General.*

Banks to Farragut, May 29 :

The enemy took advantage of the armistice yesterday to move the commissary stores from the storehouse on our

right, which was under our fire, and to mass new guns against us in that quarter.

In the light of subsequent events it is well to make note of the strong language used by Halleck at Washington to Banks on the spot, as follows :

Halleck to Banks, June 3, 1863 :

I cannot ascertain from your letters whether you propose to reinforce General Grant or not. The newspapers say that you are moving on Port Hudson instead of coöperating with Grant, leaving the latter to fight both Johnston and Pemberton. As this is so contrary to all your instructions, and so opposed to military principles, I can hardly believe it true.

June 4, 1863, same :

I received from you four letters yesterday. They account for your, before now unaccountable, movement on Port Hudson. As at Alexandria you were almost as near to Grand Gulf as to Port Hudson, we thought it very strange that you and Grant should move in opposite directions to attack both places at the same time. I hope that you have ere this given up your attempt on Port Hudson and sent all your spare forces to Gen. Grant.

Halleck is ably answered in the following :

Banks to Halleck, June 4, 1863 :

GENERAL, — I marched to Alexandria for the double purpose of dispersing the rebel army said to be concentrating there under Kirby Smith and destroying the materials upon which an army could be organized or supported in that country. In both objects I succeeded. The enemy was driven into the pine woods more than seventy miles above Alexandria and the destruction and seizure of war material, the advantage of which I am now reaping, has made it impossible to organize and supply a large force from that country. Besides, my arrangement with Gen. Grant, upon his own proposition, was that I should join a corps of his force in the reduction of Port Hudson on May 25th. I reached this place on the 23d, and a

part of my force was earlier prepared for the attack. It was only at Alexandria that I learned that Gen. Grant had been diverted from his original plan. If now I abandon Port Hudson, I leave its garrison, some seven thousand strong, the force under Mouton and Sibley now threatening Brashear City and the army of Mobile large or small to threaten or attack Mobile. If I go to defend New Orleans, the enemy here will go against Grant. If I go to aid him my rear will be seriously threatened. Under these circumstances, my only course seems to be to carry this post as soon as possible, and then to join Gen. Grant. The separation of the two armies is occasioned by the departure from the original plan of operations. I came here finally after the failure of the first plan, upon the assurance of Gen. Grant, brought by Brig. Gen. Dwight, an officer sent specially to him, that he could *still probably aid us* by a small force, not so large as at first contemplated, but sufficient for our purpose. I believe Gen. Grant to be still of opinion, as he was then, that an abandonment of Port Hudson would relieve as strong a force of the enemy to reinforce Gen. Johnston as it would bring to his own aid.

Upon June 18, Banks feels obliged still to tell Halleck, as follows: "It was not till after the assault of May 27th, that Colonel Riggins, Grant's aide-de-camp, brought word that Grant could not spare the troops that he promised General Dwight to send to Banks at Port Hudson; that Colonel Riggins himself, thought that Port Hudson ought to be first reduced; that he went to Port Hudson by express appointment of General Grant; that it was then, or after May 27th, impossible to withdraw without great injury to the government," etc.

Banks to Grant, May 29, 1863, extract:

GENERAL, — When I came to Port Hudson it was with the understanding from Gen. Dwight's report, that you could assist us in its reduction. It is not stronger than I supposed, but stronger than any one here would for a moment admit. With ten thousand men in addition, we could soon reduce it. I had expected to meet your troops

here on the 25th of May in accordance with your letter and despatch. According to your original proposition, all my movements have been made. All we now want are men and muskets. Col. Riggin will inform you what my force is, and how slight the aid I could give you now. By the concentration of our forces, even at some risk, we shall succeed.

Grant to Banks :

IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, May 31, '63.

GENERAL, — Your letters of 28 and 29 instant, by Col. Riggin have just been received.

While I regret the situation in which they left you, I can make no detachment from my force now. If ten thousand men were taken from my command, I could not answer for the result. Like yourself, all I want now are men.

The bloody work of May 27 was more than a reconnaissance. We found the lay of the land, we found the enemy ; caged him, and got an idea of his strength, as he did of ours. After that, day and night, there was a continual feeling of him ; a concentration of forces in working up to their lines of defense. On the 30th of May, Company B went into rifle pits a little to the right of our charge of the 27th, and within easy musket shot of the rebel parapet. That night was to us a most uncomfortable one. We gained ground forward in the woods to within a few rods of our destination and bivouacked, if that word is proper in describing a sitting up and getting what little sleep we could in a clayed ditch about four feet deep, so crooked that we could choose our positions away from the direct line of fire of the gun we came down to silence, and which sent a shot about every fifteen minutes into our place of broken snooze. The next morning we gained our position forward behind a breastwork of logs, and commenced our job of "keeping that gun down" till Nims' battery could get into position on our left without interruption. We spat the bullets into the embrasure for

several hours, the rule being for each to make the "dirt fly" which we did to such advantage that the enemy managed to load but once during that day and let us know by a close shot that they appreciated our efforts. After Nims' battery was ready and began firing, the second shot knocked the piece awry, and the third cocked the gun right up into the air, which brought out a big cheer on our side. The entrance to our pit was dangerous, as it was elevated and clear of obstructions, and we used to shout to all new comers to come in lively, "double quick." Our negro cook, Morris, had a comical way of doubling himself into a ball and rolling in with his hot coffee. He and his coming and his impedimenta, our rations, were always looked for and cheered with interest. Sergt. C. A. Emerson says of him that he was as brave a man as was in the Eighth, and would find Company B and bring their rations up if he had to go through a shower of solid rebel lead.

In that rifle pit we took some serious lessons in sharp-shooting. On the level between us and the fortified heights, the enemy was busy from his rifle pits in laying us out, and the officer in charge, put some of our emptied ammunition boxes filled with gravel upon our breastworks, raised upon stones and sticks, so as to allow of musket firing from beneath, but Corp. George A. Dustin thought that there was no danger and fired more openly; consequently he soon fell with a rebel bullet through his brain. It was for him a painless death, and his comrades sorrowfully took him away upon a stretcher. He was a good soldier and very popular. After that our boys were more careful; but a Fourth Wisconsin fellow soon crawled out from behind a fallen big tree lying at about right angles to our line, hanging on to his shoulder. He said that the "rebs. had found *him*." That western lot of boys were always running around to find good places to shoot from, and they were equal to the rebs. at any time, having at home practiced on squirrels, coons, and bears.

## Confederate account :

Thursday, May 28th. A formal flag having been presented by Gen. Banks and accepted by Gen. Gardner, a cessation of hostilities was agreed on from 12 M. to 7 P. M. Two thirds of the loss sustained during the siege by our left wing, occurred on the 27th. The 10th Arkansas lost 80. The 15th, lost 70; the First Alabama, 75.

According to Fox's statistics, the Confederates at *this time* and forward, acting by orders from Richmond, made *no official or any definite statements of losses in battle*. Fox gives the total Union loss on May 27, as 293 killed, 1,545 wounded, and 157 missing, equalling 1,995. Our regimental loss was, out of 298, 124 killed and wounded; none missing.

An inside view of the Confederate plans and mode of defense in and about Port Hudson, will be here inserted. It is a condensed compilation of a report by Lieut. James Freret, one of the active defenders of Port Hudson during the siege, who is now a civil engineer in New Orleans :

On the north of the fortifications (where the 8th first struck them), the ground was suddenly very much broken, densely wooded, and almost impassable to Sandy creek, a branch of Thompson's creek. The occupation of Port Hudson was determined on in July, 1862. Gen. Ruggles began a line of detached works eight miles long. This would require by military rule a force of defense of twenty-eight thousand men, a reserve of seven thousand, and seventy pieces of artillery, accordingly that line was abandoned as impracticable. A change of commanders placed Gen. N. R. Beal in charge, and a new and continuous angular line was surveyed on a contracted scope, commencing two and one half miles below Port Hudson, and describing a slight curve to a point on Sandy creek one mile back of the town. For about three quarters of a mile, the line crossed a broken series of ridges, plateaus and ravines. For the next mile and a quarter, it traversed Gibbon's and Slaughter's fields where a wide, level plain seemed formed on purpose for a battle-field. Another quarter of a mile carried it through deep and irregular

gullies, and for three quarters of a mile more it led through fields and on hills to a deep gorge in the bottom of which lay Sandy creek, thence to the Mississippi river was about a mile and a half. This was a line four miles and a half long, which required by the books eighteen thousand men to hold, including reserves. Through the summer and fall a small force of negroes was kept at work on that line throwing up breastworks and finally soldiers were called to help. When Gen. Banks threatened an attack about the 10th of March, 1863, the work was still unfinished. Some little activity now became manifest, so that when the siege really commenced, the line had reached the broken ground to the north of the Clinton road. Soon after, the gloomy looking "Essex" floated down opposite us and went up the river again. The water batteries were then in process of excavation. The "Essex" got ready to go down again, and taking the "Anglo-American" on her starboard side, ran past at 4 A. M. Besides a few field pieces, we opened on her with two forty-two pounders, and a twenty-pound Parrot that had just arrived. She replied, killing one of our horses.

During the fall and winter heavy guns for river defense arrived and were put in position. A three-pit battery was built at the water's edge and two others sixty feet up at the top of the bluff. Gen. Frank Gardner took command on the 27th of December, 1862, and immediately ordered changes, particularly as regarded subjects of engineering skill. The whole system of river defense was altered so as to cluster the heaviest guns together, bringing them all within a contracted scope, and to support each other. Awakened energy was seen on every side and the spirit of the troops was at a high pitch. During the months of January and February, 1863, troops arrived in considerable numbers. Three brigades were formed under the commands of Generals Beal, Maxey and Gregg. In March a brigade arrived commanded by Gen. Rust. About the 10th of March it became known that Gen. Banks would make a demonstration of some kind. He moved from Baton Rouge with his whole force, and we were prepared to meet him on the thirteenth. On the 14th, Rust in the advance, tried to feel of the enemy and draw him on, but in vain. Gen. Rust next applied for permission to get around Banks' right flank, but was

refused; meanwhile the Federal fleet moved up the river. From the Federal fleet the flag-ship "Hartford" with a gunboat on her port side came so near to our battery on passing, that a pistol shot would have taken effect on her deck at that moment. Owing to the want of reliable friction tubes, we were compelled to use the priming horn and port fires, which, at best, are unreliable in a dark night, and the port fires showed our position. After this, Gen. Banks commenced his campaign against Gen. Taylor. We were now lacking provisions; forage was scarce. On the west side the enemy interfered with our transportation, and the Grierson raid on the east side stopped the corn from coming in, and we failed to stop Grierson. Events began to thicken in this department. Gen. Joe Johnston ordered Port Hudson evacuated; but Gen. Gardner had not got beyond Clinton, when he found that Gen. Augur had left Baton Rouge for Port Hudson, and that Banks was coming by forced marches; so we retreated and the place was finally closed in on all sides upon the 21st of May. The approach of Gen. Augur's division from Baton Rouge, was announced by some slight brushes with our cavalry pickets.

May 21st, skirmished heavily all the morning near Plain's store with Augur's advance. More fighting all day; retired at night with a loss of four officers and eighty-nine men killed.

Friday, May 22d. Col. Wingfield's cavalry skirmished with the advance of Banks' army moving from Bayou Sara, thirteen miles distant. It had been generally thought that no attack in force would ever be attempted through the swamp above Port Hudson, nor through the *heavy timber back of the town*; but it having become apparent that the enemy preferred to overcome the natural obstacles of the woods, rather than the artificial ones in shape of fortifications. Gen. Gardner sent a good part of his forces to meet him there, giving the command to Col. Steedman of the 1st Alabama. He had the 15th, 10th and 18th Arkansas, 1st Ala. and 39th Miss.; also a company of Wingfield's cavalry dismounted. The left wing had also Herrod's battery and a section apiece of Bradford's and Watson's batteries. Rifle pits were hastily dug and the valleys and gorges were choked with fallen timber, their only protection.

C. S. A. Colonel Steedman's report of operations in front of the Eighth New Hampshire :

Sunday P. M., May 24th. With a reinforcement of three battalions, I undertook to determine the enemy's strength and drive him back. Drove back his pickets upon the main body and rested.

Monday noon, 25th. The enemy advanced twice and although I received reinforcements of two hundred fresh troops, I could not extend my line to Sandy Creek, and the enemy marched around our extreme left and threatened our rear, so we were obliged to fall back to our original position where we remained during the night. These demonstrations showed that the enemy would attack our lines in the vicinity of the commissary depot, arsenal, etc. This evidence being laid before Maj. Gen. Gardner, all the available tools, *negrocs*, etc. were put at the disposal of the chief engineer, and by dawn on Tuesday, a battery of four pieces was in position, and by Wednesday, the 27th, an imperfect line of rifle pits had been thrown up protecting the left wing. On Monday, 25th, at the extreme left, the Federals came in heavy force through the plantations of Captain Chambers, Mr. Flower and Mrs. Houston; halting at Sandy Creek they built a pontoon bridge. On Tuesday night it was ready, and we then learned that their extreme right was composed of negro troops. Our casualties on the left wing thus far, were about forty in all. The left slept on their arms Tuesday night, the 26th. The enemy were continually cutting timber, moving artillery, etc. My orders were to act on the defensive. Anticipating an attack on Wednesday morning, the 27th, I relieved Miles' battalion and sent in four companies of the 1st Ala. Lieut. Col. Locke's command was thus as strong as before. It was about half a mile in advance of Commissary Hill, and consisted of about five hundred men and no artillery. At about half past five on the morning of May 27th, a heavy artillery fire was opened by the enemy upon the centre and right wing of the defences of Port Hudson. During one hour of this severe firing, there was a perfect calm on the left wing; the silence was ominous. At about half past seven, without any warning, a heavy body of the enemy in column of regiments, advanced boldly upon Col. Locke's line. In a few moments the

fight became very severe and raged with great fury. It resulted in considerable loss to us, and a frightful loss to the enemy in consequence of the dense column exposed to our fire, while our men were under cover of logs, trees, ravines, etc. When the enemy deployed his overwhelming force, Lieut. Col. Locke, in obedience to his previous instructions, withdrew his command as promptly as possible to the main works. Having taken a position in the battery of four guns on Commissary Hill, as soon as I discovered with my glass that our own troops had left the top of the hill and the enemy was occupying it, I ordered this battery to open fire on them. Col. Johnston opened about the same time with two guns from his works.

Thus began the general engagement and assault upon our left wing. A rapid shelling succeeded in breaking their ranks and creating great confusion in the head of the column, but the artillery fire did not stop the advance. Their lines, though in confusion, were pushed boldly forward under cover of the fallen timber and ravines until within good range of our infantry in the rifle pits. The battle was now general on my line, and terrific, continuing for two hours with great fury. The enemy's sharpshooters crept up near our batteries and killed and wounded many of our cannoneers, the falling timber (abattis) giving complete protection. After the enemy found us prepared in front, he flanked to the right, coming up through the field known as the "Bull Pen," but Col. Lyle with the 23d Arkansas, stopped his progress there. Col. Johnston of 15th Arkansas, was heavily assailed at Fort Desperate, but succeeded in driving the masses back. Upon the extreme left of the left wing, occurred one of the most important engagements, not only of the siege of Port Hudson, but of this war. It was a battle between white and negro troops, and as far as I am aware, the first engagement of any magnitude, between the white man and negro. The charge was made by the First and Second "Louisiana Native Guards" (negroes) and two regiments of troops upon the position held by Col. W. B. Shelby of the 39th Mississippi. Shelby says in his report that he determined to hold, at all hazards, a ridge at his front running parallel to the main road and extending to within two hundred yards of the bridge over Sandy Creek. It was a very strong position and easily held by a small

force. Against this the negro troops advanced under fire, although in confusion and disorder, to within two hundred yards of the extreme left, when the artillery opened on them with canister, and they were driven back with great slaughter after having fired but one volley. Several efforts were made to rally them, but they did not again charge the works during the day. Not a single man was killed or wounded of my command. The enemy used one battery against the left, supported by the negroes, one on the hill opposite the commissary depot and one or more against Col. Johnson (Fort Desperate). The latter were subsequently exceedingly destructive, disabling or dismounting most of our artillery by night, and with their sharpshooters, annoying, killing and wounding numbers of our men, but two of their guns were dismounted by a rifled twenty-four pounder manned by a detachment from Company A, First Ala. Vols. The heat of the sun on this day was intense. In the middle of the afternoon a white flag went up and the firing ceased. Upon inquiry, I found that it had been presented by the major of some New York Reg't in front of the 1st Alabama. The officer with the flag made the verbal statement that Gen. Banks desired a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of burying his dead. This verbal statement was sent to Gen. Gardner, who rejected it as "informal" and ordered that hostilities be resumed in half an hour. But many of the enemy during this short truce, retired to positions of safety. I have no doubt but that the flag was used for the unlawful purpose of withdrawing the troops to safer positions.

April 30 to November 30, 1863. Detached abstract from muster roll of First Alabama Volunteers, Colonel Steedman :

This regiment was withdrawn from west side after first skirmish with Federal cavalry. May 27th, were forced back to a line of defence, a breastwork of logs and rails. This was assaulted with great force by the enemy who attacked with great gallantry, but were repulsed.

Lieut. D. W. King, June 7, letter extract :

Sergeant J. S. Towle of Co. A was shot through the head near the close of the fight on May 27th; must have

been instantly killed, as when found, his gun was still in his hands. Lieut. G. W. Thompson was killed two days after in the rifle pits by a reb. sharpshooter. Gen. Paine ably filled his position. Our surgeons have done honor to themselves. Dr. Clark was put in charge of one of the main hospitals at the rear, where the amputations were performed, and acquitted himself with credit. Dr. Smith also did well. His position during the fight, was in a temporary hospital where he worked under fire, assisted by Sergt. Tyler M. Shattuck.

We have been hammering at this job for seventeen days, and the nights are hot! We crawl into grave-like caves for rest! while the thirteen-inch shells sail up gracefully into the azure and topple over to come down and burst and land — anywhere, and one feels like crawling into a pint pot for refuge.

Port Hudson, General Paine's diary :

On May 30, a demonstration from Gen. Johnston was apprehended as a heavy rebel force was reported to be in our rear. Attached the 4th Wisconsin (mounted) to Col. Grierson's cavalry, and sent them out to Clinton on June 1st, but they were repulsed by the enemy with considerable loss.

June 4th. By command of Gen. Banks marched with a part of my division reinforced by the 52d Mass. and 91st New York Regs. and Grierson's cavalry to attack the enemy at Clinton. The extreme heat caused great suffering, my ambulances returned at night loaded with men prostrated by sunstroke. Bivouacked on the west branch of the Comite; 5th marched before day for the middle branch of the Comite; 6th marched at 1 A. M. and entered Clinton at daylight, the enemy fled and we returned to Port Hudson on the 9th.

June 7, Lieutenant King's letter, extract :

Our regiment, numbering only one hundred and forty for duty, has gone to Clinton. My duties require me to stay at the siege.

From "Southern Historical Society Papers" :

About June 5th, the Federals planted a battery of rifled guns on a commanding position opposite to the Slaughter

pen and kept up a most annoying fire. It was only about four hundred yards from our battery at Bennett's house. It was so destructive to our guns, the cannoneers so exposed to sharpshooters, and our ammunition so scarce, that our guns were fired only in cases of necessity. Pits were dug in rear of the platform, in which the guns were placed from under fire, until required for an emergency.

Port Hudson, La., June 8, 1863. Report of General Beall, C. S. A., commanding brigade (in front of Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers) :

SIR, — I have just received your communication containing instructions from the Maj. Gen. commanding that I shall send eighty men from my line to relieve the Ninth Louisiana Battalion (Partisan Rangers) on Colonel Miles' line : that this battalion cannot be trusted on outpost or picket duty ; that they are deserting, etc., and that I must put them where they can be watched and shot down in case they desert. I would respectfully call the attention of the Major General to the following facts : Since the enemy have appeared upon my assigned front, more than one third of my best troops have been taken from me and moved to the left, where they now are, under the command of a junior officer. This I did not object to in the interests of the service ; but now that eighty men on the right are found, who are worse than no men at all, I do object to having men taken from my line, and eighty soldiers that cannot be trusted be put in their stead. I have no place to assign these eighty men where they can be watched and fired upon should they attempt to desert. Their place is in the guard house. I cannot guard them on my line.

I am respectfully,

W. N. R. BEALL, *Brig.-Gen.*

Lieut. LANIER, *A. A. A. General.*

Chaplain Cilley's diary :

June 8th. Have been very unwell since May 18th. Was in New Orleans and attended to many of our wounded at the hospitals. Wrote to Mrs. Lull, giving her probably the first news of her husband's death. Came up on the Iberville ; have distributed the mail. Got a plan and description of the movements of May 27th. Skirmishing is going on continually day and night.

Confederate. From "Southern Historical Society Papers":

About the 10th of June, the Federals planted four mortars in position near their battery opposite Bennett's house. These gave us great annoyance, being fired day and night, yet few men were killed. Lines of rifle pits confronted ours at every point, even as near as one hundred yards.

June 11, 1863. During the night the Federals threw up a battery pierced for eleven guns in the centre of Schlater's field, and within four hundred yards of our works, connected by a line of breastworks with the woods, both on the right and left. The guns were placed therein next night. On the 12th we were heavily bombarded by the land batteries and mortar boats.

Chaplain's diary :

June 12th. The old chaplain is the only one of the original staff here on duty. We are all tired and dirty, but wish to see the old flag victorious. Gen. Banks orders that no letters be sent until after the attack on the fort, soon to be made. If my letters are delayed long, I will see that N. H. papers have a good word for Lieut. Col. Lull, for he was a brave man, a great loss to us and our country. He used to talk with me very thoughtfully, and would call for prayers when I had not expected him, which was a pleasure to me. As we are on the eve of a severe battle, more than usual were present at a prayer-meeting in my tent this evening, among the rest young Prescott of Company G, and Lieut. Locke.

## CHAPTER X.

Union and Confederate Preparations. — Order of the Assault on June 14. — Company G returns to Regiment. — Banks demands Surrender. — General Paine forms his Division for the Assault. — The Assault. — Fifty-third Massachusetts, Colonel Kimball. — Adjutant Willis' Account. — Confederate Account. — Personal Experiences by different Parties. — Banks calls for a Storming Column. — Our Depleted Regiment. — Flag of Truce on the 17th. — Losses. — Sergt. C. E. Conant, Personal. — Firing on the Wounded and the Relief. — General Paine's Arrest at Baton Rouge in 1862. — Confederate Outlook from Inside. — King's Letter.

## CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT :

June 12th, 1863. Our troops were changed to occupy the following positions permanently during the remainder of the siege. Beall's command from right to left, thus : 15th Arkansas, 1st Ala., 18th Ark., Wingfield's Company of cavalry, 29th Miss.

(The 49th Alabama was at the right of the 15th Arkansas, close to the railway.)

Before Port Hudson, June 11, 1863. Union accounts (from "Official Records," Series No. 41, page 548) :

Special order No. 138.

For assault on Port Hudson on June 14th. Main assaulting column to march in lines of battle, and the firing should be, if possible, confined to the skirmishers and artillery until the works are carried. The advanced skirmishers should be of the best troops. They and the storming party might be each a well-trying regiment, or volunteers may be called for.

On the 12th of June, 1863, the following order was issued :

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,  
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 12, 1863.

General Order, No. 64.

COLUMN OF ATTACK.

Eighth New Hampshire, Fourth Wisconsin, as skirmishers, at intervals of two paces.

Five companies. Fourth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Tenth New York with hand grenades.

Four companies from Third Brigade with four hundred cotton bags.

Third Brigade.

Second Brigade.

First Brigade.

50 Pioneers, to level parapet for artillery.

Nim's Battery.

1. The hand grenade men carry their pieces on their backs and carry each, one grenade. They march three paces in rear of their line of skirmishers. Having thrown their grenades, they go on as skirmishers.

2. The cotton-bag bearers march at head of column, two hundred paces in rear of skirmishers. They fill the ditch to company front. Having deposited the bags, they take arms and march at the head of column.

3. The whole movement will be in quick time; no double-quick; but in case the skirmishers encounter batteries which they can take by a double quick advance, they will move in that step.

4. The skirmishers will clamber upon the parapet, followed by the carriers of hand grenades, which will be thrown over into the works as soon as the skirmishers are on the outer slope of the parapets. The skirmishers will then rush in and gain ground forward, fighting, lying down, etc., according to circumstances.

5. As soon as the column is within the works, each brigade will form line of battle and lie down until the artillery is brought up, unless circumstances should necessitate different orders.

6. Each regimental commander will read these instructions to his command, and will carefully explain to his own troops their particular duties.

7. Each regiment, when forming in the night, will move silently, the officers speaking in a low tone.

8. The men will carry two days' rations of hard bread in their haversacks, forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, and twenty rounds in their pockets. The knapsacks will be left in camp under a guard of convalescents.

By command of Brigadier-General H. E. PAINE.

GEORGE W. DURGIN, *A. A. A. G.*

Official, E. B. BELL, *A. A. A. G.*

Chaplain's diary :

June 13th, 1863. Had prayers in my tent this evening by request of many who do not usually come. By order of Gen. Paine we move nearer the fort.

Diary of General Paine :

13th. The general officers met at corps headquarters. We were ordered to assault in the morning in three columns, Weitzel's division on the right, my division in the centre, and Dwight's (formerly Sherman's) on the left.

The last of Captain Prescott's article is here inserted on Company G (mounted) :

We were occupied during the days intervening up to June 14th in guarding foraging parties and trains, short scouting marches and headquarters duties, having detached quarters on plantations near the right of the line. On the 13th we were ordered to join the regiment, and on that evening we marched over to the centre and took our place in the regimental line. This ended the mounted service of the company, and on the 14th, that bloodiest day that the Eighth ever experienced, its men stood shoulder to shoulder with their comrades taking their full share in that terrible strife.

Major Henry H. Huse was born in West Fairlee, Vt., in 1839. He was educated in schools at Lowell and Manchester and taught the High School in Hollis in 1859-60.

In 1861 he raised in Pittsfield and Barnstead a company of volunteers and went into camp at Manchester about November 25, as captain of Company G, Eighth New



MAJOR HENRY H. HUSE.



Hampshire Volunteers. Just after the fight at Bisland, La., in April, 1862, Company G under Captain Huse made the first departure from the regiment as "mounted infantry" and returned to the regiment on the eve of the 14th of June, 1863, attack on Port Hudson. Continuing ill-health, resulting from service in the malarious districts of Louisiana compelled him to resign and he received an honorable discharge on September 22, 1863. Previously, on July 16, he had been commissioned as major by the governor and council.

He resumed his law business in Pittsfield and was admitted to the bar in March, 1864. For three years he was the principal of Pittsfield Academy. In October, 1868, he went into law partnership with Lewis W. Clark in Manchester, in 1872 with Hon. James F. Briggs. He served several terms in the Legislature, and in 1879, as speaker of the House. In 1885, he was elected commander of the Amoskeag Veterans. In March, 1888, he was appointed by the governor and council as insurance commissioner, which office he held at the time of his death on September 7, 1890.

On the 13th of June, about a score of officers were ordered to go under the leadership, I think of a New York officer, to look over the ground on which the charge was to be made. As we went up the Clinton road we were continually notified by the picket boys, who were stuck in the sandy holes on each side, "that we were coming to it," and so we did, away up and beyond the advanced line where, lying down, under fire, we employed ourselves in looking over a blank, level plain, and in seeing said officer dodge from one tree to another with pencil and paper, ostensibly taking drawings, meanwhile shouting to two of our picket behind an old chimney, to fire constantly and keep the *whole rebel force down*. Lieutenant Landers, of Concord, and the writer happened to run up together, and after clambering over a garden

fence, lay down just in rear of a little slip of a tree about six inches through at the butt. After awhile some rebel fellow made a good shot at us, as a Minie-ball spat right into the tree on a line between us. We had seen enough, and Landers, who was a dry humorist, said that it reminded him of one of Watt's hymns, viz. :

Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

And that was true of many of us on the next day : but we had our laugh all the same, right there and then.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 13th, 1863.

*Maj.-Gen. Frank Gardner, Commanding at Port Hudson :*

SIR, — Respect for the usages of war, and a desire to avoid unnecessary sacrifice of life, impose on me the necessity of formally demanding the surrender of the garrison of Port Hudson. I am not unconscious, in making this demand, that the garrison is capable of continuing a vigorous and gallant defence. The events that have transpired during the pending investment exhibit in the commander and the garrison a spirit of constancy and courage that, in a different cause, would be universally regarded as heroism ; but I know the extremities to which they are reduced. I have many prisoners of war and deserters. I have captured the couriers of the garrison, and have in my possession the secret despatches of its commander. I have at my command a train of artillery seldom equalled in extent and efficiency, which no ordinary fortress can successfully resist, and an infantry force of greatly superior numbers and most determined purpose, that cannot fail to place Port Hudson in my possession at my will. To push the contest to extremities, however, may place the protection of life beyond the control of the commanders of the respective forces. I desire to avoid unnecessary slaughter, and I therefore demand the immediate surrender of the garrison, subject to such conditions only as are imposed by the usages of civilized warfare.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully

Your obt. Servant,

(Signed) N. P. BANKS,

*Maj.-Gen. Commdg.*

HEADQUARTERS, PORT HUDSON, June 13, 1863.

SIR,—Your note of this date has just been handed to me, and in reply I have to state that my duty requires me to defend this position, and therefore I decline to surrender. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed) FRANK GARDNER,  
*Major-General Commanding  
Confederate United States Forces.*

MAJ.-GEN. N. P. BANKS,

*Commdg. U. S. Forces near Port Hudson.*

Chaplain's diary :

June 14th, 1863. Clear and cool. Battle begun at 3.30 A. M., and the heaviest firing lasted six and one-half hours. A terrible Sabbath! Gen. Paine has said that he wished no order would ever again be given for a Sunday fight.

From history of Fifty-third Massachusetts, by Adjutant Willis, page 136 :

No point presented less protection to an attacking party than the one selected for this column. The ground in places was slightly depressed, but every hollow which would have afforded any protection to a body of men approaching was completely enfiladed.

Sunday morning at 3 A. M., this regiment moved quietly to its position for the assault, and stood in line of battle in rear of the 38th Mass., and in support of the Eighth New Hampshire and Fourth Wisconsin deployed as skirmishers.

General Paine's diary :

14th. At 2 A. M. began to form my division for the assault. It was covered by a heavy cannonade in which a battery of Dahlgren guns behind my division and served by sailors, participated. Our advance was checked at ninety yards from the face we attacked. I went from the head of the column to the line of skirmishers, and while giving an order to advance, as loudly as I possibly could, at the first word of which the men sprang forward, was

struck, soon after daylight, by a rifle ball, and fell in the midst of many dead and wounded about fifty yards from the enemy's works, into which portions of the 4th Wisconsin and 8th N. H. penetrated. I have no official information, and very little personal knowledge of the subsequent operations of the division. Slight ridges of the field which had formerly been cultivated, protected me from the fire of the enemy, which broke out with great fury as often as the intolerable heat compelled me to move. Two soldiers, whose names I have not yet been able to ascertain, attempted to reach me with a stretcher and fell near me. Private Patrick Cohen of the 133d New York, lying wounded near me, tossed me a canteen cut from the dead body of a soldier. That doubtless saved my life. In the evening I was rescued by a party under Col. Kimball, 53d Mass. I think I should have had my division within the *fortifications in less than twenty minutes* if I had not been wounded, but with a fearful addition to the slaughter of brave men from which the eventual surrender saved them.

June 16th. Was taken to the Hotel Dieu, New Orleans, where after three hemorrhages, the femoral artery having been taken up at the thigh, amputation was performed on the 23d.

This closes Gen. H. E. Paine's diary, from which the writer has quoted liberally, because it was concisely written, and also thoroughly reliable. All veterans think and speak highly of Gen. Paine and we continue quoting from Adjutant Willis' admirable history of Fifty-third Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, as follows :

These same qualities (referring to his arrest and its cause) stood him in hand for the coming emergency, and when he decided to lead the assault in person, it meant that he would enter the works or fall in the attempt. We did not know that he *was to lead us*. In our previous fights, we had not seen any general officer in a very exposed position, and it was not a custom known in the department, so that his appearance before our regimental line after it had formed for the charge, passing up and down saying, as he walked, "Men, I want you to follow me right into those works" was an inspiration.

The official report of Colonel Kimball says :

By order of Gen. Paine, I deployed the regiment in rear of 38th Mass. at a distance of about twelve paces while under fire, and advanced at 4.15 by order, in quick time, supporting the 38th, who were following a line of skirmishers. Our centre, within twenty yards of the rebel works, came upon the *first line* of skirmishers who had been repulsed, but were *holding* their *position*. I was here obliged to halt on account of the broken condition of my line. At this juncture, Gen. Paine came up and after examination, gave the order to charge forward and enter the works. I immediately repeated the order and the men sprang forward and some reached the works and were captured.

It was intended to have Weitzel's command effect a lodgment inside the rebel works and thus prepare a way for the operation of Paine's division. Had the attacks of the two storming columns been exactly simultaneous, the result might have been different. Dwight's on the left, proved an utter failure, owing, it is said, to being misdirected by its guides. If the attempt to carry these works had at any time any show of success, it was when our four regiments led by the gallant Paine, hurled themselves against them, taking the brunt of the enemy's fire, thus enabling the brigades in the rear to follow *en masse*, and complete the breach in the enemy's line where he had inserted, as it were, the point of a wedge. The loss on this occasion was over seven hundred ; mostly from Gen. Paine's division.

An important point is (page 139), that during the afternoon, after the assault had proved hopeless, Col. Kimball of the 53d made his way to Gen. Grover and suggested that a truce be asked for the purpose of getting off our wounded, but the proposition was received with disdain.

“Southern Historical Society Papers,” page 328 :

June 13th, 1863. That night we were shelled from the mortar boats and pounded by the land batteries. Just before daylight, on June 14, they massed their forces in front of the left of our centre and under a heavy fire of our artillery, a simultaneous attack was made upon the 1st

Miss., the 49th Alabama and the isolated position held by the 15th Arkansas. Against the latter, but one charge was made; against the former four desperate efforts were made with no success. The ground immediately in front being much broken, afforded facilities for the Federals to form their troops in line of battle protected from our fire. Their advanced line was composed of three picked regiments, the Fourth Wisconsin, Eighth New Hampshire, and a New York regiment, preceded by two hundred and fifty select men with hand grenades. (The last sentence is, of course, an error, as we started and advanced as per order No. 64. See page 255.) These all fought gallantly, but the main body in the rear evidently could not be induced to come up to their support. The Federals at first pressed heavily upon the right where the 49th Alabama was stationed and it became necessary to close our men down in that direction leaving a portion of the lines almost entirely unprotected, which movement came near proving highly disastrous to us. The smoke was so thick that nothing could be seen more than twenty steps in advance, and before our troops were aware of it, the Federals were pouring into the ditches and scaling our breastworks on the left. A rapid counter movement, however, frustrated their designs and they were driven back with considerable slaughter. Again and again, they rallied, but were each time repulsed and forced to seek shelter in the ravines behind them, and there to reform their shattered ranks. In several instances, their skirmishers succeeded in gaining our ditches and hurling their grenades over the parapets, many of which failed to explode and were thrown back at them by our boys. The engagement lasted from four till eight o'clock, when the Federals were driven back for the last time, leaving a large number of their dead and wounded on the field. The ground in front of our works was blue with their uniforms, and the weeds and bushes still further forward, were strewn with them. At one point in our ditches fourteen dead bodies were counted in a single group. Across the road leading to Troth's landing and in front of our extreme right, the enemy in line of battle came charging on with four regimental colors streaming in the wind; at the same time another line of battle was formed in front of the left of the right wing, stretching across the lower part

of Gibbon's field; both of these were repulsed by the fire of our artillery. After this, our ammunition being scarce, the men were not allowed to fire at their inclination; only a few of the best shots being permitted to fire at intervals, when good opportunity offered. For several nights after this our Columbiads sent eight and ten-inch shells over the heads of our own troops on the land line until our stock of reliable fuses was exhausted. Five weeks of this kind of work passed away without rest to our men either by night or by day, on account of the nightly shelling of the Federal land and water forces. This, combined with continued exposure to the sun, rain and night dews, brought on much sickness. Our stock of medicines proved to be even shorter than our stock of provisions; an increasing list of chills and fever, exhausted our quinine. Ipecac took its place as long as it lasted, and nothing was left but a decoction of indigenous barks to check fever, that did not effect any wonderful cures, so far as heard from.

“ Sam,” extract of letter :

June 20th. This is to let you know that I live in good health and spirits, having marched five hundred miles and been in Several fites. On the 27th of May, I was in 7½ hours and didn't get a Scratch, but it was awful and came near taking the courage out of me for the next one on June 14th. We've been blazing away ever since with only 96 men for duty. I want you to send me a Farming paper and some Larkspur seed (What for?) I've got to go into the rifle pit to-night to scrape acquaintance with rebs. you will see Gen. Banks' speech to us in the newspapers, he wants us to celebrate inside on the 4th but there ain't many of us 8th to divide up the fuss and glory with now, but I have got to go back a mile to fill my canteen for tonight. So good by and my love to Nettie. I wish this cruel war was over so I could *get onto that Land.*

I'd rather handle a hoe and hard cash than a gun and glory.

The writer now proposes as recommended in the preface (quoting Mr. Todd, the “ Tribune ” editor), to insert more of personal recollections of the attack, repulse, and

prison life inside. Full personal narratives have been diligently sought for, but it is a fact that the average veteran dislikes to write even a postal, so one must not criticise too harshly omissions and sardonically laugh because it is *not* told in this book that Lieut. Slime Slack walked off Long wharf and got his picture taken in the mud when the tide was out. I have found that I could sit down by the side of the ordinary seam-hunter and find him wound up for an interesting story.

The other day in a mixed company having some Eighth boys in it, I caught one (a story) in my best ear. I wrote it out at night and sent it to the teller the next day, and he was a most astonished fellow to learn that his story had got half way, at least, into the history. Another, a lieutenant, wrote in answer to circular, that he could recollect nothing of interest; yet the next day a letter came from the opposite direction incidentally saying that this officer at one time was ordered to detail and command a firing party to shoot two deserters who were also murderers. He did the work and was *highly complimented for it* by superior officers, it being very effectually done. It had probably passed out of his mind, but he may recognize the recital in another part of this book.

I propose to record also some movements and incidents, now that we know them, outside, from June 14 to July 8, the day of surrender, so as to keep as near as conveniently can be done the chronological order of events.

Knowing that Sergt. C. A. Emerson was wounded on the 14th of June and taken inside, the following letter extract tells how he felt on that date:

My experience on the 14th that you ask for, is that the rebels fired on everything *alive*, and as *often* as it *moved*. Being so near the works saved many of us. I was wounded by buck shot from a smooth bore musket.

There was no *living* man very near me after we ceased firing. I lay perfectly motionless for hours, the shells from our batteries continually flying overhead. I did not





CHAS. E. CONANT, CO. F.

at the time know what hit me or how badly I was hurt. It felt as if a forty-pound solid shot had struck my heel and the leg had been driven into my body. There was no shelter and the rebs. had it all their own way, and soon all the living, outside in front of their lines, had to go inside. That time, I think, was about noon, I can only tell what happened in my immediate vicinity.

In vol. 2, 1866, State Reports, Lieutenant Marshall writes :

No flag of truce was allowed by the rebels for three days. On the 17th, however, the stench from the putrifying corpses had become so intolerable to the enemy, that they raised a white flag and proposed to pick up our dead and deliver them at a given point. This was, of course, accepted, and one hundred and thirteen dead and *one wounded* were brought in, most of them so discolored as to be unrecognised.

The Confederate account speaks of "one wounded sent back."

To-day to us, it seems strange that that one's name should have been unreported; but it shows how severe was our repulse, and how overpoweringly important other matters were. The veterans will understand it. But the comrade has been found, and his name is Charles E. Conant, of Company F, now living at Ayer's Village, Haverhill, Mass. His case is an extraordinary one. The perusal of the account of his sufferings given in few words here, leaves the impression that his life's salvation lay in the peculiar American *grit* that *grins* under the most *galling* circumstances. His story is vouched for by Lieutenant Beckford, who, in a recent letter, says that when Conant got on our side he sent for him and he did not know him — could not believe that it was Conant even after C. spoke to him — never saw such a bad looking live man as he was, — his face was black and swollen, and his wounds full of maggots.

Comrade Durgin says that that day the stretchers were

so defiled that they were never again used; that so decayed were the bodies that the head of one rolled off; that he saw Conant carried by and off the field. Capt. Dan. Newhall says that he knew his case and that C. was "tougher than biled owl." Conant writes that on that 14th of June morning they formed and moved along up a ravine beside a "railroad on *stills*" into a field behind a hedge and lay down till the word "Forward," then went straight for the works, but he went into some kind of a hole or rifle pit followed by two men on top of him; got out of there and on again. Says, "Saw Lieutenant Wallis just a moment to my left; faced at the ditch an Arkansas chap, got hold of the end of his rifle in the struggle, and got my hand shot; dropped down and bound it up; loaded and shot away when I could see a reb.; got a shot at last through both legs, and went down in a heap into a shallow sand hole; bound up my right leg with handkerchief twisted in with bayonet, and stuffed my remaining wounds with sand. Johnnies came out after dark and took all I had, even the handkerchief off my leg, and left me in only shirt and pants. That night a big fellow who said that he was a 'Thirteenth Connecticut man,' threw me a rubber blanket. Asked him to take me off. Said, 'No,' I'd be dead before morning. I said, 'I'll live to see you under the sand.' I of course suffered for water terribly, but I licked the heavy dew off that rubber and hid the rubber under my shoulders in the daytime. Slept well, my *head to the north*. Ate sticks and weeds with all the appetite of the nineteen year old boy that I was. Knew that I was in front of Arkansas boys by the officer singing out in the fight, 'give it to 'um, Arkansas boys.' Couldn't move my head first day. Got over that and felt that I'd come out all right. Didn't know that I was the only one taken off alive on flag of truce day. I used to count the dead around me every few hours; couldn't get them twice alike. Rebs. used to come out to me nights;

told me Banks wouldn't raise a flag of truce. I began to believe it and told them that in another day I'd go inside. I, at the last, had been asleep; thought I heard digging; made all the noise I could; was picked up by somebody and carried past a large tree and *brick chimney*. (That is right. It is strange that, after lying three days and one half without food or water, he should recognize and take note of his surroundings so correctly.)

Called for water and got coffee. Next thing — on a board on two barrels and a Dutch surgeon flying round. He gave me brandy. Said I was about as 'good as two dead men.' I called for Lieutenant Beckford. He came, and had a hard time getting me away from the old saw-bones, but did, up to Brigade Headquarters hospital. The Lieutenant saved my legs, for which I am very thankful."

Comrade Conant enlisted, according to roster, from Londonderry.

The lone brick chimney spoken of, standing on the west side of the road going up, was a very prominent object, yet few recollect it whose memories have been appealed to. A very true picture of it, and the surroundings upon flag of truce day was given in "Harper's Magazine" of a near subsequent date. The writer fortunately preserved one, but if not mistaken the original plates were destroyed by fire. Comrade Durgin says, "Yes, indeed; I remember the lone chimney well. It was a prominent feature of the field that we fought over. Many sad memories cluster around it. Our flag of truce station was some twenty rods from it. In regard to Conant, I heard someone say that he would soon die, and it was better to leave him near the ditch than to carry him to the rear."

A letter from Lieut. William A. Beckford, to Comrade Conant, dated August 7, 1863, says that there was a great deal of sympathy for him in the company and regiment, and that he had been appointed as sergeant in Company F.

In regard to the flag of truce line, to which the Con-

federates brought by agreement our dead on June 17, it is now proved to the writer's satisfaction that the "Harper's" illustration was wrong in that respect, although the landscape is easily recognized by the cut. At The Weirs, in August, 1891, Comrades H. J. Durgin, C. F. Smith, and John F. P. Robie, of the drum corps, who, of course, were there and assisted in taking charge of and burying the dead, agree in saying that the line was at the crest of the hill in rear of the lone chimney, about the distance which Durgin has set it, viz., twenty rods, whereas the bodies are shown in the picture as being brought only to the large trees in advance of the chimney, and groups of Union soldiers are there seen.

Speaking of the drum corps, perhaps it is well to say that, at the above time and place, in discussing in regard to who was the youngest enlisted in the regiment, opinion was divided between J. F. Robie and Thomas J. Fitzgerald, both being in years, thirteen and a fraction.

The morning of June 14, 1863, was very quiet for a siege. At 3 A. M. there was no wind, no disturbing sounds arose near or afar to claim attention. There was no picket firing of consequence; even the discordant mule was still. The cautionary order, "no noise," rendered the scene more depressing. As we stood by the slight fire at the rear of some fallen logs waiting for that pot of coffee, which seemed to be the only earthly solace that we could depend upon just then, the oppressive stillness was noticeable; there was a good deal of steady thinking done. A request to take charge of trinkets, and last messages, kept the chaplain busy. Soon, ranks were formed and the recruits of '61 marched forward as the *soldiers of '63*. There was little thought of shirking or of anyone's shirking the fight. There was no talk of a picked rear guard to goad up any unwilling or of giving orders to shoot any runaways. Still it is no wonder that we hear of instances of "heart failure" in the presence of the enemy. We



JOHN F. P. ROBIE, CO. F.



would have felt easier if we could have shouted, laughed, and bantered each other. Compared with the silent and deliberate preparations that we made in the dark, a sudden order to charge on a foe in sight would have been a relief. We moved on the Clinton road and to the left until we neared the old rickety railroad and the slight shelter of a hedged ditch; here we deployed as skirmishers and awaited the opening by our artillery. Opposite us in the rebel fortifications, was the centre of their line. In our direct front and to our right, their forces were commanded by Brig.-Gen. W. N. R. Beall. Just at daylight, General Paine did not order us to "charge" in stentorian tones, but we heard a low "go ahead," and saw him signal with outstretched arms, and "go," we went. After working up a few rods it was plain to eye and ear that our advance was seriously checked. Numbers were falling on all sides. The writer stopped and, partially turning, looked to the right along our line. Being the ranking officer and in command of the regiment, I gave the order to "lie down," hoping thus to gain time for the main column to come up and that by joining their momentum we might make the attack a success, but the head of the column never came, in force. At that instant, I was wounded and fell. After lying until about 3 P. M., and concluding that I had got too near (within fifteen yards) to get safely back at night, I took my sword for a cane and waddled a part of the way to the breastworks. By command of a Confederate officer, two stalwart Johnnies jumped out and helped me over and into the presence of Major Tom Street of the Forty-ninth Alabama.

It is now seen that in the outside world that I had suddenly left, General Banks was still very hopeful and ardent, for he issued, as follows:

General Order, No. 49.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE GULF,  
19TH ARMY CORPS,

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 15, 1863.

The commanding General congratulates the troops before Port Hudson upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the contest. We are at all points upon the threshold of his fortifications. One more advance, and they are ours! For the last duty that victory imposes, the commanding general summons the bold men of the corps to the organization of a storming column of one thousand men, to vindicate the flag of the Union and the memory of its defenders who have fallen. Let them come forward! Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault may be assured of the just recognition of their services by promotion, and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory, shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of 1863, for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name will be placed in general orders upon the roll of honor. Division commanders will at once report the names of the officers and men who may volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the column may be completed without delay.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN,

*Assistant Adj.-General.*

It is well to record that our cousins, the Fourth Wisconsin, probably thought as did the Eighth New Hampshire that they had done their share on the 14th, as their only representative was Private Patrick Pigeon, of Company A. The Eighth provided three volunteers, viz.: Capt. J. J. Ladd, Company D; Lieut. Dana W. King, Company A; Private John Riney, Company B.

Sergeant Farley, of Company K, says, "After the annihilating charge of June 14th, our regiment was called out with the brigade to repulse the enemy who was bothering our rear. It mustered only sixty men, commanded by a

second lieutenant. Companies were commanded by corporals. In my company were only three men, and I was in command."

At The Weirs, in 1890, a good deal of inquiry was made as to who that second lieutenant was who commanded for a short time the regiment, and afterwards, through considerable correspondence, it was found that Lieut. J. J. Nolan was the officer.

C. S. A. General Beall to General Gardner, Jackson Road, June 14, 1863 :

GENERAL.—The men have repulsed several charges on this line. The First Miss. is scarce of caps, can you send any? Our loss thus far small; that of the enemy large. Most of our guns (artillery) are disabled on this line. Fire of artillery from the enemy very severe.

Beall to Assistant Adjutant-General Wilson, June 14, 1863 :

The loss of the First Miss. regiment is very severe in to-day's engagement, 18 killed and about 14 wounded. The command is much reduced.

"Southern Historical Society Papers," Freret, page 333 :

On the evening of the 15th (June 1863), General Banks sent in a flag of truce to ask Gen. Gardner to receive medicines, etc., for wounded Federal soldiers. Gen. Gardner assented and took occasion to express surprise at the fact that no cessation of hostilities had yet been asked for by the enemy for the purpose of removing their dead and wounded then upon the field for two days under a hot sun. The medicines were sent in, yet no request for a flag of truce. Our succoring party was fired on. On the 16th, the effluvia was so offensive that Gen. Beall sent out a flag of truce, proposing to deliver the dead, which was accepted.

Beall to Gardner, June 17, 1863 :

The dead, one hundred and sixty, and *one wounded man* have been delivered. There are signs of many hav-

ing been buried by the enemy. Gen. Paine was wounded in three places, and lay all the day of the fight near our breastworks. He will lose a leg. There are hundreds of guns near the breastworks; also hand grenades.

Jan. 24, 1864. Report of Captain Girard, chief of ordnance, to General Gardner :

On June 14th, 1863, three of our guns were dismounted. At the request of Col. Johnson, 15th Arkansas (in front of Eighth New Hampshire), I fixed some 13 inch mortar shell outside the fortifications, to be burst at the approach of the enemy. A few days after, we put in fourteen more, arming the men with hand-grenades.

June 14, Chaplain's diary :

Byron D. Hoitt of Northwood was wounded in head and side, and would have been killed but for a piece of castile soap and a large bone ring in his pocket. The ring had three hearts on it, and was broken. An old copper cent also helped receive the ball.

Losses on Sunday, June 14th, total, 124; killed, 16 (9 died in hospital of wounds); wounded, 85; one death from sunstroke; missing, 22.

Capt. Stanyan, Company B, was wounded and is in the enemy's hospital. Lieut. Newell is a prisoner. Two who slept in our tent are missing; one is killed — Lieut. Wallis, Company F, who slept foot to foot with me, and both of us are tall, so we had many laughs as we chanced to touch each other. The other is our Sergt. Major and acting Adjutant, J. M. Blanchard, Company B. He has lost an eye. Capt. Huse will have to go North, he is so feeble. I hope he may get better.

The chaplain's report was made on the spot, but fuller returns give a loss of one hundred and thirty killed, wounded, and missing, out of two hundred and seventeen that went into the fight. As for Company B, it went in with twenty-six. Of these, six were killed, seven taken prisoners, and only four of the remaining thirteen got to the rear unhurt.

Under fire. Capt. T. C. Prescott's letter :

The following incident illustrates how sometimes in the presence of the enemy, an uncontrollable fear will take possession of a veteran who had been and was later, a faithful soldier. For that reason, at least, his name is withheld. On the morning of June 14th, just before the order to advance came, a soldier said to the officer standing by his side, "Lieutenant, I can't go into this charge; for God's sake, let me go back. I *know* that I'll be killed." His commanding officer said, "The order to charge will be given, and although the most of us will be killed, not a man shall falter." The man seemed suffering the agony of death already. Just then a rebel bullet came on its mission of death and one poor fellow near by went down. Soon came the order for the general advance, and the line moved on through the hedge, but the terror stricken man was paralyzed. Said he, "I can't move, lieutenant." "You must," was the reply, and the officer took him by the shoulders and pushed him as if he had been but a boy, through an opening in the hedge, and up into the line. The rough movement seemed to reassure him, and soon he was in the thickest of the fight. Though men were falling all about him he went on with renewed vigor nearly to the works and came off at night with no serious hurt, while the officer, less fortunate, received a wound that took him to the brink of the grave, maiming him for life.

The "nerve" of Reed. Lieut. J. J. Nolan's letter :

On the 14th, Reed had two of his fingers shot, and Dr. Clark was going to cut them off at the joints and proposed to give him chloroform. Reed Sr. said, "No, by —, you don't; give me a glass of whiskey!" The doctor did, and performed the operation. Then Reed said, "Well, doctor, I guess that that is worth another glass." Reed got it. I saw him shortly after, sitting under a tree, contentedly smoking his pipe, and he went with me to the Company before going to the hospital.

Capt. T. C. Prescott's letter extract :

Firing on the wounded. The vindictive and cruel spirit sometimes displayed by the Confederates upon the battle-

fields of the South, has often been denied and is, perhaps, now quite generally discredited. A notable and wholly unjustifiable instance of this characteristic of their conduct occurred at Port Hudson, on the 14th of June, 1863, and came under the personal observation of the writer.

The command of Company G devolved upon Lieutenant Locke for that day, Captain Huse being sick, but very early in the charge he received a severe wound which completely disabled him, and Lieut. T. C. Prescott succeeded to the command, leading the few remaining men of the company up to within a few yards of the enemy's breastworks. Only a remnant of the regiment was left, not fifty Union men being in sight, and it seemed utterly impossible to attempt scaling the parapet with any show of success, so Lieutenant Prescott and his handful of men, some seven or eight in number, lay down in the opening of an angle of the earthworks, keeping up a vigorous fire on the rebels, thus helping to keep them down behind their protection and slackening their fire from that point on the other lines that were struggling up in the rear. Soon a man of Company G was disabled, and Lieutenant Prescott seized his gun and cartridge box, firing as often as he could load and a head was exposed to view. About six o'clock that morning, he received a bullet wound in the left shoulder and breast, and one in the arm, which completely disabled and prostrated him, and he stretched himself on his back as if dead, to await the result. By this time not more than three or four men of the company remained unhurt, and it was thought injudicious to draw the fire any longer, so all took a quiet position and ceased firing. Frequently wounded men were fired upon if they showed any sign of life by moving, and it seemed to give special delight and satisfaction to the rebels to take the last faint spark of life from every Union man on the field.

Orderly Sergeant Rufus Clark was one of the fortunate ones not wounded, and about noon the lieutenant's suf-

fering having become very intense, Clark insisted on making an effort to get him off the field. Prescott would not consent to this, for the reason that any movement by Clark would subject him to great danger, probably costing his life, and for the further reason that in the event a stretcher could be sent there, the enemy, in all probability, would not respect it, as they were constantly firing upon wounded men. Chances of getting away seemed only to be in waiting until the night, and then, if any survived, to crawl quietly to the rear. Clark, however, determined on the effort, and by pushing himself slowly along on the soft sand and thin grass, he finally succeeded in getting down to the right and rear about one hundred yards to the cover of some underbrush, and escaped untouched. About an hour later, while watching in the direction Clark had taken, Lieutenant Prescott saw two colored men crawl out from the cover of some small trees, creeping slowly and quietly towards him, the one in front having a stretcher, he then knew that Clark had succeeded in persuading those men to come for him. When within about fifty feet, both men stood up and ran towards the officer, the one having the stretcher holding it in front of him as if for protection; but no sooner were they discovered than the negroes became a target for the seemingly infuriated men behind the works, and they were filled with bullets from head to foot, the nearest one being so close to Lieutenant Prescott that the stretcher nearly struck him as the man fell. Both seemed dead, yet strange to say, after lying quietly some time, one moved so that the motion was perceptible to his persistent murderers, and a dozen more bullets found a lodgment in his innocent body. Lieutenant Prescott no doubt owed his life to the killing of these two non-combatants under protection of a stretcher, but it seemed a terrible sacrifice at the moment, and ever will, so long as memory lasts.

Such was the spirit exhibited on the field at Port Hudson

by the "chivalrous" men of the South. Lieutenant Prescott lay on his back on the field, motionless, until 10 o'clock at night, when the darkness made it possible for him to drag himself away by taking hold of the short grass with one hand and drawing his body a few inches at each effort. This process was continued quietly and slowly as his strength would permit, until the low bushes before mentioned were reached. In his exhausted condition, he could not walk, but succeeded in crawling to the foot of a large tree where he lay until found during the night by the stretcher bearers, who took him to the regimental hospital, a spot of smooth ground in the woods with the underbrush cleared away, and the foliage for a canopy.

The foregoing evidence in regard to the unnecessary firing upon wounded men, tallies with the account given by Capt. George N. Carpenter in his history of the Eighth Vermont, which was in Weitzel's brigade and which charged in on our right. The assaulting column was headed by the Eighth Vermont under Lieutenant-Colonel Dillingham. The advance was like our own, viz. : Two regiments of skirmishers in front, followed by one regiment with hand grenades, the next with cotton bags. After the beating down of the skirmish line the Eighth Vermont moved to the charge by the flank through a ravine, then forward. That regiment lost ninety-six in killed and wounded. Further, "all that hot June Sabbath day the men lay there in plain sight, the dead, the wounded, the unhurt, together : but no help could reach them for the enemy's gunners were unusually active, and woe to the men who showed signs of life on the field, and the pitying comrade who ventured forth on a mission of relief. The least movement drew the fire of a score of sharpshooters. Many who lay wounded before the works were killed during the day, and several brave men who set out to carry relief to their fallen mates were ruthlessly shot."

The experience of the writer was diametrically opposite

to the foregoing accounts. After I was wounded and fell, I discovered that Corporal Livermore was lying wounded about ten feet to my right and that he was still firing. I told him to halt that, as it was of little use and would draw the Confederate fire on all of us. I felt that the charge on the works being the main object, and that having failed, the killing of one or more of the enemy was of no account and that we had no right to risk lives in the attempt. About noon a young rebel came out to me, as he narrowly watched the puffs of smoke from our side, he dodged about like a sand crab. I rather unnecessarily said to him, "You are not going to fire on us are you?" Said he, "No; are you coming in now? You can't get away. If you try we shall fire on you." He got my broad brimmed hat and went back under cover.

About 3 p. m. I made up my mind to go in. As I lay within fifteen yards of them I had no long journey. Now certainly, they were fair in not shooting Livermore and others. We were very much alive and lively. I once rolled to the left a few feet to get in the rather imaginary shade of a tempting looking shrub, but soon got back as I liked the hollow that I had made by writhing about in the soft soil of Louisiana. I am inclined to think that our different experiences as above related, including General Paine's, were owing to the make up and style of our different *antagonists in front*. Company B was, of course, at the extreme left and we went in right on the *Forty-ninth Alabama*, Tom Street, as they called him, major commanding, and we got what soldiers might term a very gentlemanly reception. Certainly we must give the credit to the enemy in *our* front of not killing us unnecessarily, if it was the fashion at other attacked points. I insert a letter from Gen. Halbert E. Paine, giving his views on the matter. Like many other cases, a personal explanation of *terms* used, might result in finding that we all thought about alike. Perhaps a strong if not entirely wrong term

was used in saying that the "field belonged to the victors." We agree that only a flag of truce secures a right to enter a battlefield unharmed, and of course if an unhurt *combatant* tries to get to the rear the trial is at his own risk.

It is a *fact* that the Confederates *dictated the terms for a flag of truce upon the 17th*, and they were, that our dead were by them to be delivered at a point on or near the line held by us, which line was to the rear of the lone chimney before spoken.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7, 1891.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—In your favor of 2d inst. you say: "The point is made by some that at Port Hudson, on June 14, the field belonged to the victors; so the wounded did too, if they chose to claim them; and all persons trying to succor comrades were on the field at their own risk. We would very much like your opinion on the above statement."

The proposition that our men who attempted to rescue their comrades on that day, were on the field "at their own risk" is, I think, sustained by the laws of war. But the ground on which you base this proposition seems to me to be erroneous. Your correspondent assumes that the rebels were, on that day, victors in such a sense that the field, between their fortifications and our lines, "belonged" to them, and that our wounded belonged to them, "if they chose to claim them." Upon further reflection he will, I think, see that this cannot be true.

During the whole of June 14, from daybreak to nightfall, the field in our front could have been swept by a fire from our line more than tenfold as heavy as that of the enemy. I had fifteen guns in battery, including the Parrotts of the 21st Indiana Heavy Artillery and four steel rifled cannon, all of which were most admirably handled. To these were added the heavy guns brought up from Admiral Farragut's gunboats, and the rifles of our infantry, which latter often for hours together kept down the fire of the enemy's cannon. The field was more safe for us than for the enemy. If the entire garrison of Port Hudson had made a sortie in our front at any hour on the 14th of June, not a rebel would have stood on his feet at

the end of ten minutes. Moreover our line, on the morning of that day, was very near the fortifications, where it had been for seventeen days. But when night came that line had not receded one inch. Nor did it ever thereafter recede an inch.

The rebels, then, were victors only in the narrow sense that they had prevented us from entering their works. But this did not make the "field" theirs, nor did it make our wounded theirs if they merely chose to claim them. To make the field theirs, it was still necessary for them to enter it and take possession. Their plight after ten minutes' possession would have been a sorry one indeed. To make our wounded theirs it was necessary for the rebels not merely to "claim" them, but to march out and take them. It would have been their *dead march* sure enough.

The theory that the field and the wounded "belonged" to the enemy, after our assault failed, would, then, lead to this result, that the enemy then acquired a right to emerge from their defences and capture our wounded, and we had no right to prevent it by firing on them, although we were in fact able, after as well as before the failure of our assault, to sweep the field of battle by a fire ten times as destructive as theirs.

A field of battle does not belong to either army while swept by the fire of both,—certainly not to the army unable to concentrate upon the field one tenth of the fire delivered by the opposing force.

While, therefore, I assent to the proposition that our men, who attempted to rescue their wounded comrades on the 14th of June, did so "at their own risk," I do not think it based on the true ground. The true ground seems to me to be that while a battle is in progress no man can go upon the field except at his own risk. In order to secure the right to enter a battlefield unharmed there must be a suspension of hostilities, under a flag of truce.

If the laws of war interdicted firing on stretcher-men on the field during a battle, they would furnish a convenient device for defeating the consummation of a victory; for the losing army could on the eve of defeat avert the catastrophe by interposing a swarm of stretcher-men. If rebel stretcher-men had been safe from our fire, they might have stolen our wounded right under our noses. If our stretcher-men had been safe from rebel fire, we might

have carried from the field not only our wounded comrades, but also those who were not wounded.

In conclusion permit me to say that although I do not think that the laws of war protect stretcher-men on the field while a battle is raging, I consider it basely inhuman to fire upon men *known* to be carrying off *wounded* either on *stretchers* or in *ambulances*.

Very respectfully,

H. E. PAINE.

CAPT. J. M. STANYAN, Milford, N. H.

The following extract from General Paine's diary of the previous year is put in because the veterans of the Eighth will be interested in recalling the fact of his "arrest," and in reading comments on it:

BATON ROUGE, June 11, 1862.

Placed in arrest for disobedience of orders. 17th, embarked in arrest, with my regiment, on the 2d Vicksburg expedition. My "arrest" was so modified as to always give me command when the troops should land for *action*, the "arrest" to be at once renewed on re-embarkation. 23d, took my regiment around Ellis Cliff's after rebels. They fled. Went to rear of Grand Gulf, engaged the enemy, killed the commander, captured prisoners and destroyed their camps. At Vicksburg witnessed the passage of the town, saw the "Essex" and "Queen of the West" attack the terrible "Arkansas." Was ordered to New Orleans to report in arrest to Gen. Butler. Did so. Aug. 5th at midnight was summoned to Headquarters of Gen. Butler. He read a despatch from Baton Rouge written at time of battle. Gen. Breckinridge had that morning attacked. The ram "Arkansas" had come down to coöperate. Gen. Williams had been killed. Gen. Butler instantly released me from "arrest," ordered me to Baton Rouge to take command as Senior Colonel of the forces there.

6th. Arrived at the port at midnight; found the "Arkansas" sunk and the rebels retreated. 7th, formally assumed command by a General Order. Intrenched. 18th, sent to Gen. Butler requesting him to rescind his order for the burning of Baton Rouge, being convinced that I could hold it.

19th. Gen. Butler consented.

The *cause* of General Paine's arrest is not stated in his diary, and the writer is glad, without consulting him, to make the following extract from the History of the Fifty-Third Massachusetts Volunteers, by Adj. Henry A. Willis :

A braver man than Gen. Paine did not tread the battle-fields of the rebellion. A more conscientious one never drew a sword. Witness the following which occurred at Baton Rouge in June, 1862. A number of slaves came into his camp bringing valuable information and to whom he gave shelter and protection. Their masters demanded their return, and Gen. Williams commanding the post, ordered their return. Upon receipt of the order Col. Paine refused to obey it. He wrote in justification of his action, "The order of Gen. Williams forces upon me an alternative which is peculiarly painful, because, to me, obedience to orders has always been in practice as well as in theory, a fundamental military maxim. I am compelled to disobey him or defy the sovereign power of the Republic. In this matter I cannot hesitate. No punishment for disobedience to this order can be as intolerable as the consciousness of having violated the law by compelling my guards to return to the vindictive rebels fugitives whose information has been sought and used for the benefit of our arms. While I have command of the Fourth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers they cannot, with my consent, be employed in the violation of the law for the purpose of returning fugitive slaves." Col. Paine was immediately ordered under arrest. The correspondence was read on parade; the regiment gave him three cheers and gathered about his quarters after parade when he came out and addressed them. This looked like rank insubordination, but he was sustained and restored to his command.

Official. Serial 41, page 150. C. S. A., May 31, 1863. Colonel Lyles to Assistant Adjutant-General Willson (within Port Hudson) :

The enemy has dismounted our large gun and wounded five men. I think by getting a new wheel —

O. P. LYLES,  
*Col. Comdg. Right Wing.*

Same, June 30, 1863 :

The enemy is now rolling before him a hogshead filled with sticks. I must arrest his progress before 3 P. M. or he will throw his hand grenades into our trenches again. I am certain I can stop him.

Same, June 30, 1863 :

Enemy is making demonstrations. He got in my trenches and got one officer. I whipped him (the enemy) out again.

Same, June 30, 1863. (According to dates, Lyles did as much writing as fighting. W.) :

MAJOR, — The enemy, as I said, got into my trenches. I killed six. It was rather a small business, as usual (I mean his charge). He took one captain and three of my men out of the trenches and killed one. All is now quiet.

Same, July 1 :

I am unable as yet to check the enemy. I am of the opinion that he will get in to-night. He has almost ruined my rifle pit with his artillery. I am wide awake.

Same, Port Hudson, July 3, 1863 :

MAJOR, — All is well down here in the Devil's Elbow. Last night was unusually quiet. The enemy keeps coming with his trench. I am ready for him, let him come. I can whip him in four minutes. I can hold the point and intend to do it. This little report is made simply to inform you that I am still in life and spirits.

O. P. LYLES,

*Col. Comdg. Right Wing.*

MAJ. WILLSON, *A. A. G.*

Col. O. P. Lyles' reports are stolen from the front of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers.

Extract from a letter from Lieut. James R. Newell, dated New Orleans, July 13, 1863 :

On the 14th ult., I was wounded in the shoulder and taken prisoner. The 8th N. H. and 4th Wis. were

deployed as skirmishers in advance of Gen. Paine's division, and ordered to charge at quick time and enter the enemy's works. We charged a distance of three hundred yards and were under heavy fire all the way. But few got into the works, and all who did were either killed or taken prisoners. It was either surrender, or be shot down. I was a prisoner three weeks; was kindly treated; was well fed at first, but during the last ten days subsisted on corn meal mush and molasses. From sickness and bad diet I became greatly reduced in flesh and strength. With six other officers, I was confined on the second story of an old building, and we were guarded by a sentinel at the stairs in front. By bribing a negro, I obtained a rope and a suit of Confederate uniform. On the night of July 4th, I got the bars off the window, fastened the rope, put on the rebel clothing over my own, and after having first let down my heavy boots, clambered down the side of the building over this rope. Although my weight was less than one hundred pounds, it required a strain of every nerve, for the wound in the shoulder was sore. I reached the ground, put on my boots and crawled to a shed near by, thence I emerged and walked quietly and composedly through the village, meeting a few soldiers who did not suspect me. Following the bank of the river up and out of their works and avoiding their parapets, I found our pickets and was again free. I went to headquarters, saw Gen. Banks, then went to New Orleans for surgeon's attendance.

Lieut. D. W. King's letter extract, June 19, 1863 :

Before Port Hudson. No flag of truce was had until the afternoon of the 17th, and then only in front of our own division. It was raised by the Confederates as they said that the stench was unbearable, and they proposed to deliver our dead and wounded at a certain point. This was acceded to and their detail went at work as well as our party of sappers digging burial pits. Decomposition had so far advanced, none could be recognized, except by the clothing, and but few that way. Corp. Ross of Co. B was thus known by a vest he wore. The situation is that we are badly used up. Only ninety-seven men and two officers report for service, and some of those are

wounded. The gallant 4th Wisconsin fared as badly as ourselves, and when we lost Gen. Paine, we lost the battle. It is easy to make Brigadiers, but Paines are scarce and hard to find. He is one of God's noblemen, and can't be spared. We are now digging for their works, zigzags and parallels, and have got within fifty feet of their ditches. Sharpshooters on both sides are busy, and a hat with a head in it or not, is sure to get a shot if at all exposed. Our artillery has thrown tons of ammunition, yet the rebel officers that I conversed with under the flag of truce, were fat and hopeful and prone to talk that they can stand it for months. Gen. Banks has called for a "forlorn hope" of a thousand men to again assault. They are nearly raised and being drilled. A "Cross of a Legion of Honor" or something akin to it, is an incentive to enlist.

Chaplain's diary :

Set up our tents on the 15th and have a mail.

June 16. Write for the wounded, etc. We have no flour yet. Am glad to find Jimmy Newell is not killed, although he is hurt and captured.

June 17. I wish our battle had been to-day in memory of Bunker Hill, instead of on Sunday. Capt. Huse was not well enough to be out. The flag of truce is up and the dead and wounded are being removed. I saw 114 dead soldiers buried in one long grave. I have "wallets," papers, and pictures to send to the friends, one of the latter articles, the photograph of a very pretty young lady. How sad a task it is to tell of death and suffering to those at home. I cannot get the scenes out of my mind.

## CHAPTER XI.

Confederate Insubordination in Port Hudson. — A Woman Shot. — Accounts by Lieutenant Freret, C. S. A. — Colonel Birge's Report on the Storming Column. — The Surrender, Lieutenant Freret, C. S. A. — Inspector General Jackson's Report. — C. S. A. Casualties. — Thanks of Congress to the Union Troops. — Official Reports. — A Prisoner in Port Hudson. — Confederate Opinions. — The intelligent Fly and his Products. — A Shot comes in from our Side. — Creamer, Lieutenant Sea, the Matron, Mule Meat, Spiritus, Beans, Value of Tobacco, Jim of Miles' Legion. — A. A. Livermore died. — The Scabbard. — Emerson's Account. — General Paine's final Address. — Personal. — Poem on the Charge of June 14. — Incidents. — Lieutenant James Miles, Personal.

WITHIN Port Hudson, Steedman to Wilson, June 30, 1863 :

MAJOR, — About 80 men of 18th Ark. are insubordinate. I have ordered them to move to the right and join their regiment. If they refuse, our safety demands the trial and execution of the guilty parties. To hesitate imperils the whole army. I learn that there is serious prejudice in the 18th against Col. Lyles, but, Major, some Arkansas soldier will *have to be shot by court martial* before they are convinced that they will have to obey orders irrespective of their own feelings. *I have lost confidence in their reliability in emergencies.* (The italics are Confederate.)

Same, July 7 :

I have this morning arrested Lieut. Col. Vaughan, 10th Arkansas, and put in command Capt. B. M. Shelton, senior officer.

Same, no date :

An 8-inch gun which had been placed by the Federals so as to enfilade our line fired shells with a reduced charge

of powder, so as to roll them slowly, as a ball on a bowling alley, right in rear of our parapet.

July 2d, one Mrs. Bradley, wife of a 2d sergeant in a company of Miles' Legion was struck in the leg by a piece of shell this morning. She suffered amputation, but died soon after.

Port Hudson, July 6, 1863, Gen. N. P. Banks to Halleck :

GENERAL. — Since my last, of June 29th, our approaches are pushed up to the ditch at the Citadel on our extreme left, and in front of the right Priest-cap, where the assault of the 14th of June was made. On the morning of the 4th inst., when the right sap was within ten feet of the ditch, the enemy sprung a small mine and extended the approach into the ditch. By the arrival of Col. Kilby Smith yesterday with despatches from Gen. Grant, I have news from Vicksburg to June 30th and he remarked the coincidence that matters there are the same as here.

Gen. Emory reports the enemy in force in the La Fourche district, annoying our communications and menacing New Orleans. I cannot refrain from reflecting what would have been the condition of affairs had this command, leaving the hostile garrison of Port Hudson in our rear, marched to Vicksburg where General Grant has already, as he states, "a very large force, much more than can be used in the investment of the rebel works."

Important Confederate evidence of the state of affairs in Port Hudson.

General Beall to Gardner, July 7, 1863 :

GENERAL. — The works of the enemy opposite the First Miss. are strong and extensive enough to enable him to throw a force into our ditch which we cannot drive back, unless with heavy reinforcements. There is more discontent among the men within the last few days than I have discovered before, and I very much fear that the officers are at the bottom of it. I do not think that the enemy's attack will be delayed much longer. But one company of the Tenth Arkansas has reported; the others refuse, so I am told.

We will turn back to the account given by Lieutenant Freret, C. S. A., in "Southern Historical Society Papers."

PORT HUDSON, June 18, 1863.

It was now left for engineering skill to attack our works at three points, viz. : Fort Desperate, also an acute, salient angle on the left, defended by the 1st Mississippi, and a projecting work on the river bluff below the town, called by us Battery 11, and by the Federals the "Citadel."

Lieut. James Freret, assistant engineer at Port Hudson, the writer and compiler of these sketches comprising parts of one of the "Southern Historical Society Papers" was severely wounded while superintending repairs upon this last named work. Here the Fifteenth New Hampshire was stationed and worked away for the Citadel. Upon May 27, and June 14, they attacked bravely upon the left. Upon each of these days, Lieut.-Col. Henry W. Blair of the Fifteenth New Hampshire was shot by a Minie-ball in the left arm.

Full accounts are given by Lieutenant Freret of advances and attempts on their right, but we give only what mostly concerns our own regiment, and we sapped and mined upon the Confederate centre and left, having but few killed and none captured in our operations, although we worked up to the enemy's ditches and both parties amused themselves by pitching and rolling in troughs lively shells from one side to the other. Occasionally an informal truce would develop trade in tobacco, hard-tack, sugar, molasses, and news reliable and otherwise, so a friendly spirit began to be cultivated in preparation for the final fraternization at the inevitable surrender.

Seddon to Johnston, Richmond, Va., June 21, 1863.

C. S. A. extract :

There is an almost imperative necessity for *action*. *The eyes and hopes of the whole Confederacy are upon you.* I rely upon you for all possible efforts to save Vicksburg. I can scarce dare to suggest, but might it not be possible

to strike *Banks first* and unite the garrison of Port Hudson with you.

Johnston to Seddon, Canton, Miss., June 24, 1863 :

We cannot relieve Port Hudson without giving up Jackson. by which we should lose Mississippi.

C. S. A. Lieut. James Freret, July 1 :

Some of the splendid Parrott guns of an Indiana regiment were taken across the river and put in battery there. They dismounted three of our guns, splitting a rifled 32-pounder on the 5th of July, knocking the trunnion off an 8-inch howitzer on the morning of the 6th, and permanently disabling a rifled 24-pounder on the evening of the same day. This artillery practice was *probably equal, if not superior to anything which has ever been accomplished of the kind*, the distance being from one thousand to fourteen hundred yards (about three quarters of a mile).

Many of our broken guns were, for an emergency, braced up on blocks and loaded with bags of all sorts of scrap iron which were to be fired in the face of a storming party, it being of little consequence whether the disabled guns were good for another discharge or not.

July 7th. During the forenoon the Federals called out to our men that Vicksburg had surrendered on the 4th. That night a council of war was held at Gen. Gardner's headquarters, which was protracted until 2 A. M. On the 8th, the situation of Port Hudson was well worthy serious consideration. It was 48 days since the virtual beginning of the siege, and a fortified position constructed for a garrison of twenty thousand men had been held by one third of that force for a much longer period than could have been expected by our forces outside. At the hour above named, Gen. Gardner sent to Gen. Banks by flag of truce, for confirmation of the fall of Vicksburg, which was accorded him. Yet Gen. Banks in his report, page 149, says that Gardner stated that the surrender was not on account of the fall of Vicksburg.

No one at this date, 1891, questions General Banks' honor, honesty, and veracity, whatever other criticism they may be pleased to indulge in. So we insert a sentence from his report, serial 41, page 14 :

Gen. Gardner, stated emphatically as if he *desired* to be *understood*, that his surrender was *not on account of the fall of Vicksburg*, but from the *exhaustion of his men* who had been without rest for weeks and *could not resist another attack*.

The following is a statement made by Gen. Richard B. Irwin at the reunion of the Nineteenth Army Corps in New York on February 18, 1888, as follows :

Gen. Irwin refuted the heretofore universal impression that Port Hudson capitulated because Vicksburg had fallen. He said that as he lay awake in his tent on the night of July 7th, he heard the tread of two horses in front of headquarters. One of those horsemen bore a message from Gen. Gardner enclosed in a dirty envelope, which contained proposals for surrender; the other was an orderly from the fleet with a fuse for exploding the mine, so if no capitulation had been effected, Port Hudson must have fallen with the explosion of the mine.

Confederate account continued :

At 9 A. M. on the 8th, Gen. Gardner dispatched commissioners to treat for the surrender of the Post. They returned in the afternoon with the following terms of unconditional surrender, which were agreed to and signed.

Art. 1. Major-General Frank Gardner to surrender to the United States forces under Major-General Banks, the place of Port Hudson and its dependencies with its garrison, armament, munitions, public funds and material of war, in the condition as nearly as may be in which they were at the hour of cessation of hostilities, viz. : 6 A. M. July 8th, 1863.

Art. 2. The surrender stipulated in Art. 1 is qualified by no condition save that the officers and enlisted men composing the garrison shall receive the treatment due to prisoners of war according to the usage of civilized warfare.

Art. 3. All private property of officers and enlisted men shall be respected and left to their respective owners.

Art. 4. The position of Port Hudson shall be occupied to-morrow at 7 A. M. by the forces of the United States, and its garrison received as prisoners of war by such gen-

eral officer of the United States service as may be designated by Maj.-Gen. Banks, with the ordinary formalities of rendition. The Confederate troops will be drawn up in line, officers in their positions, the right of the line resting on the edge of the prairie south of the railroad depot, the left extending in the direction of the village of Port Hudson. The arms and colors will be conveniently piled and will be received by the officers of the United States.

Art. 5. The sick and wounded of the garrison will be cared for by the authorities of the United States, assisted, if desired by either party, by the medical officers of the garrison. Approved.

W. R. Miles, Commanding Right wing,	C. S. A.
T. G. W. Steedman " Left "	" "
M. J. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Heavy Artillery,	" "
Chas. P. Stone, Brigadier-General,	U. S. A.
W. Dwight,	" "
Henry W. Birge, Col. Comdg. 3d Brig.	" "
Grover's Division,	" "

Approved—FRANK GARDNER, *Major-General*.

N. P. BANKS, *Major-General*.

As soon as the above was signed, the late combatants began to fraternize. Soldiers swarmed from their places of concealment on either side and met each other in the most cordial spirit. Groups of Federal soldiers were escorted round our works and shown the effects of their shots and entertained with accounts of such parts of the siege operations as they could not have learned before. In the same way our men went into the Federal lines and gazed with curiosity upon the work which had been giving them so much trouble, escorted by Federal soldiers who vied with each other in courtesy and a display of magnanimous spirit. Not a single case occurred in which the enemy, either officers or privates, exhibited a disposition to exult over their victory, but, on the contrary, the defense elicited only compliments upon its skill and bravery. One of their surgeons came in during a heavy rain storm and brought medicines for our sick, repeating his visit the next morning and bringing a large quantity of quinine, which he dosed out to the fever patients.

The following order was published:

HEADQUARTERS,  
PORT HUDSON, La., July 8, 1863.

General Orders, No. 61.

I. Nobly have the troops performed their duty in the defense of this position, continued from the 21st day of May up to this time. The place is surrendered at the last moment that it is proper to hold it, and after a most gallant defense in several severe attacks. Let all continue, during the duties that still remain to be performed, to show that cheerful obedience which has distinguished them as soldiers up to this time.

II. The troops will be paraded at 6 A. M. to-morrow for surrender in line of battle in the same order as they are now at the breastworks, with the heavy artillery on the right in the edge of the prairie, the left extending towards the town of Port Hudson. All officers and men will be in their places under arms.

By command of  
MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK GARDNER.  
(Signed) C. N. JACKSON,  
A. A. A. G.

Shortly after dark a train of wagons brought in a liberal supply of provisions from the Federal commissariat. They were issued to our troops during the night time, and at morning our men enjoyed the first good meal they had partaken of for a long time.

At 7 A. M. our line was formed and as General Gardner rode along the line with his staff, he was enthusiastically cheered.

The following *assumes* a great deal at that date :

From Brig.-Gen. Thomas Green, July 5, 1863 :

ASSUMPTION CHURCH, ON LA FOURCHE.  
(West of the Mississippi river.)

To any Confederate force on the east of the Mississippi, — We have here sufficient force to hold against any force the Yankees can bring against us. If a force below Donaldsonville could hold their own on the river, we can stop Banks' supplies, force him to raise the siege, and we can whip him in the open field should he move on this side.

The above was received by Colonel Logan, C. S. A., who says on July 8, the day of the surrender, in a communication to Gen. S. Cooper, "I have urged Green to hold his present position, cut off the enemy's supplies, open communication with General Gardner, and provision the garrison at Port Hudson by swimming beeves across the river. Being on the move I write in great haste."

Union account. Colonel Birge to Ass't Adj.-Gen. D. S. Walker, Port Hudson, June 28, 1863:

SIR, — I have the honor to report that the volunteers for the storming column are organized in two battalions of eight companies each. Present strength for duty is — commanding officers, 67; enlisted men, 826; total, 873.

Extract:

The First and Third, colored Louisiana Guards had expressed, as regiments, their willingness to go, but supposing that they were not all wanted, 90 picked men were enrolled. See page 59, series I, part I.

From Fifty-third Massachusetts History:

It was the intention to charge at daybreak on July 4th, and the line was formed. Soon Gen. Banks and staff appeared, rode along the front, saluted, read a despatch from Gen. Grant saying that Vicksburg was about to surrender, and he would send reinforcements. This statement of the situation delayed the charge.

Soon General Grant was penning the following to General Banks:

NEAR VICKSBURG, July 4, 1863.

GENERAL, — Vicksburg surrendered this morning. All my surplus troops are and were on the Big Black River, and are now in motion to attack Johnston. This will have the effect of keeping him from detaching any force to relieve Port Hudson.

The above was received by General Banks on the 7th. On the morning of the 9th at the head of the victorious column, marched first the drum corps of the Eighth Regi-

ment New Hampshire Volunteers. Next came the storming column of a thousand men, their services, happily, not called for, next over the leveled intrenchments came our own Eighth New Hampshire Regiment, assigned to the second place in recognition of its work at the siege, and it was further complimented by having its camp ground within Port Hudson directly under the stars and stripes waving from the flag-staff of the post.

C. S. A. Lieut. Freret in "Southern Historical Society Papers":

PORT HUDSON, July 9.

The Surrender. The Federal column marching down the road to the landing, approached the right of our line, preceded by General Andrews and staff. As he approached, Gen. Gardner advanced with his sword drawn and presented the hilt to Gen. Andrews with the following words: "Having thoroughly defended this position as long as I deemed it necessary, I now surrender to you my sword, and with it this post and its garrison." To which Gen. Andrews replied: "I return your sword as a proper compliment to the gallant commander of such gallant troops—conduct that would be heroic in another cause." To which Gen. Gardner replied as he returned his sword into the scabbard, "This is neither the time nor place to discuss the cause." The order was given along our line to "ground arms," which was obeyed, and our men stood in line, while the Federals marched from right to left until they had formed a line before us, when they hoisted their flag upon the bluff, fired a salute, and the ceremony was over. It was now announced to our men that they would be *paroled*—news that was received by them with great satisfaction, particularly as they had made up their minds already to a *term of imprisonment*.

As there has been considerable discussion as to the *real cause* of the surrender, it seems as if the following report would settle it.

Confederate report of Capt. C. M. Jackson, A. A. Inspector General, C. S. Army, July 9, 1863 (serial 41, page 144), extract:

Port Hudson surrendered yesterday at 6 A. M. *Our provisions were exhausted, and it was impossible for us to cut our way out on account of the proximity of the enemy's works.*

Our casualties during the siege are 200 killed, and between 300 and 400 wounded. About 200 men have died from sickness.

At the time of the surrender, there were only 2,500 men for duty. I came out through the enemy's lines about an hour after the surrender and tried to ascertain the strength of Gen. Banks' army, but did not succeed; but from my own observation, I am led to believe his force to be 25,000 or 30,000 men.

The C. S. A. returns of casualties in the Confederate forces at Plains Store and Port Hudson are marked "*Incomplete.*"

PUBLIC RESOLUTION NO. 7.

Resolution expressive of the thanks of Congress to Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks and the officers and soldiers under his command at Port Hudson, La. :

*Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress are hereby tendered to Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks and the officers and soldiers under his command, for the skill, courage and endurance which compelled the surrender of Port Hudson, and thus removed the last obstruction to the free navigation of the Mississippi River. Approved Jan. 28, 1864.*

Admiral D. D. Porter to Grant :

OFF VICKSBURG, July 11, 1863.

GENERAL, — Port Hudson surrendered unconditionally on the 9th instant.

Grant to Banks :

VICKSBURG, July 11, 1863.

GENERAL, — It is with pleasure that I congratulate you upon your removal of the last obstacle to the free navigation of the Mississippi. This will prove a death to Copperheadism in the northwest, besides serving to demoral-

ize the enemy. Like arming the negroes, it will act as a two-edged sword cutting both ways.

I have telegraphed to Washington in regard to sending troops, and the reason for it. So far as I know of anything being expected of my force, I can spare you an army corps of as good troops as ever trod American soil. No better are found on any other. It will afford me pleasure to send them if I am not required to do some duty with them. When the news of your success reached me, I changed the direction of Herron's division to the Yazoo.

Banks to Halleck :

PORT HUDSON, July 10, 1863.

SIR, — I have the honor to inform you that with the post there fell into our hands over 5,550 prisoners, including one Major-General, one Brigadier-General, 20 pieces of heavy artillery, 5 complete batteries numbering 31 pieces of field artillery, a good supply of projectiles for light and heavy guns, 44,000 pounds of cannon powder, 5,000 stand of small arms, 150,000 rounds of small arms ammunition, besides a small amount of stores of various kinds. We also captured two steamers, one of which is very valuable.

Upon the surrender I found it necessary to send all available force to open and preserve communication with New Orleans. I was also compelled to garrison this post by the nine months regiment, whose time they think is out, and the colored regiments. After the post surrendered unconditionally, I released the non-commissioned officers and privates on their parole. The officers will be kept in confinement until further orders.

Trusting that my course will be approved I have the honor to be,

Your most obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,

*Maj.-Gen. Comdg.*

In concluding the siege of Port Hudson I use my egotistical pen to sketch some incidents occurring during a twenty-four days' stay in the Confederate hospital. More might have been noted if I could have had the use of my underpinning after the surrender. Although my scope of sight was confined to a small circle, yet every *prisoner*

saw that which was to him new and strange, and *that* got burned into his organism, *somehow, to stay*. See *Camp Ford accounts*.

It is said that a scorpion caught captive within a ring of fire will mortally sting himself. Thousands will testify that it is a sudden and often an awful change from the comparative freedom of one's own camp to the untried custody of the enemy's; but the Yankee man, generally, does not torment himself to death with remorse, but accommodates his life to circumstances, makes friends anyway, and keeps his "weather eye open" for chances.

I, at the first, kept silent when taken within the rebel fortifications. On giving up my sword, Major Tom Street, as he was familiarly called, said significantly, "It is a mere form, we shall have to give up ours in a few days." I saw by his manner that he was in earnest, and the information was a consolation. He then asked me how strong a column was behind the skirmishers. An orderly who had been eyeing me very closely said, "he won't tell you." The orderly being entirely right, caused me to smile and so we all laughed. Major Tom didn't press that matter any further, but after taking my name and regiment, asked who the big fellow was, an officer, carrying a gun, who got well up to the ditch before he was killed? I told him that I thought it to be First Lieutenant Joseph Wallis, of Company F.

Latest. Comrade C. E. Conant says that he passed Wallis "about ten feet to his right; he certainly had no sword, but did carry *something* that looked like a gun. He looked and acted tired." So the probabilities are that he had then been shot at least once, and was still advancing.

I felt in still better humor as Surgeon Davidson very carefully attended to my wounds, and told me that I was all right and only the bone in the left was probably nicked, which, in the course of time, proved to be the

case. Then on a stretcher I was carried to the main hospital tent where I found Sergt. C. A. Emerson and Corporals Haines and Livermore, all three wounded; the last named, badly. Emerson was soon taken to the Port Hudson Hotel (prison). Livermore was put in a tent across the road, and Haines and myself occupied bunks opposite each other at the east entrance of a long tent containing about sixty Confederates. Our first meal was of corn bread and sassafras tea. The distribution was fair. We always got our share. We were well treated all around, with the exception of a little chin music from a mounted officer, who one day halted in passing and hoped that "Yaller Jack" would sweep us Yankees all into a hotter place than a Louisiana July. But that remark at another time was offset by another mounted staff officer who paid a higher compliment to us than we ever received at the North. That night a driving easterly rain storm set in which wet us completely. I think that that first night was the bluest one that we spent in Port Hudson. The future was not over encouraging. Shot and shell reached us from our own side, the tent was well cut up with Union missiles, often scaring the nurses to take refuge on the opposite side of the narrow valley, whence they would come back in a hurry when a shell from our gunboats came within range, and, too, there was much talk about succor and of cutting their way out, taking us with them for a trip to Andersonville.

One noon, just as we had been supplied with soup, at least something that floated scum, one of our shells struck their parapet, exploded, and a huge piece came sailing over to us, burst through the tent, and ploughing its way under the bunk of a Frenchman opposite, threw him out and spoiled our dinner with dirt. I was glad to get off so easily for I was right in the line of fire, and a few more ounces of momentum would have spoiled *me*. On our side I had heard but little of the battle of Shiloh, but here, from

the talk of the Confederates, I began to appreciate its magnitude and importance, for they were emphatic in relating how they found out that we'uns could and did fight, and I thought *that* to be a healthy knowledge for them to gain, especially the rank and file, as they needed to hold a fair estimate of their opponents. There were a number of old Shiloh veterans in the hospital, and they were full of narration, how up there they so easily ran over our advanced camp in the morning and supposed the victory won by noon, and how they helped themselves to the goodies in the Yankee tents, but found themselves headed for Corinth on the third day, licked. "That Grant o'yourn is 'n ole bool dorg," was their verdict.

Upon the second day's confinement, I found that I had a big job on hand. The surgeons didn't tell me, but the reb. boys did, to keep my wounds clear of maggots. There being no turpentine in camp they had a good chance to get their final and eternal hold on a fellow. Water being scarce, the bandages came back to us in a filthy state, and all the remedy we had was to put one on, lie down and lie perfectly still for a half hour, and if any life was beneath, one could then feel it, rip off the bandage and substitute another. I have done that six times a day. The blue-tailed fly and his product seemed as intelligent, certainly as cunning, as the average reb. and would lie concealed in clothing waiting for the victim to sleep in order to take possession. I used to get one of the flies transfixed upon a pin upright through its back and lecture it for the edification of the rebs. After a day or two, each reb. had a pin and a fly, and along the rows of cots were rows of flies on pins, and by giving the little pests short straws to handle, they made lots of fun, the flies acting like soldiers with guns going through the manual of arms, etc. It didn't hurt the flies any, and the little school boy trick amused all hands, which leads to the remark at a venture, that there was more fun, per capita, among the

Northern than among the Southern troops. The boys can discuss that.

The reb. who occupied the bunk next to mine, was one Creamer by name. He had a reputation for daring to go out over the breastworks and, while under fire, robbing the dead and wounded. He had in his possession a number of purses and plenty of gold and silver. He was wounded by a Minie-ball in one heel, and it took the spirit all out of him. He did not have the energy to brush flies from his foot, so he hired his comrades to do it; but as much as they wanted the money, they got sick of it and used a good deal of profanity on him, also telling him that the Yanks (meaning Haines and I) would make a live of it, and he die; but neither threats nor the visits of the chaplains did him any good. The latter came in and read to him and prayed with him, but the result was no faith nor hope on his part. The visit of the matron of the hospital provoked a smile which ended in a laugh. I could not help it, as the statement that she made was so true. The poor fellow told her that what he wanted was sympathy — heart-felt sympathy, and she being deaf, understood him to say chicken soup and she very readily replied that there was none of that article in Port Hudson, and I was very sure that there was no chicken soup for us, and very little of the other article. Creamer died in just fourteen days, and a big fellow weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, who had lost a hand, kept up the excitement by going crazy. He began by eating and drinking all the garbage and waste about, and ended by ripping up bunks, knocking out the sick, and throwing the bedding about. Luckily for me, he began at the end of the tent opposite, and Lieutenant Sea, C. S. A., who lay on my right was just mad enough and convalescent enough to attack him. He made short work of stopping his raid and he was removed to safer quarters.

The matron had a two-year-old boy who was born on

the battlefield of Manassas, a thousand miles eastward. He generally turned out in the morning and came trotting — no, he never did trot, he walked around our quarters with deliberation, and usually destitute of all clothing. Owing to the fact that he was invariably sober of countenance, I nicknamed him the “smiling infant.” The rebs. caught on and kept it going. Neither he nor his ma, who was somewhat “loose” seemed to care at all for the dripping of shot about. The woman was perhaps twenty years old and was apparently more ornamental than useful.

On the eighteenth day of our captivity, we were treated to a new taste of meat, and the smell thereof preceded it, and it was like unto the smell of a saddle blanket after it be removed from a horse which had been ridden hard for five hours. The meat was the meat of a mule, and we did eat of it and were satisfied. It is said that rats were eaten, but we got none of that luxury that we know of.

In regard to mule eating, we have the testimony of Lieutenant Freret, C. S. A., as follows: “The last quarter ration of beef had been given out to the troops on the 29th of June. On the 1st of July, at the request of many officials, a wounded mule was killed and cut up for experimental eating. The flesh of mules is of a darker color than beef, of a finer grain, quite tender and juicy, and has a *flavor something between that of beef and venison*. Some horses were slaughtered, and their flesh was found to be very good eating, but *not equal to mule*. Rats, of which there were plenty about the deserted camps, were also caught by many officers and men and were found to be quite a luxury. Mule meat was regularly served out in rations to the troops from and after the 4th of July.”

With such unequivocal and official testimony in favor of the goodness of mule and rat meat, the South ought to be generous in its rivalry with the beef-cornered North.

The stock of corn was getting very low, and besides that nothing was left but peas, sugar, molasses and salt.

(That a large quantity of peas — black beans — was left on hand, was probably accounted for by the fact that most of the troops would not have them on any consideration, because they were so hard and tough.) The sugar and molasses were put to good use by the troops in making a weak description of beer, which was constantly kept at the lines by the barrel full, and drunk by the soldiers in preference to the miserable water with which they were generally supplied.

The following, from the same source, tells its own story, and, by the way, that First Alabama Regiment shows up *strong* at that date !

Captain Jones to Assistant Adjutant-Genéral Wilson :

MAJOR, — The following named commands have applied to me for the respectively named amounts of either mule or horse meat, to wit :

1st Alabama,	30 officers,	555 men.
18 Arkansas,		50 “
12 “		100 “
16 “	30 “	180 “
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	60	885, Total 945.

They would like to have the ration for tomorrow this evening.

Under a flag of truce, medicines were sent in for our use and there was a consequent exaltation of spirits at the surgeon's tent, the noise of which reached us and was the first intimation that any spiritus frumenti had passed the lines. There were several hundreds of bushels of black beans in the body of a church on the hill. The gun practice over our tent was to destroy them, but our side did not know that they were already indigestible. The only and reliable friend that I had was a piece of tobacco of the size now sold for fifteen cents. Not having been searched nor robbed (save of my broad-brimmed felt hat as I lay on the field) I had retained the tobacco, and as my nurse

loved that weed, I used to purchase extra attention by doling out half-pipefuls for his comfort, and as I would not use any myself, the plug lasted till I was a free man.

The amount of skulking done was a great consolation to us. When the line firing was very fierce, the hospital was deserted by all who could get away for shelter under the opposite hills. One bright young fellow came into the hospital, who belonged in New Orleans. They called him "Jim." I became quite intimate with him, and he told me that he thought the "thing couldn't last long"; that it was "useless to shed any more blood," etc. His chum used to come up each day from the "front." I could not see that anything was the matter with my hospital friend, and I guessed, too, that his visitor thought that his health was good enough for him to be down at the "peek holes," for he rallied him about going and told him what lots of fun they had; but he could not start him. The visitor did not come the next day nor the next, but someone came up and told Jim that his friend was dead—was shot in the eye, and Jim cried so wofully that I felt squeamish; however, as his soft spot was exposed, I poured in a good dose of United States of America, and made Jim feel quite *Union* so he blubbered out that more fighting was no better than murder. Said he, "We hated to fire on you on the 14th, for we had ye, back to the daylight, sure death. You 'uns be a better lot than we took you to be. Colonel Miles, too, is a blubbering. Lots of his men are deserting every day." They were a part of "Miles' Legion," originally said to be 5,000 men, and occupied the right of the line of defense. A general sort of *getting under cover* was plain to be seen, and if the hospital had been a really safe place, it would have been crowded to excess.

There was little to occupy the attention each day, except the very necessary taking care of ourselves. Haines and I used to get up a great many imaginary meals of victuals. There was no reading matter save a Testament

owned by a nurse who took care of Livermore, who died on July 3 of a complication of diseases connected with his wounds. I sent for his chum and townsman, Sergt. Charles A. Emerson, who looked out for and marked his grave. The nurse who carried the Testament did not wish to give up Livermore's valuable watch, but I appealed to the head surgeon and had the good fortune to recover it, and the pleasure of returning it to his friends at home.

On July 5, we heard of the escape of Lieutenant Newell, and our rebs. said that they were glad of it as long as he was smart enough to get away. That day Confederate officers came to the tent and wished me to sign a parole, but I told them that I would not as I could not run away at all, and did not just then wish to be exchanged, or be liable to exchange, and added jokingly, that they would probably surrender before Christmas, and that I could live as long as they on mule and molasses. They appreciated my "say so," and agreed that they could not hold out long. They expected a heavy bombardment on July 4 and were disappointed at the unusual stillness. On the 6th, the talk was that their line was so thin and weak, that another attack like that of June 14, could not be withstood. It was plainly to be seen and heard that the men were too disheartened to care to fight against such fearful odds. It took all the bluff of the officials to keep the men near the breastworks, and on the 7th of July, it was a great relief to the worn Confederates to even hear the first rumor of the fall of Vicksburg, and when it was confirmed, many felt like firing a joyful salute.

On the 6th, I gave my nurse a large piece of tobacco, and thus hired him to cut for me some sticks for canes to be used in and about my Northern home as mementoes of my stay in Port Hudson. He did so, but on the way to the boat, I not being well enough to look out sharply for them, they were appropriated by some appreciative individual,

and they now probably adorn some simply innocent home and are used to illustrate the "wor." If the person who took even one of them chances to see this relation, I hope that he will drop a tear or a postal.

At last the little "Starlight" took Haines and myself to New Orleans, where the single five-dollar bill that had escaped the Confederacy, bought us a fine meal that we enjoyed hugely. After finding Lieutenant Camp, I took our Bisland contraband — all clean clothing, and went to bathrooms from which I emerged seemingly a new man. Those who have exchanged the dirt and discomfort of a siege, and an imprisonment of even twenty-four days, for freedom and fresh linen, will say that the exhilarating change is worth a line of record.

When I first landed in Port Hudson in the midst of the Forty-ninth Alabama, I told Col. Tom Street that my sword was given to me and I would like it again. This was just after he had told me that the taking of it was a mere form. He replied that I should have it, so on the day of the surrender, I sent a colored individual after it and he returned it to me in a scabbard on which was engraved, "Presented to Captain David D. Hoag by the church and Sunday school of Sherman, Conn."

My own scabbard having been worn out in the service, I was glad to get another one and thought not much of the matter until about 1866, when I happened to note that someone might be much more interested in that scabbard than myself, so I wrote to the postmaster of the town of Sherman. After several weeks I received an answer from the widow of Captain Hoag, saying that she should be extremely glad to receive the scabbard as her husband was killed on June 14, and that his body lay in an unknown grave, nothing at all having been received from him or heard from him save his parting letters written on the evening of June 13. Accordingly I hastened to return the relic to its proper owner, and lately Captain Hoag's

son, who is secretary of the Inter-State R. T. R. R. Co. of Kansas, wrote for more information about the highly prized scabbard, he having brought it on with him in 1888 to be shown at the dedication of a monument at Sherman, Conn., in memory of his father. In letters from him I am also informed that he has been at Port Hudson, and by the aid of maps furnished by our government showing the lines of attack and defense, also through information gleaned from Southern soldiers now in that vicinity he has succeeded in locating the probable final resting place of his father. I quote his account in part, as follows: "In the year 1867 our government purchased a tract of land containing eight acres lying south and east of Port Hudson and about one mile from the Mississippi river on quite a high plateau, in a beautiful location and established a National cemetery there, under the direction of Lieutenant Reyburn, who was the first superintendent. The dead were removed to this cemetery. The records show that there were three thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven interments. Of these but five hundred and eighty-eight are known. Capt. George A. De Samo was the succeeding officer in command, and his evidence in conjunction with that of the orderly sergeant of Captain Hoag's company, also sustained by some Confederate officers, places his father's grave at the southeast part of the grounds, near a grove of oaks, planted in the shape of a cross. Captain Hoag commanded a full company of one hundred men, ten men being selected from each company of his regiment, the Twenty-eighth Connecticut. They were in the column near the Fourth Massachusetts and carried besides their arms, hand grenades. According to the statement of Orderly Sergeant W. S. Wakeman they lost seventy-five killed and wounded, including Captain Hoag who was killed at the breastworks in the ditch."

It was generally known in the regiment that Comrade C. F. Smith (musician) was a fine chess player. After

the surrender, within the fortifications, he ran across a group of Confederate officers, two of whom were playing chess. Soon looking up, they saw an apparently interested Yankee which caused them to "wink" violently one to another, and he was asked to try a game. Of course Smith did that same, and it was dark when they got through, and the beaten reb. was too "tired" to "wink," but his chum who didn't play "winked" to Smith a pleasant sort of a "wink." It took Smith two hours, which seemed four, to find the regiment, and the cook thought that he was a ration ahead, but Comrade Smith still draws his home rations and can play chess.

PERSONAL.—First Lieut. James Miles enlisted on October 3, 1861, and was discharged January 17, 1865. "He was in all of the fights of the Eighth New Hampshire *clean through*." On the first Red River march he was disabled in right leg and got a bullet in same on June 14, 1863. As first sergeant, he commanded Company D for over a year. He was promoted to second lieutenant on June 22, 1864, and to first lieutenant, September 1, 1864. He has had charge of the planing department of the McKay Machine shop in Lawrence, Mass., for twenty-six years. Has been in city government three years.

Just now there comes to me from across the continent, a letter from Sergt. Charles A. Emerson who was in it from about October 1, 1861, to January 18, 1865. He knows it all, but declares that he had rather swing that old ten-pound sabre for a week, than to write a page of history; yet I find out from him a lot of valuable facts. Among others he says that the First Alabama which was in front of us at Port Hudson, was the *first* regiment mustered into the Confederate service, and they were armed with the old smooth-bore flint-lock muskets. They also had charge there of a heavy battery of guns. They also, previously, had a battery at Island No. 10, where they were



LT. JAMES MILES, CO. D.



captured at the beginning of the war and afterward exchanged. One of their pieces in front of us was reduced to the bare gun, and that had a flared muzzle like a bell. Some Yankee shell had given it a kind of stage kiss. They had to load the piece on the ground, lift it upon the parapet, fire it, and the recoil would send it back again.

Comrade Emerson got a good deal of information from Lieutenant Pratt of the above regiment. He was a native of Temple, N. H. An uncle of his went South, got rich, opposed secession, then gave in, and raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense. Sergt. C. A. Emerson further says that on the 14th, when taken prisoner, that he found inside; Livermore, Haines, Cobbs, Benden, and Clay, all of our Company B. A very small amount of fresh pork and corn bread was the best fodder that they got. Corn on the ear was the *first* ration given out, and a *small* one at that. The reb. grinding mills soon got disabled. One got a solid shot through its boiler, and the run of stone was ruined. The only way of grinding corn at the last, was by raising the forward part of the engine left on the Clinton railroad and running a band from the grinder to the driving wheel, and they had to keep that on the move to get out of the way of our shot. The principal diet was peas, of which the meeting-house was filled to the top of the pews. Mule steak was issued towards the last of the siege. Lieutenant Pratt said that rats were eaten.

On July 3, they (the prisoners) were removed from the hotel (the basement) where they had been stopping, to a stockade back in the woods. News of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania made things look blue; later news of the taking of Vicksburg made things look a bright crimson.

The outfit of a prisoner was what he stood in and could *hold on to*. In that hotel there were no blankets, no conveniences at all furnished by the rebs. The bare floor of

brick was all there was to lie on, with no spare brick for a pillow. Sergeant Emerson thought himself lucky in having a part of a blanket for bedding, a piece of a beer bottle for cup and plate, and a spoon (of wood) made by himself. He adds, "On the day of surrender loads of provisions for us did not reach us, but as we passed through the Confederate camp after our release, we had a smell of the feast."

The following address was sent to the regiment by Brevet Major-General Paine :

HOTEL DIEU,

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 16, 1863.

*Officers and Soldiers of the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers:*

It is probable that the fortunes of war have permanently withdrawn you from my command. I cannot part with you without at least some faint attempts to express the admiration and affection with which your valor, skill and exalted military qualities have inspired me. It has been my fortune to witness your behavior in all the different phases of a soldier's career. In the hour of victory, in the gloom of repulse; on the wearisome march, and in the comfortable camp; and each day has added to my respect for a regiment which I have been proud to see standing shoulder to shoulder with my own. Necessarily your heroism has cost you the lives of many of your best and bravest men. Their memory gives poignancy to the sorrow which I feel at parting with you. If all the soldiers of the Republic had been like you, peace would have long since returned to our unhappy land. God bless you, one and all! Farewell.

HALBERT E. PAINE,  
*Brig.-Gen'l Vols.*

Gen. Halbert E. Paine was born in Ohio. He graduated at the "Western Reserve University" and went into the service as colonel of the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, was brevetted as major-general in 1863, was commissioner of patents from 1878 to 1880, when he resigned to

resume the practice of the law, which at this date is his profession at Washington, D. C.

The writer inserts the following lines without excuse, and with no remarks save that they were originally published in the "Veterans' Advocate" (Comrade Evans' paper, published at Concord, N. H.) nearly as at present; that they were "blocked out" within Port Hudson when my mind was seeking to be *occupied*; that they were *suggested* and *colored* in sentiment by the knowledge that my friend and comrade, Abiel A. Livermore, was slowly giving up his young life for his country. (This especially applies to the final part which is at the end of this book.) I could tell the rate of his sinking by the failure each day of his voice, as we conversed across the narrow street with increasing difficulty. He was a splendid fellow. He enlisted from purely patriotic motives and followed his marked path to its bitter yet glorious end.

#### THE CHARGE ON PORT HUDSON ON JUNE 14, 1863.

We know not how many are alive to tell  
 Of how we ran into that "rebel hell"!  
 (That's what the boys called it — Ah well)  
 Of who survived — and the many who fell,  
 On that fourteenth of June, in '63,  
 When we formed our column, stealthily;  
 Built up of batteries and brigades,  
 Pioneers, and a battalion with grenades,  
 "Our Eighth" and the Fourth\* as they were wont,  
 (As skirmishers scattered) to stand the brunt —  
 So, we marched to meet Death — silently,  
 On that memorable morning, just at Three.  
 So silently — by no tap of the drum —  
 No loud command — the bugle was dumb —  
 No clarion peal from martial bands —  
 No waving of banners by fairest hands;  
 Thus through the forest on the broad highway,  
 The column moved forward ere break of day.

\* The Fourth Wisconsin.

Our skirmish line fringed the edge of the wood,  
 The rebel force in front — half a rood,  
 The hour of Three was an hour of the past —  
 Hot blood was rushing from heart-beats fast.  
 We watched our leader, the gallant Paine,  
 Who rode down the rebs on Bisland's plain,  
 We heard the word "Forward" given low, —  
 And the answering shots that came from the foe.

Out from the shadows the skirmish line thrown,  
 Went on like ghosts to the dread unknown.  
 As lines of lightning in their path  
 From the rebel works blazed fiery wrath,  
 From batteries masked on the hillsides spread,  
 Came storm clad War in flaming red;  
 The sharp winged bullet, the shrieking shell,  
 The shrill buckshot and the rebel yell.

A mile to the left — a mile to the right  
 Fresh guns opened their thundering spite,  
 Long tongues of flame leaped out between  
 The sulphurous lips incarnadine  
 Of rifle's muzzle and cannon's mouth  
 Trained on the North and trained on the South.  
 Plunging shot and canister and shell  
 Through the gathering clouds that slowly fell,  
 Mercifully hiding both friend and foe.  
 God's sunlight above — Death's havoc below.

Up in the North the advancing flame  
 Of a burning day o'er the ocean came,  
 Secure on the mountain, on plain, in glen,  
 The loved ones at home were sleeping then.

Did *one* awake from a feverish dream,  
 A dream of the *real*, a shadowy gleam  
 Of sabres crossed and the bayonet's clash,  
 Of the red path of the cannon's crash,  
 Of the riderless horses and mangled forms,  
 Of sulphurous clouds and buzzards in swarms?

The sun of New England looked that morn,  
On billowy fields of waving corn,  
Through fair blue skies on plains of green,  
On gray grained hills and the rills between,  
Leaping from the mountain's granite knees  
And sliding away to the far off seas.  
Peace seemed to ride the lazy clouds,  
Above the street and the passing crowds,  
Who heard the church bell's winsome ringing,  
The organ's melody and voices singing.  
In hopeful moods little thought they  
That at half past ten on that Sabbath day  
Their townsmen on a Southern field lay  
Bleeding beneath a blistering sun —  
Dying and blackening ere day was done.

Silent at night! while from the pitying east,  
The rain — upon the clamoring winds unleashed,  
That drove the clouds from the battlefield of red —  
Poured its sweet libation upon the resting Dead.

## CHAPTER XII.

Brig.-Gen. George L. Andrews in Command at Port Hudson. — The Brothers Porter and the "Essex". — The "Arkansas" destroyed. — Death of Admiral Porter and General Sherman, 1891. — General Andrews to Colonel Fearing. — Col. H. Fearing, Jr., Personal. — C. S. A. Officials, Debray, Magruder. — Commander Watson to Adjutant-General Cooper. — Court of Enquiry. — Lincoln's Proclamation. — Davis' Proclamation. — Retaliation. — Three Despatches. Donaldsonville. — Desecration of the Flag at Brashear City. — Foreign Complications. — "Raise the Flag Somewhere in Texas." — Sabine Pass Expedition a Failure. — Camped at Algiers; at Bisland; at Franklin; at Opelousas. — Celebration of the Anniversary of the Battle of Georgia Landing. — Colonel Fearing arrives with Recruits. — Mike Fox. — Forty-eighth Ohio. — What did we eat? — The Pipe!

General Order, No. 1.

PORT HUDSON, July 10, 1863.

(Extract.) The undersigned hereby assumes command of the Corps D'Afrique, and of the Post at Port Hudson.

GEORGE L. ANDREWS,

*Brig.-Gen. Vols. Comd'g.*

Reorganization of the Third Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, Brig.-Gen. William Dwight commanding. See special order, No. 166, "which, 'in consequence of the expiration of the term of service of several of the nine-months regiments,' transferred the First and Third Brigades, Second Division to the Third Division, and assigned to General Dwight the command. He assumed command on July 12. Col. Hawkes Fearing, Jr., commanded the division from June 15 to July 6."

Serial 41, page 632 :

The second brigade was made up of

28th Connecticut,	Col. S. P. Ferris.
8th New Hampshire,	Col. H. Fearing, Jr.
15th New Hampshire,	Col. J. W. Kingman.
133d New York,	Col. L. H. Currie.
173d New York,	Col. L. M. Peck.
4th Wisconsin,	Lieut.-Col. F. A. Boardman.

This last regiment was detached for mounted service on July 11, 1863.

Chaplain :

Port Hudson, July 9th. Our 108 men put in charge of this Post, a desolate forsaken place.

13th. Capt. Stokes just in from Baton Rouge. Saw Major Smith and did not know him, he looks so sickly. I am sorry for him. We need New Hampshire apples and cider for the hospital.

William D. Porter created and commanded the iron clad "Essex." He was appointed commodore on August 4, 1862. Port Hudson was a harder spot to get by than was Vicksburg. The river made here a turn of nearly a right angle, and in passing, a vessel was under fire for over three miles from the three points of the compass, and shots were thrown from at least a score of splendid *English* Whitworth guns mounted in water batteries and on the bluffs.

Lieut. James Freret speaks of the gloomy "Essex" approaching before Port Hudson. The veterans of the Eighth will not willingly allow the memory of the old "Essex" to die out. She had a motherly care for us. That vessel has taken its place in history, but its building and career are not as well known and appreciated as they will be in coming time. Each day adds to the value of her memory. A brief and sharply condensed account of her will here be given. It is not strange and it is true, that a certain curious feeling is inspired by the name of a ship

that has done and suffered great things; different from the feeling with which we look on or read about any other work of human hands. Every timber in the old "Constitution" was sacred. The name of Porter has been for over eighty years identified with the United States navy. Commodore William D., a son of Commodore David Porter, had been in the naval service thirty-eight years when the civil war broke out. On September 27, 1861, he was ordered to the Western Department to take command of the gunboat "Essex" under Commodore Foote, to operate upon the Mississippi. The "Essex" was originally a St. Louis ferry boat. The orders were to make her into a gunboat in eighteen days, and in that time she was off the docks, and in three days after steaming down river. Commodore Porter says that in order to do this, there being no place to do it in, I set up on my own hook, seized three large coal scows and converted them into a locomotive navy yard. One was an iron working and blacksmith shop; another a carpenter's shop; and another for coal. I took them all with me, and sometimes went into action fighting at one end while working at the other. So the "Essex" was built around in spots. She was of about five hundred tons, with an armament of one ten-inch and three nine-inch Dahlgren guns, two fifty-pound rifled Dahlgrens, one long thirty-two pounder, and a twenty-four-pound boat howitzer. All account of her first fighting is omitted. There, up river, both Foote and Porter were severely wounded and the "Essex" injured so that she was reconstructed, changed from simply an iron beaked vessel to an entirely iron clad at a final cost of ninety-one thousand dollars. She was indeed a gloomy looking subject, being far too squatty and broad for a thing of beauty, but her use made her to us a joy forever. Her casemates were very high, but her hull was entirely submerged. Her forward casemate was of wood, thirty inches thick, plated with india rubber one inch thick and one and three fourths

inch iron; side casemates of wood sixteen inches thick, one inch of rubber and three fourths inch of iron. She had forty-two water tight compartments, was two hundred and five feet long and sixty feet wide, and provided with two engines which worked wheels which were set in a recess at her stern. Her two chimneys bore near their tops the magic letters S. X., one letter on each in white paint. Her ambition was to meet and sink the rebel ram "Arkansas," which was built for a "terror," carrying a beak weighing nine tons, and being clad with railroad iron dovetailed and her after works and stern covered to thirteen inches below the water line with two-inch plate iron, with a superior armament, and capable of running twenty-two miles an hour down river.

On the 22d of July the "Essex" alone attacked the "Arkansas" as she lay moored at a wharf under the batteries of Vicksburg. She ran along side of her, and for over an hour endured an unequal fight against her and the shore batteries of one hundred siege guns. After that she had the chosen run of the river to New Orleans, with the privilege of keeping at bay the dreaded "Arkansas."

At the attack on Baton Rouge on August 5, 1862, the land forces were forced back by General Breckinridge, and the little "Essex" was called on to assist our left wing, General Williams being killed. A few shells pitched over the bluff into the cemetery which the enemy occupied, drove them back and saved the town from being fired; meantime the ram "Arkansas" not appearing to "assist" as threatened, the "Essex," on the morning of the sixth, *went after her*. Rounding Nigger Point, soon the ram was seen ready, and opened with her heaviest guns. Porter replied with his nine-inch bow guns, and soon had a shot through her after starboard port, and another disabled her rudder. Porter ran up and set her on fire, and she ran ashore to save the crew. By and by she shifted off the mud bank down the river, and

when within four miles of Baton Rouge the fire reached the eighteen thousand pounds of powder in her magazine, and she blew up, and the gloomy looking "Essex" sailed calmly down over her grave.

On the 31st of August the "Essex" went to Baton Rouge. Information had reached Porter of the intended abandonment of that city by the Federal troops. He instantly communicated with Brig.-Gen. Halbert E. Paine then there in command, urging a delay in that movement, also asking the commandant at New Orleans for gunboats to prevent the erection of batteries at Port Hudson, and to enable him to cut off the supplies being carried to the enemy from Texas and the valley of the Red river. But the destroying of the "Arkansas" did in a large measure stop supplies from crossing, as, if the rebel expectations formed of her had been realized, the Mississippi river would have been cleared of our naval forces, and horses, sugar, beef, and salt would have poured across from the rich Louisiana lowlands, and from the mouth of the Red river into Port Hudson, thence east to the Amite and Confederate Camp Moore.

The "Essex" arrived off Port Hudson on August 26, 1862, and came to anchor to reconnoiter, reported batteries in progress. The small number of men on board did not allow of sending a number on shore to look up any works. Those that could be seen were destroyed. In this work the ten-inch pivot gun on the "Essex" burst. On the 28th she went to that guerrilla nest, Bayou Sara, for coal. On her return, September 7, she cleared for action at 3.30 A. M. When within fifteen hundred yards of the town, shot from eight, nine, and ten-inch rifled cannon rained with tremendous force upon the gallant vessel and with fine precision. Hard and sharp the "Essex" returned the fire. When reaching No. 2, or central battery, the river being here scarcely five hundred yards in width, the navigable channel compelled the "Essex" to

run within thirty yards of that battery, besides receiving the cross fire from the other two batteries. Ten, nine, and thirty-two pounder shots struck her almost together within a square of ten feet, beating in the twenty-four inch wood work and shattering the rubber and iron protection. Still no shot penetrated the ship. For one hour and twenty-five minutes she kept up the fight, until the want of ammunition compelled her to drop down the river, and she reached New Orleans on that evening.

The "Essex" was the only vessel of the squadron that went where it pleased, at its own sweet will. As to its fate, inquiry of the honorable secretary of the Navy in regard to the following named vessels brought an answer as follows :

In reply to the inquiries contained in your letter of the — instant, you are informed that the U. S. S. "Essex" (Mississippi Squadron) was *sold* at Mound City, Ill., November 29, 1865. The "Hartford" is in ordinary at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, Cal. The "Brooklyn" is laid up at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.

By direction of the Secretary of the Navy.

Very respectfully,

JNO. W. HOGE,  
*Chief Clerk.*

Just at this time comes the news of the sudden death of Admiral D. D. Porter, which closes the brilliant career of the Porters in the navy for nearly a century. He was an able, loyal, and energetic officer, who earned his reputation. Again, within a week, upon the morning of the 14th of February, 1891, after a very short illness, at the age of seventy-one, the grand old man and loyal fighter, Gen. William T. Sherman died. It was a shock to all veterans when he, the last of the three great leaders, left us.

It is worthy of note that on the 13th, another man, great in his line, had the vitality to stand upon his feet an hour before an interested audience in the city of Boston and in

the course of his talk announce such a *Butlerism* as this: "I hope that the American flag will wave so far north that it will be mistaken for the Aurora Borealis." Still further, Henry C. Lodge of Massachusetts has this week in Congress said with patriotism and emphasis, "If we *are to err* let it be on the *side of the American flag.*" Amid the insanities of ambition, the rush of common trade, and the influx of some poor foreign blood this cannot be too often and strongly insisted upon.

Wherever unfurled — on sweeping breezes quivering —  
 On airs of tropics listless — on craggy northland shivering,  
 Torn by the battle's stroke at the head of a column's charge,  
 Borne on by the color-guard across the rampart's marge.  
 On land and lake and sea, in peace or warring strife,  
 Uphold the Flag! that stands for the nation's life.

PORT HUDSON, August 6, 1863.

*Col. Hawkes Fearing, Comd'g Third Division:*

SIR. — Lieutenant-Colonel Sargent, Third Massachusetts Cavalry, reports that two or three hundred of the enemy (mounted) are now between the Bayou Sara and Jackson roads about one mile from our advanced post. Lieutenant-Colonel Sargent is ordered to report to you, and if you find on examination that his report is correct, you will make arrangements to attack and disperse or destroy the enemy to-morrow morning as early as practicable, sending me notice of your proposed arrangements, and what information you have. Meantime you will have the position of your pickets changed, and caution them to be vigilant and to be prepared for an attack on the part of the enemy. The infantry of your command will be prepared to form line at short notice, and the pickets will be ready to start to their arms at once. Frequent patrols will be sent out from three to seven A. M. to-morrow. You will not fail to take sufficient force to make success certain if you attack, and on no account allow yourself to be surprised by an attack from the enemy. If the enemy is found to be in force, do not fail to inform me at once, making meantime active preparations to meet him. Keep patrols observing the enemy to-night. I think it not improbable

that he is only reconnoitering, and that he will disappear before morning. However be prepared for him in any event.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

GEO. L. ANDREWS,  
*Brig.-Gen. of Vols. Comd'g Post.*

PERSONAL. — Hawkes Fearing, Junior, colonel of the Eighth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, was born in Hingham, Mass., May 20, 1826. His father being in easy circumstances, the son was given all the advantages to be derived from attendance at the best of the common schools of the period. Parent and grandparent were noted for their constant and devoted patriotism, and this element of character so prominent in the fathers, soon became manifest in the son. The love of country was inherent, and while yet a school boy, military life had charms for the lad that grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He gave his evenings and other leisure hours to the reading and study of military books; found pleasure in plans of battlefields, massing of forces, charging and retreating, and so far as relates to theory, had almost the familiarity of the details of military drill, evolutions, and discipline possessed by a West Point cadet. As may be inferred, he was not slow in applying for admission to the ranks of one of the volunteer companies in town, and in 1841, when only sixteen years of age, appeared on parade with the Hingham Rifles, a body of troops that performed service for the country in the war with Great Britain, 1812 to 1815, and had kept up its organization.

In 1855 the Lincoln Light Infantry, known as Company I, Fourth Regiment Infantry, Mass. V. M., was organized, and the subject of this sketch was at once commissioned captain. The selection met the hearty approval of those in his command, as well as of the public generally. It was a single step from the ranks to a captaincy, a notable

compliment paid to merit well deserved. A more competent commander could not have been selected, as the sequel abundantly proved, though little of the end could have been foreseen from the beginning.

On the 7th of August, 1860, he was commissioned by Governor Banks as lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Regiment, and he was holding that position at the outbreak of the civil war, being then engaged in mercantile pursuits in the city of Manchester, N. H. Leaving at once for Boston, he reported for duty at the State House, where on the 16th of April, 1861, a council was being held by Governor Andrew. At the close of the session he went to Hingham, took part in calling together the members of the Lincoln Light Infantry, urged upon the soldiers a prompt and hearty response to the call of the State and need of the nation, and returned to the city.

The Fourth Regiment left Boston at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th of April, 1861, some ten minutes before the departure of any other, and was really the first body of troops which moved from Boston for the seat of war, though their destination was not reached as soon as some others. During the day, equipments, articles of clothing, camp necessities, and provision, were distributed among the soldiers.

At Fall River they embarked on the steamer "State of Maine." This boat had been laid up for some time. It consequently was not prepared for the use of passengers, and was generally considered by officers and troops to be unseaworthy. They were eighteen hours in reaching New York city, being all that night and the next day on board, with a large proportion of the rations totally unfit for use by reason of the odor communicated from the rubber sacks in which they had been conveyed. Fortress Monroe, their destination, was finally reached in safety on Saturday morning, April 20. After a stay here and in the vicinity for three months, the regiment returned to Boston,

and, its time being up, it was there mustered out of service.

During the autumn of the year 1861, the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteer Regiment was organized, and on the 24th of September the subject of this sketch was appointed colonel by Governor Berry. The summer of 1862 was spent in camp at Carrolton, La.

During this time Colonel Fearing was attacked by fever and confined in hospital for two months seriously ill, at times hovering "twixt life and death," health, however, was finally regained, thanks to the aid of temperate habits and a remarkably vigorous constitution.

His first engagement was at Georgia Landing, October 27, 1862. Then followed Bisland, April 12 and 13, 1863. Here Colonel Fearing was wounded in the leg from a fragment of a bursting shell, but not incapacitated for service.

From May to the surrender of Port Hudson on the 8th of July, after a siege of seven weeks, Colonel Fearing was actively engaged, having command at times during the investment of the Second Brigade, Emory's division. It was here that the New Hampshire Eighth distinguished itself for persistent courage and bravery, and "rendered its history one of renown." These forty-nine days were days of blood, and the loss of men was great.

At the surrender, the New Hampshire Eighth had the well merited honor of first entering the fortifications.

Colonel Fearing returned to Concord, N. H., and was there detailed for recruiting services. This being completed, he left for New Orleans in command of six hundred men intended for filling the regiment, reduced in numbers by disease and the casualties of war. The winter was spent in organizing the regiment as cavalry, designed for the Red River expedition in the following spring. Afterwards he was detailed for court-martial duty, and the summer of 1864 was thus spent in New Orleans and vicinity.

With the close of hostilities, the Eighth Regiment was assigned to provost-guard duty at Natchez, Miss., and was mustered out in October by order of the War Department. On the restoration of peace, Colonel Fearing returned to his birthplace at Hingham, where he was cordially welcomed by the citizens, young and old. His services in the field from the time of the departure of the Lincoln Light Infantry in April, 1861, to the end of the war had been almost continuous, and his record is unblemished. Of battles and skirmishes, collectively, history gives fifty and upwards to the experience of the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment, in nearly all of which Colonel Fearing actively shared. The distinguished Major-General Davis adds, "to say I am a soldier of this regiment is sufficient to command honor and homage."

At Hingham, prior to the outbreak of the civil war, civic honors had testified to public esteem. He was elected town clerk, member of the board of school committee, represented the town in the General Court, and filled other positions of honor and trust. He is a life member of the board of trustees of the Hingham Public Library, of which institution he is at the present time the librarian.

The foregoing record, contributed by a lifelong acquaintance and associate, should justly embrace some recognition of the kind consideration given to the numerous and continued appeals made since the close of the war by former comrades in arms, not only for counsel, but for more material assistance in the form of pecuniary aid. For the cheerful and generous relief thus afforded, many a needy soldier has cause for gratitude.

Confederate. Galveston, August 6, 1863. Colonel Debray, C. S. A., to Assistant Adjutant-General Turner :

I write hastily, the garrison here is in a deplorable state of discipline. The day before yesterday Lockett's regi-

ment refused to drill. Yesterday Cook's regiment refused duty. I have not enough reliable men to attack them or to hold the ordnance armory. The alleged cause is want of bread. The true cause I believe to be seeds of discontent spread by bad citizens, exciting political speeches, and the talk of (Port Hudson) paroled prisoners who are indeed very demoralized and dissatisfied.

August 24, Gen. J. G. Magruder issued a pathetically palliating, supplicating, and glorifying address to the Texans, begging them to "stick to the holy cause." The same "to be read to the different commands, filed in the adjutant's office, and *no newspaper to publish it.*"

Confederate. Meridian, Miss., August 4, 1863. Commissioner Jno. C. Watson to Gen. S. Cooper, adjutant and inspector-general :

SIR, — In the commissary department here there has been a great want of foresight and energy. Port Hudson and Vicksburg could easily have been provisioned for twelve months. This can be satisfactorily *proved.*

At Richmond, August 4, 1863, the President of C. S. A. ordered a "Court of Inquiry" to convene at Montgomery, Ala., to inquire into the events of the campaigns of Mississippi and east Louisiana during May, June, and July, last, especially as to the surrender of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and the evacuation of Jackson.

"The court will report the facts, together with their opinion on the merits of the case, and the proximate causes which led to the result."

The above court was ordered (special) on August 24, to assemble at Atlanta, and on September 8, to suspend its sessions until further orders, which was equivalent to a dissolution.

President Lincoln had appointed August 6, 1863, as a day for national thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, because "it had pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe to the

army and navy of the United States, victories so signal and effective as to furnish reasonable grounds for augmented confidence that the Union of these States will be maintained, their constitution preserved, and their peace and prosperity permanently secured." Per contra, Jefferson Davis appointed August 21 to be observed as a day of "fasting and prayer on account of the reverses that the Confederate cause had sustained. That former successes had made them forget their reliance upon God. The love of lucre had eaten into the heart of the land, and the recent lesson should be received with humble thankfulness." And, too, Mr. Davis calls on the soldiers and conscripts to return to camp as "now there is no alternative but victory or subjugation." A general pardon and amnesty is granted to all "absent without leave, to join the army within twenty days." He asks all wives, mothers, and daughters "to assist in filling the depleted ranks" now suffering a loss of nearly one hundred thousand men.

Practically, one third of the available rebel forces was annihilated during July: note, too, the sundering of their territory, the disorganizing of their Western armies, losses in cannon, small arms, stores, ammunition, and so forth.

Another matter which concerned us very much, was that the law of retaliation was formally announced by both national and Confederate authorities. Two rebel officers had been executed on June 9, in Tennessee, by order of General Rosecrans as spies found within our lines. The Confederates chose by lot from among our prisoners at Richmond two officers, and set them apart for execution when ordered. In retaliation, two officers of the enemy in our hands were then placed in close confinement to be executed if the threats of the rebel officials were carried out. Further, President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring that no distinction would be recognized in the treatment accorded to our white and colored troops who may be captured by the enemy. Every case of ill treat-

ment would be "retaliated in kind" — hanging for hanging, shooting for shooting, etc. If a colored soldier taken prisoner, was sold into slavery, a Confederate prisoner would in return be confined at hard labor until the colored prisoner was set at liberty.

The following despatches from Halleck and Lincoln are important as showing the inception of the Red River expedition that we are now drifting towards; but first to the South, to Sabine Pass.

Halleck to Grant :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6, 1863.

Please send a special messenger to Major-Gen. Banks with the following telegram: There are important reasons why our Flag should be restored in some part of Texas with the least possible delay. Do this by land at Galveston, at Indianola, or any *other* point you may deem preferable. If by sea, Admiral Farragut will coöperate. There are reasons why the movement should be as prompt as possible.

Grant to Banks :

VICKSBURG, Aug. 7, 1863.

I send you the 13th Army Corps, which, with Herron's, makes thirteen thousand men. Gen. Halleck's despatch does not seem to be in response to any received from you or myself.

Lincoln to Grant :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 9, 1863.

In view of recent events in Mexico, I am greatly impressed with the importance of re-establishing the national authority in Western Texas as soon as possible.

During the siege of Port Hudson, the enemy west of the Mississippi concentrated and a force under a Confederate major had taken and burned two steamers at Plaquemine, capturing sixty-eight of the Twenty-eighth Maine. Brash-ear City also, with three hundred of our men had been taken.

On June 28, at 1.30 A. M., over fifteen hundred Confederates under General Green, attacked Fort Butler at Donaldsonville. It was defended by Maj. J. B. Bullen of the Twenty-eighth Maine, who had only two hundred and twenty-five men, including convalescents; but they beat off the enemy, killing and wounding more than their own number and taking as prisoners twice as many officers and nearly as many men as they had themselves. General Green sent in a flag to get permission to bury his dead, and strangely enough it was accompanied by an apology for his failure to take the fort.

The above is given a place here in order to do justice to that little band of heroes, for the defense has a very scant place in any work, but is mentioned in the Fifty-third Massachusetts History, from which this account is mostly taken. The enemy had established batteries below on the river, cutting off communication with New Orleans. Our force of effective men had fallen as low as ten thousand, which gave General Banks reason for paroling the captured garrison of Port Hudson, as there were twenty-five hundred active Confederate troops at his rear, and said to be twelve thousand at the disposal of Generals Green and Taylor west of the Great river. On July 9, all available forces were sent down to Donaldsonville and drove off the enemy, and on July 22, Brashear City was recaptured and Banks could freely attend to the sending of troops to Texas as ordered.

Comrade X. E. Mills, of Company B, calls attention to the desecration of the United States flag at Brashear City after the prisoners were paroled. Of our regiment, George Kelton, Ira Healy, Timothy Coakley, Mills, and Daniel Mahoney were there. The flag first floated over the depot. Looking about for information, I got a letter from Dan Mahoney who says, "I saw the flag torn down and dragged in the dirt, and we received orders to march over it. Some did and some didn't. Everybody was wild;

ladies were out waving their handkerchiefs and cheering the Confederate flag. After awhile the rebel commander, seeing that quite a number of us refused to trample on the flag said, 'Well, let 'em go; we won't insist upon it; *we* may be prisoners sometime.' They compelled us at the point of the bayonet to march over a burned bridge. Coakley was moon-struck and could not see in the night. He had to hang on to me to help him over. Dick Taylor was one of the generals present. One of the guard had a chicken and I confiscated it, picked it in the dark, got the reb. captain to have his colored lady cook cook it. He told me to stay and watch it as it was for a 'sick boy' (myself). The old lady gave me a big piece of hoe cake that lasted us several days. They wanted us to take their oath, and they would take us to Houston and Nassau so we could get to New York. I told them that I had taken one oath and meant to keep it, and if the war wasn't done when my time was up, I'd enlist again. The rebel officer said he liked that spunk and added: 'Young man, take a drink': so he put up his canteen.

“ On the road to New Orleans, one of the guard invited me to a dance at the St. Charles hotel, as they said that they intended to take the city, but when we reached our lines I found a regiment on guard commanded by an old acquaintance whom I had known in Lyndeborough, N. H., viz., Col. A. F. Holt (who died in December, 1890, and was buried in his native town). The main body of the rebs. remained at a distance and but a small portion came in with twelve hundred prisoners. After a time it was reported to Colonel Holt that the enemy were looking about our lines too intimately. There were but two regiments of Union troops at that part of the line, viz.: First Texas Cavalry and one of infantry. As soon as the small rebel detail returned with the flag of truce, the enemy all made a break to capture our force, but Colonel Holt was now prepared for their onset, and when they charged with

a yell into the trap he had set, five hundred of them were scooped."

Comrade D. Mahoney gives no date to the following, but as it is absolutely *truc*, it needs none.

Veterans will recollect that the taking of whiskey or anything real good to eat by sly appropriation, was regarded by the majority of soldiers with about the same compunction as the average member of society now feels in abstracting a superior umbrella for one's private use, so we insert one of Dan's stories as follows :

One dark rainy night an Eighth New Hampshire detail was relieved from picket and, losing its way back, it was thought best to break ranks and each find his way. When separating, Bob McKensie of Company B and our Dan struck out together, and soon met a squad from an Illinois regiment returning from a foraging raid. They had a large kettle of Louisiana tangle into which a canteen settled deep enough for a purpose, and thus fortified they soon found themselves in the vicinity of General Dwight's cook-house, from which came the savory smell of roast turkey, which to our heroes was very tempting as they had been on the ragged edge of starvation. Their next move was to get by the guard, which was made by offering him a smell from the canteen which smell was long and deep and made said guard so agreeable that he consented that they might cross his line to the cook-house.

Looking in, they saw a white man and a negro, and heard the first say, "I'll go and get the eggs" and left. Soon Mc— stepped to the door and said to cook, "Didn't you hear him call for you?" "No, sah, I didn't." "Well, he did," said Mc— and the darkey left to find the white man. That was Dan's chance, and he seized the platter, turkey, hot dressing, and all, and left in such a hurry that he spilled "scaldings" on his leg, which laid him up for two weeks; but Dan hung on to the turkey and brought it into camp. Gen. D. afterwards was telling Gen. Paine about his lost turkey meal, and declared that he could not think of any smart enough to steal it, but those notorious, rascally Eighth New Hampshire fellows.

Another Danism. He one day slid out of the ranks on the march to "forage," put in no appearance till next morning, was reported to the colonel by the captain, but Dan saw Dr. Clarke, and being very friendly with the surgeon, probably on account of the *results* of foraging, he, or they, fixed it that when Dan was up before the colonel for absence he hauled out a paper in defense which proved to be a "sick pass" for the day off, signed by said surgeon. As we could not go behind that, Dan got off. We were always proud of D. Mahoney, of Company B, and could generally put a finger on him — when — he was within arm's length.

The foreign complications hinted at in despatches to Generals Grant and Banks, were caused by the action, first of the three governments, Great Britain, Spain, and France, ostensibly to obtain their rights. A foothold having been assured on Mexican soil, the two forces withdrew, leaving, apparently with their consent, France to establish an imperial government; and its intention was revealed when the emperor, in a letter to the French general commanding, declared, "It is not for the interest of France that the United States should seize possession of all the Mexican gulf, dominate from thence to the Antilles as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World." General Forey's proclamations were based on the foregoing, and breathed a spirit of strong hostility to the United States, intimating that the thing to be done was to form a strong Latin race government to act as a counterpoise to the United States. On the 9th of June, 1863, General Forey entered the Mexican capital in triumph, welcomed most cordially of all by the "Church Party." Meanwhile the emperor worked to unite the great European powers for a joint recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Great Britain hesitated, but allowed Confederate ship building and arming to go on within her ports; consequently there was a good deal of

hostile feeling against England, and there is no subtle art by which international dislike can be conjured away. Somehow we can't forget and forgive the British national drift of double dealing and deviltry. National selfishness will blind common sense. The fact stood that J. Bull exulted with increasing delight as our troubles multiplied, and the destruction of a great and friendly power was not to be regretted by them as a terrible necessity, but it was to be hailed as the discomfiture of a *rival*. Pretexts of neutrality deceived no intelligent Englishman and certainly did not any American. Sir Bulwer Lytton's saying at the beginning of the war that we were too large and threatening a power and that it was for the interest of England that we be reduced, was echoed two years later by Mr. Roebuck upon his motion that the rebels be recognized. He said, "What is for the interest of England is for the interest of the world, and it is for the interest of England that all popular governments shall be destroyed and all commercial rivalry overthrown."

A good word for Russia. The Northern Bear had a friendly growl and an affectionate hug for us. Five of her men-of-war visited New York harbor, and startled France and England asked in hushed tones, "*What are they there for?*" Immediately our stocks in England went up four per cent, and the Confederate cotton loan down fifteen per cent. Our "Press" at last declared that we had outgrown our pupilage to England; we had come of age and must work ourselves for ourselves. Even our literature broke fearlessly free from English criticism, for its chief authors persistently maligned a cause, which in maintaining liberty and order, was the champion of intellectual freedom. All at once we cared not for the sneer of their statesmen, the slander of the "Thunderer," nor the disbelief of their public opinion. The aristocracy and the commercial interests were against us. Among prominent men for us were Cairnes, Cobden,

Bright, Mills, Newman, Dicey, and Goldwin Smith. Among influential papers, the "Daily News," "Star," and "Spectator"; with them were the *hearts* of the common people. All the insults heaped upon us made us feel very warlike, yet without being anxious to go to war with England or France, so, as they tempered down a little we kept quiet and "nursed our wrath to keep warm." As the territory of the Confederacy contracted, they fought more advantageously on shortened interior lines, while we in the west had yet enough to do in looking after Mouton, Smith, Green, and Taylor, while holding the vantage ground, and in looking for a place to attack while receiving "suggestions" from Washington, thus :

Serial 41, page 673, Halleck to Banks, extract :

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 10, 1863.

In my former despatch it was left to your own discretion to select any point in Texas for occupation, the only condition being that the flag of the United States should be again raised and sustained *somewhere* within the limits of that State. That order as I understood it at the time, was of a diplomatic rather than of a military character, and resulted from some European complications, or more properly speaking was intended to *prevent* such *complications*.

Halleck continues, not as a military instruction but as a suggestion :

I give the opinion that a combined military and naval movement up the line of the Red river would be best. Nevertheless, your choice is unrestricted.

Page 675, same, August 12 :

Operations proposed by you relating to Mobile in former despatches are received, and are highly important, but the above must be first undertaken. *On this matter we have no choice, but must carry out the views of the government.*

Serial 41, page 693, Halleck to Banks :

Aug. 20th. Mexican and French complications render

it exceedingly important that the movement ordered against Texas be undertaken *without delay*.

Serial 41, page 697, Banks replies in regard to the point of attack, August 26, 1863 :

If the season were different the northern line would doubtless be preferable on many grounds.

Condensed official reports, serial 41, page 697, August 26. Banks to Halleck :

The enemy has been active in gathering conscripts. There are about fifteen thousand between Natchitoches and Franklin. The governor of Texas has conscripted all between sixteen and sixty years of age. Magruder has five thousand men at Galveston. My disposable force is not over twenty thousand. I can use only one third of that, as there is a lack of water transportation.

The Sabine Pass expedition a failure. Banks' report condensed from serial 41, page 19 :

The objective point to occupy was Houston, that controlling the railway communications of Texas. That necessitated an attack at Sabine Pass. Expedition sailed on Sept. 5th, troops under command of Maj.-Gen. W. B. Franklin. Gunboats under command of Captain Crocker a brave and skillful officer, thoroughly acquainted with the waters of Sabine Pass. By final arrangement the gunboats attempted to pass the works, but being originally nothing but lightly constructed merchant vessels, they made no impression on the works and ran ashore in shallow water and were compelled to surrender. The "Land force" did not land as it might have done, notwithstanding the loss of the boats, and so the expedition was a failure where it might have been a success, as the movement in that quarter was a surprise (for once) to the enemy, his troops being concentrated elsewhere.

Same, October 16, 1863 :

I am satisfied that if we could have placed our force at Houston as contemplated, it would have prevented any concentration by the enemy. Had the army relied upon itself exclusively, the failure at Sabine City would not have

occurred. It was feasible to land below between Sabine and Galveston Bay. The instructions of Gen. Franklin contemplated this, but the naval officers were so perfectly confident in regard to their information of the fortifications at Sabine Pass, that their boats were disabled and in possession of the enemy before any other course was open.

Further: It is interesting, as well as maddening, to note the mishaps, ill luck and negligence amounting to criminality on the Federal side. The "Granite City" was to place a light for Captain Crocker to run in by. The "G. C." was late, and Crocker ran by, missing the entrance; thus a whole day was lost, given to the enemy. The naval officers *thought* that the fort mounted but two guns, they encountered six thirty-two pounders. The stock of fresh water was nearly exhausted; men living on uncooked food; no fuel even on shore; and no water to be had unless the fort was in our possession.

For real light and interesting reading, let us turn to Maj.-Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder's proclamation. He, commanding District of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona says, dated September 10, 1863:

To the men of Texas:

Almighty God in his divine mercy has given us another signal victory over our enemies. A handful of determined men in the face of fifteen thousand of the enemy's troops, and a powerful fleet of gunboats has for the present defeated their landing, capturing two and crippling two others of the gunboats, taking eighteen pieces of artillery and over three hundred prisoners. Fellow citizens, I need your assistance. Form yourselves into companies and assemble here with your arms as rapidly as possible. The enemy will return and threaten vengeance for his defeat. Let us meet him like men resolved to conquer or die. Men of Texas, I know I do not call on you in vain. Shall it be said that your State was invaded and you hastened not to the aid of your brethren in the field? Let the mothers, wives and daughters of Texas, remembering the outrages and tyranny their sisters of the South have met at

the hands of the foe, urge every man to do his duty and tarry no longer from the field. The gray-haired sires and women of Texas can defend alone their homes from the vandals. Business men and planters, the time has come for you to turn aside from your daily pursuits and rally to the defense of your country. Wait not. Old Texans, men of the days of '36, men of the Republic, you have grasped the rifle and trusty knife before at the call of danger, come now, and the men who love you for your deeds of valor, the youths who would emulate your example, will follow you. Form with your comrades a wall of fire and steel against which the foe shall press in vain.

Letter of Lieut. D. W. King :

Our expedition to Sabine Pass on the mouth of Sabine river was an ill-starred one, so there is nothing in the local papers about the result. We arrived off the bar about noon on the 7th of Sept. and the next morning shelled the rebel works without eliciting any response, which gave the impression that they were deserted, but when the gunboats got opposite them, in the attempt to run by, the enemy opened fire and soon had the "Clifton" and "Sachem" at their mercy, and took about one hundred and eighty prisoners. The transport "Crescent," got off by sacrificing one thousand dollars worth of commissary stores. Signal was made to leave for the Southwest Pass, but night and a gale came on and the river steamers were at a disadvantage. The "Continental" ran into the "Suffolk," the excitement was intense; many that jumped overboard thinking that the ships were sinking, were drowned. We were sixty hours getting to the Passes: horses nearly ruined for want of water for four days. Camped at Algiers on the 12th.

Extract from letter of Comrade J. F. Chandler, Company D :

ALGIERS, La., Sept. 14, 1863.

We left Baton Rouge on Sept. 3d, 1863, to make a landing at the mouth of the Sabine river. We arrived at New Orleans on the 4th and left at evening on the steamship "Continental," Gen. Emory in command of our division. We had the ship "Graham Polly" in tow, and on the 6th, she parted both hawsers and ran into us amid-

ships, letting the light in upon us at the second deck. On the 7th, we came to anchor, and waited for the gunboats to level a small fort containing eighteen guns, but the enemy was too much for us and took two gunboats and started our fleet of transports off in a hurry. In the panic the steamer "Suffolk" ran into us and damaged her so that her crew left and boarded us; yet some jumped overboard and were lost. Maj.-Gen. Franklin and staff were on board the "Suffolk." He was in command of our 19th army corps. The "Suffolk" managed to get into New Orleans that same day that we did; that is, on the 12th. There is liable to be a call to go over our ground again at Bisland. The rebs. are reported as being fortified there stronger than ever. The 13th corps is now leaving for that locality and we also have hints of orders to go.

Letter from "Sam":

ALGIERS, Sept. 13, 1863.

Here we are, camped in a pasture just below "Webster avenue" on Boston land owned in Boston. We have had a Hard time trying to knock the rebs out of the mouth of Sabine river down in Texas we were Run into and almost sunk by a ship called the "Suffolk"; it kept a crunching us till some got drowned. I eat up all my Hoss and hard Tack so as to save that and kept still, knowing that it would be no use to run around and yell; The "Continental" had Gen. McMillan on board and I, and the other, Gen. Franklin and His Staff but somehow some of us poor fellows were saved but almighty scared.

I sent 70 dollars and my love to Nettie on Aug. 8th to you by Adams' Express and I have *got the receipt*.

From "Sam":

Sep. 25. Got here at Bisland in light marching order on the 23d bound for Texas I guess.

I've got no ink as you can see and the only extra baggage is a big knife to kill pigs and Hack beef with. I hope you got that 70 dollars to buy land with and my love to Nettie.

Jim Sands sends his respects—cause he knows that I've got some good looking sisters.

26th — Weitzel's Division passed us.

Oct. 3d. Left Bisland for Franklin and plenty of sweet potatoes.

Troops for operations in the Teche county, La. (serial 41, page 336):

THIRD DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Grover.

First Brigade,	Col. Lewis Benedict.
110th New York,	Col. C. H. Sage.
162d " "	Col. L. Benedict.
165th " " (six companies),	Lieut.-Col. G. Carr.
173d " "	Col. L. M. Peck.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brig.-Gen. James W. McMillan.

14th Maine,	Col. T. W. Porter.
26th Massachusetts,	Col. A. B. Farr.
8th New Hampshire,	Lieut.-Col. G. A. Flanders.
133d New York,	Col. L. D. H. Currie.

At Opelousas and Vermillion bayou, McMillan relieved Brigadier-General Emory (going on sick leave), September 17, 1863, in command of the division, and was relieved October 6, by Brigadier-General Grover.

Lieutenant King's letter:

Opelousas, Oct. 24, 1863. Our march from Bisland has been very slow: too slow to catch mounted men. Our numbers are small and average good health prevails; though the water to drink is scarce and bad, coming from the bayous and prairie ponds it is inferior to whiskey in many respects.

We were four days at the dry bayou "Carrion Crow" (corrupted from Carron Cro, the name of a gentleman once living in this vicinity). A night's rain filled it six feet deep, but like the witch gruel in "Macbeth" it was "thick and slab" with mud. The 13th corps is with us; western men, bronzed and tough: splendid soldiers; proved before Vicksburg. They are commanded by Gen. Ord, and Gen. C. C. Washburn, Ex. M. C., commands a Division.

The reporter's reports from Port Hudson remind me of a Frank Leslie picture of not long ago, where a man on Morris island is represented as wheeling a barrow load

of thirteen-inch shells, and fifteen can be counted above the top of the vehicle. Men may be there who are strong enough to wheel such loads, but it must be a great strain on the wheelbarrows. Said reporter's reports are probably written in a closet at the St. Charles, New Orleans.

General Weitzel and Georgia Landing. Lieut. Dan Newhall's letter :

On October 27, 1863, we were encamped at Vermillion bayou and General Weitzel invited all the officers of his old brigade who were at Georgia Landing, up to his headquarters to celebrate the first anniversary of that event. He had a big bonfire, the bands played, lots of singing and "commissary." Gen. W. gave the following toast in memory of Lieut.-Col. Lull: "Colonel Lull, a heroic leader of one of the bravest regiments in the Department of the Gulf." It was drunk standing and in silence. Afterwards, three cheers were given for the old Eighth.

The letter containing the above, says, "What monumental lies those rebel officers used to tell as given in the official records — as —

July 13, 1863. There were two hundred Yanks left dead on the field at Donaldsonville. (Signed) Gen. Green.

The writer has under his eye just now, serial 42, page 114, a "Proclamation" by Gen. J. B. Magruder, thus — extract :

July 16, 1863. Fellow Citizens. Vicksburg has fallen, but our insolent foes have but little cause to rejoice, for our victorious arms are now desolating Pennsylvania, and *forty thousand prisoners* attest the triumphant march of Gen. Lee. The North has a barren victory! It has cost the destruction of more than half of their largest and best army, and the demoralization of the remainder. Sharpshooters will line the Mississippi; ten thousand Texans are being organized. Slaveholders! I want 'one quarter of your working hands; citizens over fifty, form into "minute men" with twenty days' rations of dried beef.

Our barbarous foe already gloats, etc. The spirit of the "Alamo" is abroad! Protect your wives and daughters, suffer not your sons to be subjected! Unpatriotic men shall *not be left between my lines* and the enemy, seeking to cover by perjury wealth amassed by grinding extortion.

Same, July 30, says Magruder :

The efficiency of the draft is impaired: out of seventy persons enrolled, for instance, at Chapel Hill, all but twenty got certificates of exemption. To this increasing class, add those in necessary (?) attendance upon county courts, and but few outside the cities can be held to service.

Sergt. C. A. Emerson's diary :

New Iberia, La., Nov. 12th. Chaplain arrived from New Hampshire.

15th. Mike Fox sentenced to death, escaped.

19th. Mike Fox returned by rebels under flag of truce.

Dec. 12th. John W. Crosby (Lieutenant in 5th New Hampshire), came to regiment in charge of recruits.

13th. Drew horses and saddles.

On or about the 25th of November, 1863, four hundred and sixteen recruits who happened to be mostly sailors, were sent from Boston to the Eighth Regiment in charge of Major Connelly and Lieut. John W. Crosby. They were transported on the steamship "De-Molay," stopping at Fortress Monroe and Key West. Col. Hawkes Fearing was on board as passenger, yet was the senior military officer. The ship arrived at New Orleans safely and deposited its precious freight at Algiers, but the tug of transportation came, when on platform cars the reckless crowd was railroaded for camp through the cypress swamps. Numbers jumped off at the rate of a thousand dollars a piece. At one time the train was unshackled, but at last they delivered the lot at a net loss of eighty only.

On Lieutenant Crosby's return trip North, General Gardner and staff were on board bound for Fort Warren,

Boston harbor. General Gardner is reported as being very stiff and mightily reserved unless when artificially elevated.

Lieutenant Crosby had been in New Hampshire on detached service, his regiment, the Fifth New Hampshire, being in the State on furlough, and to be recruited. At one time Colonel Fearing, Major Connelly, and Lieutenant Crosby constituted a part of a court martial, holding its sessions at Concord.

A poor sub. being arraigned for desertion caused a capital case which on trial resulted, by an unanimous vote with the exception of Colonel Fearing, in condemning the culprit to be *shot*. The president of the court, Colonel Fearing, utterly opposed the sentence, for brave as he was upon the battlefield, he was other wheres a very mild mannered man; very different in aggressiveness at the head of his regiment or brigade at Georgia Landing and Port Hudson, La., or sitting as president of a court martial at Concord, N. H. The matter laid over about a week, the colonel's interest not abating in saving the man from being shot "to the great disgrace of our State of New Hampshire." At a meeting when the case was to be considered finally and the court, unchanged in its purpose, was about assenting, an orderly rushed in with the startling news that the condemned sub. had broken through the walls of his guard house and had escaped. The interesting finale was that Colonel Fearing's secret pleasure at the fellow's escape was made manifest by denouncing *all* subs. and their desertions, and declaring that the whole lot ought to be hung for the credit of the State.

About the redoubtable Michael Fox, of Company C, by Sergeant Farley, of Company K:

While at the ancient town of Opelousas, La., in camp just outside, before we were mounted as cavalry, some whiskey got somehow over into C street, and hearing a rather unusual amount of noise it drew me in that direc-

tion. Of course much, *too* much whiskey meant fight, and it drew a crowd into which the officer of the day got, as was his business, to still it. Amongst the hauling and pulling said officer declared that Mike Fox struck him, whereas Fox declared that he only pushed him, but nevertheless, the victim Fox was arrested and put under guard. Soon he was court martialled, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot upon the next day between the hours of nine and twelve. That evening there came an order to me to detail one man to go and help dig his grave, and I recollect that the man growled hard because he was set at that business at nine o'clock at night; however, we got the hole into the ground. Mike was in jail at Opelousas and had the honor of a guard with a loaded gun before his cell door. Capt. Gannon and Maj. Connelly were allowed to see him and the priest was with him most of the night. Fox said that he knew that he had got to die on the next day, and he would stand it like a brick. I knew him to be a game soldier, and would do as he said. The captain, the former officer of the day, came to see him and told him that he felt very sorry for him, but Fox told him that he need not be; said he. "I am going to die to-morrow, and if ever there was a man came back to this world, I'll come back and I'll haunt you night and day." But next morning Major Connelly went and saw Gen. Franklin and told him that it was an outrage to shoot the man for so small a crime, and that the President should be appealed to to reprieve or pardon him, so he got a delay until the President could be heard from, which would take as much as four weeks. In a few days we got orders to return to Franklin, and took the prisoner along handcuffed and under guard night and day. On the second day's march as we went into camp at sunset, two strapping big men, John Cane and Ned McCabe (it would have been hard to get a man to handle Cane), were walking by the guard kind of careless like, when McCabe sprang at the guard catching his gun with both hands while Cane struck him in the jaw and knocked him senseless. Then Cane says to Fox, "come on" and the two helped him outside the lines towards Opelousas. Fox had the curiosity to go and see his late grave, and left his mark there and kept on till he reached the rebel prison in Tyler, Texas. He had the freedom of that camp, going out and in as he pleased. After staying there three months, he

picked up a Boston fellow and they thought it to be a good thing to go down into Mexico, so they started on foot but soon picked up two ponies to assist their emigration, but came to grief as a party of men chased up behind them and shifted them from the ponies to a tree near by, hanging them up by halters for horse stealing. This last tragic ending of the fellows I got from one of Co. K who was in that rebel prison.

The foregoing account was written out several months before receiving Sergeant Emerson's account of Fox's return to the regiment. Comrade Emerson now adds nothing except that he thinks that Corporal Dan Hartnett had charge of the detail which dug his grave. It was thought best to make a little inquiry about Fox. His case was mentioned in the presence of Colonel Fearing in April, 1891, and he positively asserted that Fox was returned to the regiment. Comrade Hodgdon writes: "I have no positive recollection of Mike Fox after he was returned by Dick Taylor's men, but think that he sickened and died in the hospital; yet the merry devil might have stolen Billy Wilson's Zouaves and taken them to Mexico." Lieutenant Nolan says that prisoners who met Fox in Texas said that he was then acting orderly to Gen. Dick Taylor. Afterwards, in 1865, when I was in command of military prison in Natchez, Miss., I was told by some rebel prisoners under my charge that knew Fox, that Fox tried to desert from the rebel army; was tried by court martial and shot. At all events, Fox never joined regiment again. If he was alive after, he would go to Manchester, N. H., where he belonged.

Lieut. Lawrence Foley agrees mostly with Sergeant Farley in his account.

Comrade Dan Mahoney, of Wilton, N. H., says that before Fox's time of execution arrived, the rebs. made a dash, the guards went for the enemy leaving Mike to run into the bushes, and then to the enemy who filed his handcuffs off. In a few days a flag of truce from the enemy

was met by some troops, not the Eighth; they were fired on and several shot, the rebs. crying out, "Them's compliments of Mike Fox." Comrade John Riney, formerly of Company B, afterwards captain in a colored regiment, says that he met Fox in Santiago, Texas, *after the war*. So it is still an open question what finally became of Michael Fox.

June 17, 1891. Will close up on Mike Fox. He has been the standard — ?

Corp. J. F. Chandler writes that he got away as related with "ball and chain" on; told his case to the rebs. and they returned him to us, but in a few days he got away again; think that one or two deserted with him, they joined the guerillas and were caught and hung by the Confederates.

Mike Fox, and what became of him, is of not so much importance, but his case came oddly bobbing to the surface of the stream of events. It is seen that it is difficult to get at dim, cold, unadulterated *facts*, which even time is expected to assist in bringing to the light.

From "Sam":

NEW IBERIA, La., Nov. 19, 1863.

I guess that we went go to Texas, you ask about my "Thanksgiving," last year it was mush and molasses. I thought yesterday that I would fill my canteen with molasses so I went to the sweet Grindery and in where they barrel it up I saw about 40 negro Ladies a wading round in a big tank of it a keeping it stirred up I suppose so it would or wouldn't turn into Rum. It was about 30 inches Deep o' molasses and I *took sugar in mine*.

When Col. Fearing gets his conscripts out here I'd like the detail of Showing 'em Round.

One fellow was held to be shot and his grave all dug got off two nights ago. (Oho! Fox again.) But one fellow from 14th Maine tried it and died in a few minutes. The rebs don't like 'em any better 'n we Do.

The Forty-eighth Ohio very justly decided that they had "struck it rich on fodder" down in the garden of

Louisiana at New Iberia, although the voracious army mule still took his ration of wood work off the army wagon and his discordant voice seemed always like Dicken's boy, "asking for more." It was a fine preparation, by contrast, as you, interested reader, will note, to the terrible gauntness of Camp Ford, Texas. The veterans of the Eighth New Hampshire will recollect, if not the scantness of their Thanksgiving dinner in 1861, the lines of poetry that were written and printed by Mr. De Wolfe at Camp Currier on and about that occasion. They began thus :

Some people think when men enlist,  
 Young, middle-aged, and hoary,  
 They do not need material food  
 For they can *live* on *Glory*!

The third and fourth verses were as follows :

They kissed the loved ones they had left,  
 And after the caressing,  
 By turns each volunteer received  
 Some dear one's parting blessing.

They braved the chill November damps,  
 All thoughts of fear discarding,  
 When you did sleep, — at "Currier"  
 They bravely stood — a guarding!

Then several verses being employed to show what each company got of the scent in Turkey and fixin's dinner, it ends with prophetic indignation :

We'll fight our country's battles well  
 And struggle for the nation ;  
 But think you, can the Eighth forget  
 This soulless aggravation?

Those who would steal the soldier's joys,  
 Can God forgive such sinners?  
 Or send to Heaven those who get  
 Up! such Thanksgiving dinners?

What did we eat and drink? In the struggles for and the want of dinners since November, 1861, the veterans have nearly forgotten the pangs which brought forth the poetry of that date, but now they can sit in a circle and retail for hours their experiences in striving to fill the vacuum of the inner man in camp, or anywhere in the South cut by the line of march. Louisiana was a good foraging ground and there was no great sale of canned goods. "Condensed milk" was no go, except as "brandied peaches"; hog used to be drawn legally and otherwise; beef was a drug. Folks "don't know beans" until they are cooked and eaten out of doors. Only once I saw them "ground baked." How? Well, dig a hole or trench, in it build a big fire, leave it all coals, put on top hot ashes, then kettles of beans. Then cover with twigs, grass, earth; let 'em stay ten hours, and then! Why doesn't Dr. Holmes crown his last laughing days with a *serious poem on beans?* That succulent, reviving muscle-building, brain-empowering vegetable! That, with coffee, the tin-pot coffee of the soldier by the wayside, was all conquering. Whiskey nor Louisiana rum ain't *nothin'* to it. The dullest of us saw that, one morning on the march, when a well known regiment started out ahead of us swinging along in fine spirits, for the ardent had been liberally and officially dealt out to them, but before ten A. M., the aroma of that juice had evaporated and we in turn passed scores of them dropped out. Then occurred a dialogue the most pithy and laconic ever recorded, *veni, vidi, vici* is nowhere. Ed. Ross of Company B, well known as one of the color corporals, sang out to one of the exhausted as he was lying beside the road, the single word "picket?" The fellow brightened up and indignantly shouted back "picket" with the downward inflection, as much as to say in the slang phrase of 1890, "What are you giving us?" Yes, coffee was the great invigorator, the soul builder of the soldier, a twin with the beans that braced his backbone and





SERG'T JACOB F. CHANDLER, CO. D.

renewed his grit. What chance had the rye tea and corn pone of the South against our Northern fodder? Then, too, there was the peculiar combination known to sailors as "lobscouse" — a thick soup of water, hard-tack, pork, beef with vegetables, plain and fresh from Mother Earth, if possible; if not, desicated and concentrated from the sutler, in fact, anything and everything was welcome in this hotch-potch of a sea-dish. It was good with an appetite in front of it. For the "staff of life" hard bread was the most acceptable form. It was easier to carry than soft bread, and had the advantage of being already dried. The addition of weevils and worms made no difference in the eating, after dark.

To close, we throw in the following advance letters of Comrade J. F. Chandler, orderly sergeant of Company D:

On April 9, 1864, at about 5 A. M., at Pleasant Hill, our regiment was given some hard-tack by Billy Adams, formerly of our regiment, but then Q. M. of colored brigade. On our march we ate raw corn on the cob when we could get it. I saw a twenty-dollar bill offered for one half hard-tack which had been run over in the road and picked out of a wheel rut. It warn't for sale. Further on, we came to the frame of a cow which had been killed on our march up. It was covered with maggots. We piled some rails from a fence over it and gave it a roast just to hide the offensive sight and then had a royal bar-becue and feast. At Grand Ecore the rebs. sent in a flag of truce and wanted to swap captured "paper collars" for hard-tack and medicine (that at least was a camp story), the next day some wagons went out with medicine for our wounded. I witnessed the ceremony of the flag of truce; the most prominent feature to me was the frequent and harmonious manner of taking the altitude of the sun by use of a long necked jug. At Grand Ecore, we were desperately hungry; some of our boys stole a lot of rations from a colored regiment, taking a pot of boiling pork right off the fire while the regiment was on dress parade. Those were new troops direct from New Orleans and had not seen a reb. or lost their *discipline*. This little

action on our part made them angry, and they gave out word that they would attack us that night. We requested them to lose no time but come right on; but as things began to look bad we were ordered that night to move towards Alexandria, and we did. We rode all night. (What for; to get out of the way of rebs. or the niggers?)

FORT MCPHERSON,

NATCHEZ, Miss., Nov. 12, 1864.

I came off picket guard this morning, and if our little nigger fool Billy will attend to his business, I'll write you a little as Uncle Sam's mail is starting soon. There, I'll send a bit of his wool in the letter ahead of him and his mule, which I intend to bring on home with me. I was all night down in a settlement of contrabands called the corral. I had eight men and two corporals. I had to look sharp after the nigger passes and could let any in or out as I pleased. Some who wanted to cross were very liberal, so I got a lot of pecan nuts, etc. I sat and watched the fire and the rats, of which there was an immense lot. One old fellow managed when I was away a few minutes, to drag off my haversack and gnaw a hole in one corner. If I could have caught him I would have eaten a hind quarter of him so that I could say that I had eaten rat as well as horse's liver and roast skunk. I did get a pumpkin of a colored brother early this morning and roasted it in the ashes. It ate first-rate with my boiled pork which Mr. Rat left so kindly.

The morning gun was fired about ten seconds ago when all was still as death, but now there is noise enough from drums, bugles, boys, dogs, niggers, horses, and mules, which means that they all want to be fed, so I will be off for baked beans this Sunday morning.

After eating, naturally follows the pipe, so after a dissertation on army fodder, we must say a good word for tobacco, that sweet solace in the lazy or tired hour; that soothing influence in a mad, melancholy, or suffering hour; that finder and retainer of friends; that acquaintance maker and holder; that which enlivens and gives point to conversation; which makes the plodding of the day endurable and the restful night glorious; when we nearer seem

to commune with the intelligent stars, and gaze between their glittering portals into revealed space. Oh, how did the ancients get along without it? If they had had it, how it would have glowed upon the classic pages. We could now be gazing upon the ruins! No, upon the rebuilding of temples once reared by adoring votaries to the Goddess Tobacco. Olympian Jove would have had that divinity as a constant attendant, and there would have been around his immortal brows a nimbus of her construction. She would have outrivalled Bacchus. Poetry would have sung her triumphal march, girded with clouds that framed a magnificent splendor. To crown its imperial might and generosity in the late unpleasantness, both Federal and Confederate could and did follow in its train. The rank and file could enjoy its company and consolations, as well as the second lieutenant or the lieutenant-general. We used in Louisiana to get hold of some fine chewing tobacco which was made up in rolls in shape and size like the candle pins of bowling alleys. The boys sometimes came from a plantation loaded with haversacks of sugar, a sample of Louisiana and a roll of Killikinnick. Then like Tam O'Shanter, they were "glorious, o'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Order to change into Cavalry. — General McMillan's Order, Complimentary. — Re-enlisting. — Details from the Regiment. — At New Orleans. — Thanks of Congress. — At Cavalry Drill. — Official Order, Battle Flags. — History of the Drum Corps by Principal Musician H. J. Durgin. — The Second Red River Expedition. — King Cotton. — Sherman to Banks, to General Steele. — Distances. — Corp. Stephen Williams, Personal. — Adjutant Prescott's Diary. — Started on March 3 up the River. — At Brashear City from 9th to 13th. — General Banks' Report. — Returns of Troops. — Confederate Returns of Troops. — Reached Alexandria. — On to Bayou Rapides. — Confederate Scheme to repossess New Orleans. — Proclamation.

THE following is a copy of the order issued by General McMillan, detaching the Eighth from his brigade in order to change it into cavalry :

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
THIRD DIVISION, 19TH ARMY CORPS,  
NEW IBERIA, La., Dec. 21, 1863.

## CIRCULAR.

In view of the recent orders from Department Headquarters detaching the 8th New Hampshire Vols. from the command, the commanding general takes pleasure in extending his thanks to Lieut.-Col. Flanders and the officers and men of "The Glorious Old Eighth" for the unqualified good conduct they have always displayed. None can regret more than himself the necessity that has taken them from his command, and his earnest wish is that they will preserve the fair fame (acquired by great sacrifices), now so justly accorded to them. During the many hardships of the present campaign in face of a fierce and relentless foe, many miles away from their supplies, he is happy to testify that he has always found them ready

and willing to obey all commands, do their whole duty and render a good account of themselves wherever placed. As in ancient days it needed only the exclamation, "I am a Roman," to command respect, so in this age may it only be required to say, "I am a soldier of the 8th New Hampshire," to command honor and homage. He assures the regiment that he will always take more than a common interest in their welfare, and any new laurel won by them will be hailed with the proud satisfaction that he has been one of them.

By command of BRIG.-GEN. McMILLAN.

O. P. HERVEY, *A. A. Gen.*

The following order was issued by General McMillan at same date :

I. Lieut. D. W. King, aide-de-camp on my staff, is hereby relieved from duty with this brigade and ordered to return to his regiment, at his request, his regiment having been taken from the brigade and mounted as cavalry.

II. The commanding general takes this method of expressing his thanks to Lieut. King for his uniformly courteous manner and soldierly conduct.

III. The commanding general also desires to again express his deepest regrets at the loss of the 8th regiment. Regarding it as one of the most reliable of his command, he had become warmly attached to it and deeply interested in it. Submitting to the necessity that compelled its loss, he desires to express his earnest hope that its new associations may be as agreeable as he desired to make its old associations in the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 19th Army Corps.

By command BRIG.-GEN. McMILLAN.

O. P. HERVEY, *A. A. Gen.*

In adjutant-general's report, State of New Hampshire, James H. Marshall, first lieutenant and adjutant of Eighth New Hampshire Infantry, says that after the return from Sabine Pass, the regiment took part in a campaign in the interior of Louisiana, marching as far as Opelousas. In December, 1863, the regiment was ordered to Franklin, La., to be changed into cavalry under the designation of

“Second New Hampshire Cavalry.” At this place, the regiment was mounted, armed with sabres, carbines, and revolvers, and constantly drilled in the evolutions of the cavalry tactics.

The name, “*First* New Hampshire Cavalry” is used on one of the late maps, official, of the Red River campaign. On looking up the history, it is found that there was, previous to 1864, a battalion of New Hampshire cavalry that finally was consolidated with the real First New Hampshire Cavalry in 1864, leaving ours to be properly designated as the Second New Hampshire Cavalry. On application to the War Department to know how, at any time in 1863–64, the regiment mounted, was officially styled, the following was received:

WAR DEPARTMENT.  
RECORD AND PENSION DIVISION,  
WASHINGTON, April 7, 1891.

The records show that the 8th New Hampshire Infantry Vols. was converted into Cavalry by Special Orders No. 314, Par. 6, Dec. 16, 1863, Dept. of the Gulf, and that said order was revoked and the regiment returned to an infantry organization by Special Orders No. 97, Par. 3, July 25, 1864, same headquarters.

Its designation as a cavalry organization was not specified in orders, but on the returns of the regiment December 31, 1863, to February 29, 1864, inclusive, it is styled 1st N. H. Cav., and from March 31, 1864, to June 30, 1864, inclusive, the 2d N. H. Cav.

By authority of the Secretary of War,  
F. C. AINSWORTH,  
*Major and Surgeon U. S. Army.*

On applying to Capt. T. C. Prescott for information, he gives full quotations how the regiment was designated while he was adjutant, agreeing with the foregoing. The writer has been partial to the name “Second New Hampshire Cavalry” to be borne by our “Old Eighth” for the seven months and nine days that it swung the sabre officially, and it will be so called. Certainly the old

members of the First New Hampshire Cavalry will claim that title.

Diary of H. J. Durgin, chief bugler of Second New Hampshire Cavalry :

Franklin, La., Jan. 1st, 1864. Practiced on the bugle : cold work. All the talk is in regard to re-enlistment. Ice is one and a half inches thick ; horses suffer terribly. Tents and baggage have come.

Sunday, 3d. Review. Inspection and divine service. It seems really refreshing to hear a sermon once in a while.

4th. Recruiting will soon commence, my name will be among the first.

5th. A very exciting day. Telegrams rec'd that Gov't ceases to pay all large bounties after today. Rolls were made out and signed by over three quarters of the regiment.

6th. Ordered to New Orleans, *two inches of snow* ; horses suffering, covered with *icc*.

8th. Reveille at 4 A. M. Cos. A, C, and F start for Brashear. Reg't marched twenty miles.

9th. At Brashear city ; 10th, at Algiers ; 13th, reached the steam cotton press in lower part of the city of New Orleans.

It is known that there were many detailed from our regiment, notably into the Sixth Massachusetts Battery, and upon the gunboats, but inquiry at adjutant-general's office in Massachusetts and at Washington, failed to get any information. The following comes from the examination of the monthly regimental returns filed at Concord, N. H., and are from the three found which contained said details. They are kindly furnished by Adjutant-General Ayling, who says that such details will not be printed in the roster, so they are reproduced here.

Regimental monthly return for February, 1863, reports the following as absent on detached duty in Sixth Massachusetts Battery since October 24, 1862 :

Company A. — J. H. Davis, C. H. Foss, H. D. Adams, W. H. Densmore, and R. D. Caldwell.

Company B. — J. C. Clark, W. E. Ireland, H. L. Robbins.

Company D. — Samuel Weston, J. C. Aldrich.

Company E. — B. F. Philbrick, G. W. Pond.

Company F. — L. Huse and G. W. Willey.

Company G. — G. H. Eastman.

Company H. — C. Aldrich, James Bennett.

Company I. — E. G. Drew, J. Blaisdell, G. Faigeux.

Company K. — John Welch, P. McCullough.

In United States navy the regimental monthly report for June, 1864, the names were the following :

Company A. — G. Wilson, J. Wilson, T. Thompson, C. Speicheit, C. Olsen, J. McDonald, F. Herdmillen and T. Hooper.

Company B. — T. A. Buckley, Chas. Johnson, Chas. Wilson.

Company C. — A. White.

Company D. — A. Miller.

Company E. — A. Lingo.

Company G. — A. Thomas.

Company H. — G. Dunham, J. McClear, J. Wilson.

Company I. — Jales Broorm, G. Christy, P. Gay, N. Sweeney, S. Vradenburg, S. S. Wiggin.

The above list does not include all the detailed. J. Connor, of Company B, was on the United States gunboat "Saxon."

Diary of Comrade H. J. Durgin :

New Orleans, Jan. 17, 1864. Had a street parade. A company of mechanics or Union men paraded to-day.

19th. Commissary T. M. Shattuck joined us last night. He was welcomed by every one.

20th. Regiment had two drills to-day. Capt. Williamson will teach us all he can in time allowed. Practiced twice on bugle ; lips very sore.

21st. Mr. Patrick Gilmore of Boston is going to teach our brigade band.

Sunday, 24th. Grand Review by Banks and Farragut ; went to church but the sermon was in French.

25th. Had musician's drill, and the first cavalry dress parade; poor!

26th. Tried the effect of the bugles on the horses; mine was tractable.

Sunday, 31st. Street parade and out on Shellroad, very little like the old N. E. Sabbath.

Feb. 6th. Presentation of brigade colors to-day on Canal St.; made by Gen. Banks' daughter, Miss Maude Banks. Col. Flanders and Maj. Connelly mustered out of service to-day: much indignation expressed. (They were returned to duty.)

11th. Brigade drill at Camp-De-Mars from 11 A. M. to 4½ P. M.

12th. I to-day re-enlisted, regular for three years, dating back to Jan. 4th, '64. I expect the bounty and a furlough: so a fine time at home.

18th. Had a little snow this P. M. 2d time that I have seen it in this State.

22d. State election, holiday, consolidated bands under P. S. Gilmore play; bass part attempted by thirty cannon, did not work well. About one half went off, otherwise it was a grand affair.

27th. Grand Review. Division flag presentation by Gen. Banks' daughter who was adopted as daughter of the brigade.

29th. Sworn in the 25th, was mustered in to-day.

Official. Abstract from returns, Nineteenth Army Corps, Maj.-Gen. Wm. B. Franklin commanding.

Fourth Brigade, Eighth New Hampshire, Col. H. Fearing, Jr., of Gen. A. L. Lee's cavalry division, being organized at New Orleans.

General Orders, No. 88.

#### WAR DEPARTMENT.

ADJT. GENERAL'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, March. 8, 1864.

The following joint resolutions of Congress are published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

## PUBLIC RESOLUTION, No. 15.

Joint Resolution of thanks of Congress to the volunteer soldiers who have re-enlisted in the Army.

*Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.* That the thanks of Congress are hereby given to those noble and brave men who, having already so gallantly endured the hardships and perils of war for more than two years in support of their country's flag, present the sublime spectacle of again voluntarily enrolling themselves in the Army of the Union for another three years' campaign, or so long as the war shall continue.

SECT. 2. And be it further resolved, That the Secretary of War cause these resolutions to be read to each of the veteran regiments who have re-enlisted or shall re-enlist in both the volunteer and regular forces of the United States.

Approved March 3, 1864.

By order of Secretary of War.

W. A. NICHOLS,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Part 2, vol. 34, page 370 :

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE GULF,  
NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 19, 1864.

General Orders, No. 25 (extract) :

The following named regiments of 19th A. C. will immediately have inscribed upon their colors the names of the several actions set opposite their names, wherein they have borne a distinguished part as follows :

First (second) New Hampshire Cavalry,  
Georgia Landing, Bisland, Port Hudson.

Company B was in the expedition resulting in the capture of the "Cotton" on January 14, 1863, Colonel Lull being on General Weitzel's staff. (See page 162.)

From "Sam" :

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 15, 1864.

Last Tuesday was what they called a "Mardi-Gras" day, some like our April fool day when you can Cut up

all you've a mind to. I've got a big red horse with white eyes and he can jump Big and run awful, he can prance good and show off in style. Nettie wants my picture on horseback as I look Now, when I get home she can have my whole Profile.

Some of the Dukes and kings haint got over Mardi-grassing yet.

Extract from "Sam's" letter, Feb. 25 :

As I have a few moments to spare I will try to improve them and Myself. I was up late last night till 2 this morning looking about for there was a Union torch light procession and I tell you how the banners read, "Down with Slavery" "Down with the Black Code of Louisiana." I think New Orleans is more of a Union City than Some in New England.

Our First Lieut has got an Honorable discharge and the cappen will probably get to Be a Major and as Lieutenants are Scarce there will be chances for promotion and I shall get about a second sergeant. I am acting So now. I shall go up the Ladder faster than most young soldiers.

So I can pay for that Land and settle with Nettie.

The veterans are fortunate in having an account of the drum corps of the Eighth, written up by one so capable of giving it as Comrade H. J. Durgin, to whose ability and conscientious labors so much of their proficiency was owing. It is very pleasing to say this as the chief bugler is and was altogether too modest to hint it of himself, and it has required a good deal of urging to get his personalities into the history, although he has been entirely willing and earnest in helping the work along. As at this date in the campaigning, the original drum corps has finished its work, it is well to insert its record here. He says :

Had the original plan of organization been strictly adhered to, the Eighth would have had for its music a drum corps of twenty snare drums, two to each company—"simply this and nothing more." The reasons for this

choice were forcible and sound. It was alleged that no two fifers of the old school could be found who would play together—that is, play any given piece in the same way—and that if by any means as many as ten could be gotten together, there would be exactly ten different renderings of the same piece of music! Too great a variety, certainly, for any one whose martial soul was not dead to “concord of sweet (or shrill) sounds!” It was not at first thought possible in the limited time allowed for organization to educate new fifers, but it was quite practicable in the case of drummers: hence the choice of drums alone. The organization had been only partly completed, however, when the plan was reconsidered. The desirability of good music was conceded by all: it could only be had by educating young members of the regiment while in the service, abolishing the time limit, and extending its study and practice to all possible times and places. This plan being soon substituted for the one first mentioned, W. P. Munsey and H. J. Durgin were appointed principal musicians on December 20, 1861, with instructions to execute it. As soon as this became known, many candidates appeared, but so few of those were found to be possessed of the proper qualifications, that to obtain the required number, several details were finally made from the ranks. A careful start thus being made, success became merely a question of diligence and time. Though the plan of establishing a school of music in the regiment was not quickly productive of marked results, it ultimately placed the music of the Eighth in the front rank and gave it wide renown.

Throughout the entire service, “practicing” was not indulged in to any great extent in camp lest the regiment should be bored with the monotony of it. Armed with a “standing pass” the corps would be off each day as soon as camp duty was over, to drill beyond the lines until the time for dinner call or dress parade. In the dead of winter at Camp Currier and Fort Independence, icicles would often form at the ends of the files, and the drummers’ hands become so chilled that they could not hold the drum sticks. The cold was thus a great obstacle to progress; but from the landing at Ship Island until near the close of the regiment’s service at Natchez, Miss., the drilling was

constant when not campaigning, and the improvement rapid. "Reading" once mastered, the corps became a unit, and a high quality of music was assured.

At Camp Parapet a fine bass drum was added, much to the satisfaction of all. New music was introduced as rapidly as circumstances would permit, and the "repertoire" soon became quite extensive.

The reputation of the corps extended rapidly, and it soon became a common occurrence to turn out at reveille or tattoo to hear it play. But to see the corps at its very best, one needed to be out campaigning with the regiment during one of its victorious marches through some rebel town. All the martial ardor that each one possessed would be brought out on such occasions, and the boys would fairly "make the welkin ring." Rebel spectators seeing the old Eighth approaching on such occasions, could have no doubt whatever that "The Campbells were coming"; and after the regiment had swept through a rebel town in its grandest style, it was equally certain that "Yankee Doodle" was still a very lively institution. "Marching through Georgia" could certainly have been no livelier or more grand than these triumphal marches of the old Eighth through those hot beds of treason.

But the duties of our corps were not all of this inspiring kind. By far the saddest was the burial of the dead. A prominent part of all burial parties was the music, and of this service the Eighth corps had more than its share; for besides this duty for the members of the regiment who died in camp, in hospital, or on the battlefield, the corps was often called upon to assist at the burial of artillerymen, as the batteries in our department had no suitable music for this service. On the battlefields, burials were sometimes made in such haste that the music and other honors to the dead were dispensed with; but in camp they were usually observed, so that during the seasons of greatest mortality, our corps has done duty at as many as four different burials in one day, or rather in one day and night, for this number of marches to and from the burial ground could only be made by extending them into the night. The strains of the dirge were always very saddening, even on the brightest of days, but when heard from a

distance through the darkness and gloom of night, they were peculiarly weird and depressing.

The exalted heroism of the noble Eighth and its always ready response to the most exacting call of duty, necessarily cost it dearly, and raised its rate of mortality to an alarming degree, and at Port Hudson, almost to the verge of extinction. Never during the entire service of the regiment, was the sad parting at burial quite as sad as the parting from those bravest and dearest comrades who fell in the fearful slaughter of the 14th of June, 1863. Only a very small fragment of the regiment was left, and other assaults like the ones of that day and the previous 27th of May, would certainly have closed its brilliant career. To the survivors, it really looked as though the end had come.

While witnessing thus the heroic conduct of its officers and men, the musicians of the Eighth had their full share of dangerous duty: for example, while the assault of the 14th of June terminated early in the day and the small remnant of the regiment not killed, wounded, or prisoners were driven back beyond reach of the rebel fire, the musicians were exposed to it for several hours later, for contrary to all precedent in civilized warfare, the rebels always "peppered" the stretcher bearers as fiercely as they would an assaulting column: and so, until every wounded man who could possibly be reached was taken off the field, the musicians and their colored helpers were under fire. It is no exaggeration to say that not a single stretcher appeared on our part of the field that day that was not fired on by every rebel who saw it. This is monstrous, but strictly true. And so the musicians, as well as the rank and file, were tried in this furnace of fire and were not found wanting. Their efforts did not cease until every accessible part of the field that was covered by the Eighth on that day had been explored and the wounded removed.

Towards noon, when it was thought this was done, the chief musician started in again alone, for a thorough examination of the entire field, to make doubly sure of it. Working his way against a very heavy rebel fire, he soon found himself directly in range of our four-gun battery of nine-inch Dahlgrens, which just then reopened fire in

lively style. Being between the two fires, the heaviest from the rear, it occurred to him, as it did to Falstaff long before, that "the better part of valor is discretion," therefore he laid himself down. Remaining prostrate with his face towards the rebel works, he enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of seeing those nine-inch solid shot make the slivers fly at a lively rate just inside the rebel works. So exactly was he in range, that every shot could be easily seen after it had passed a short distance beyond him, and its course distinctly traced. Though his position was far from comfortable, his delight was intense to see that, notwithstanding our disastrous defeat, we could still "plunk it to 'em" with such immense "plunks" in such a grand and effective style. The accuracy of this fire was remarkable. Every shot appeared to strike exactly in the same spot. Examination after the surrender showed the extreme variation to be not much over ten feet; and one of the most completely wrecked pieces of artillery in Port Hudson was evidence of its effectiveness. When the firing of our battery ceased the exploration of the field was resumed; but only one more wounded man was discovered.

After the wounding of General Paine on this day, one of his staff officers called for volunteers to try to get him off the field. Five men from the different regiments of his brigade immediately responded. Each of the five took a stretcher, selected four stout young darkies to carry it, and, having ascertained very nearly where the general lay, held a miniature council of war to determine upon the best route. All but the man from the Eighth favored working up through the ravines. He argued that the rebels would be looking there chiefly for prowlers, and that the chances were better to make a quick dash straight up the unobstructed Jackson road. The General's position was so near the enemy's works, and the rebels were so much addicted to "peppering" stretchers, that it was a most forlorn hope by any route. However, four of the parties started via the ravines, and the one from the Eighth via the Jackson road, but all failed to reach the general. Instead of the Jackson road being unobstructed as expected, a brigade of nine months' men lay there closely hugging the bushes and ditches along the sides, and so nearly filling the road as to impede rapid progress. The shower of

rebel bullets which instantly met the party, gave evidence that the enemy had the road covered as well as the ravines and were still wide awake. Shouts and cries from the nine months' men. "go back, go back, you're drawing the fire on us," together with curses both loud and deep, greeted our party from all along the line. "Keep your eyes on me and do as I do," shouted our man to his darkies and so with forms bent well forward and eyes to the front, and at their highest attainable speed, our party rushed on and soon left the nine months' growlers in the rear: but the storm of bullets increased so rapidly that it seemed suicidal to press on farther, and the party soon dropped behind a partial shelter that appeared near at hand, to recover their wind, take inventory, and make plans. The inventory showed four darkies in the last stages of fright, but uninjured otherwise, and the decision to go back met their hearty approval. A wounded soldier lay near by, so they need not go back empty handed, if, indeed, they could get back at all. The darkies received the same orders as before, and, in less time than it can be written, the wounded man was on the stretcher and going like the wind towards the rear and relief, followed by showers of bullets from the enemy, and curses from the nine months' men. Inside our camp lines again, our party halted to take breath and another inventory, as well as to compare notes with the other four parties who had already returned. None of our party had been wounded, while about half the members of the others had been hit, and one darkey had been left on the field literally riddled with bullets. No further attempt was made to reach the general until evening, when, under cover of the darkness, he was taken off the field by a party from the Fifty-third Massachusetts. Even then the approach could only be made with extreme caution, for the least unusual sound on the field would bring a volley from the rebel works.

Probably the proudest day in the entire history of the Eighth was the 9th of July, 1863, when our army took formal possession of Port Hudson. Having the post of honor, the right of the line, our little remnant was the first to enter the works, and it is safe to say that no other regiment in the Department of the Gulf (unless we except the Fourth Wisconsin) so well deserved that honor. The

musicians of the regiment, inspired by the memory of its heroic deeds, and rejoicing that this most bloody campaign had ended so gloriously, did full justice to the occasion.

The nature of the service while in infantry, brought great and almost perpetual losses of instruments and their various parts, more especially of drums and drum heads. Requisitions on the quartermaster for these necessities, seemed to produce a peculiar irritation in the mind of that functionary, very similar indeed to the effect usually produced by the display of a red cloth to a mad bull. In his opinion there never was and never could be got together quite so destructive a lot as the Eighth Regiment's corps of musicians. Had the question, "Is life worth living?" been asked of the chief musician then, he would probably have replied, "Not unless some other fellow will interview the quartermaster for supplies." However, the truth lay at the other extreme, for it is not probable that more, if as much, service was got anywhere else in the army from the same amount of material under the same conditions.

With the change of the regiment to cavalry, however, all this became a thing of the past, for the instruments, —bugles only —gave little trouble. But the task forced upon the musicians by the change proved very difficult. Within the space of about two months, they were to learn, 1st, the instrument; 2d, all the principal calls thereon; and 3d, to drill the regiment by the calls. To reach perfection in all this in the time given, was impossible. But the corps really exceeded all expectation. While practice speedily became a burden, and cracked and bleeding lips the order of the day, the work went finely on; and when the regiment took the field, most of the buglers were quite proficient, and the regiment quite well drilled to the calls. Some of these calls linger in memory still. "Reveille," though the most musical, was probably the most disagreeable of all, for the early hours observed at this busy time, did not leave the men as much time for "balmy sleep" as they felt entitled to. The horses, however, did not share this dislike of the "reveille," for the call of all others that interested them the most would follow soon after, viz.: "Stable call" when the bugles rang out —

Come to the stable and work while you're able,  
And give your poor horses some hay, oats, and corn.

The horses always "seconded the motion" with spirit, becoming quite restless until their wants were attended to. It was indeed surprising and very interesting to see how quickly most of the horses learned the meaning of the calls, and how ready they usually were to respond to them. After a few weeks' drill with the bugles, most of them needed very little guidance in obeying the "Assembly," "Forward," "To the right," "To the left," "Trot," "Gallop," etc., and during the execution of the latter, they were usually as much excited as the men.

The "wit" of the corps was popularly known as "Brutus." Just how he acquired this cognomen is not known, though but few of the regiment knew him by any other name. His inveterate habit of stammering made him doubly interesting, and the boys would often banter him expressly to hear his comical retorts. On one occasion the heroic deeds of a brave soldier who had lost his life in the doing of them were under discussion, when one of the boys said, "Now, Brutus, here's a fine example for you to follow. After you are dead everybody will be lauding you to the skies, and telling what a brave fellow you were, etc.: don't it make your soul burn for glory?" "N-n-n-no, sir," was the reply: "I'd r-r-r-rather be a l-l-l-live c-c-c-coward any d-d-d-day than a d-d-d-dead h-h-h-h-hero." On another occasion, seeing a large buzzard flying overhead, he exclaimed, "S-s-s-say, boys, th-th-there g-g-g-goes one of J-J-J-J-Jeff Davis' e-e-e-eagles."

The total membership of the corps from first to last was thirty. Of these, two became lieutenants, one a corporal, one a principal musician in Veteran Reserve Corps, one died of wounds, two died of disease, five were discharged on account of sickness, two deserted, and the rest served out their terms of enlistment regularly.

On January 4, 1864, at the call of the government for re-enlistments, fifteen of the corps promptly signed for "three years more."

At the organization of the regiment the principal musicians were W. P. Munsey and H. J. Durgin. Soon after its arrival at Ship Island, Munsey was taken sick, and though he partially recovered late in the summer of 1862,

a relapse soon followed and he was discharged at Carrolton, La., on December 3, of that year.

During this time the entire charge of the corps devolved upon Durgin. The vacancy caused by Munsey's discharge was filled for a few weeks by E. D. Franklin. On March 17, 1863, James H. Marshall was appointed to the place and served until his promotion to sergeant major on September 2, of the same year. For another year following this date, Durgin was again in sole charge, and as the service of the regiment as cavalry fell within this period, the duties were arduous and trying. By unremitting effort, however, the ground lost by the change was soon regained, and from the position of novices, the corps soon rose to the front rank again, this time as a bugle corps. In the famous charge of the regiment at Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864, Durgin's horse was shot close to the rebel lines, and he was captured. During the six and one half months of his imprisonment that followed, George H. Dunbar, of Company F, acted as chief bugler, and on September 1, 1864, after the change of the regiment to infantry, he received the appointment of principal musician to fill the vacancy that had existed since Marshall's promotion. At the expiration of the term of service of the original members of the regiment who had not reënlisted, the field and staff, commissioned and non-commissioned, were mustered out; and as this included both Durgin (who had been exchanged October 28, 1864) and Dunbar, the company musicians who had reënlisted alone remained. Charles F. Smith, of Company E, was then made leader, and acted as such until the final discharge of the veterans in October, 1865.

The honorable record of the regiment is now, and ever will be, a just source of honest pride to every surviving member; and for its musicians, there remains the added pleasure of knowing that each one assisted to the best of his ability in winning for its famous bugle and fife and drum corps, the proud title of "the best in the Department of the Gulf."

From "Sam":

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 29, 1864.

One of the boys who enlisted in 1861 has not had any promotion. He has been a good and reliable soldier.

Col. Fearing applied for him for a commission in a colored regiment and our Boy thought that he was sure of it and being, besides his drill, a considerable of a scholar he went at study for it: but the big ones began to inquire down and around about him and finally said that he was all right every way "but didn't have 'brass' enough." He and I think that that is what some Folks is stocked with most. I guess this war has lasted long enough.

March 1st. Postscript. Sick? I have been just sick enough so my rations have grown Big and I've amused myself by throwing them at the cats and dogs that call around, but I'm not bound for the boneyard Yet. I've just sent you 50 dollars which the girls can do what they are a mind to with. The government bills I sent are drawing Good interest. I'll make the dust and weeds fly on that *Land* when I get home, I tell you, and *Nettie too*.

And "Sam" "got there" and did. If he is now alive, he will swear to or at these extracts. He was a good, reliable soldier and told the truth.

Of the ill-starred second Red River expedition, it has been said that it was ordered by no one. No one was responsible for it. The most, if not all, of the blame of the affair has been laid upon General Banks. We will group a few extracts from official reports.

Halleck to Banks, August 12-15, 1863, given previously, shows that there was no alternative, but that Banks *must carry* out the views of the Government. The one condition must be carried out, viz.: That the flag of the United States should be again raised and sustained *somewhere* within the limits of the State of Texas.

Through the kindness of Maj.-Gen. Geo. B. Davis, superintendent of public printing at Washington, I have been furnished with unbound copies of volume 34, consisting of four parts, in which are comprised the official documents in regard to the second Red River expedition. I shall quote from them freely and for brevity use the terms, for instance, part 2, 15, or, simply 2, 15 which

is used a page further on to note a letter from Halleck to Banks, to be found on fifteenth page of part 2 of volume 34. Nearly all of the official is from advance copies of government publications.

The fault finding brings to mind someone's saying that he would be satisfied if he knew *one* thing as certain as some assert their knowledge of *all* things. It has been before remarked of the French occupation of Mexico and of the Confederate hopes in that direction. Already, to check any attrition with us, Brownsville on the Rio Grande had been occupied, and during the winter the movements of the heavy bodies of troops had puzzled the Confederates. The Thirteenth Corps movement and review in New Orleans set them anxiously to thinking of Mobile. General Franklin in the interior claimed, too, their attention, but it was not until the advance *started* that General Kirby Smith boasted that he had *known* that the Federals were bound for the Red river. He was well aware that Shreveport, his headquarters, the rebel capital of Louisiana, the centre of a rich cotton district, the head of steamboat navigation on the Red river and covering Jackson, Marshall, etc., where were clustered the workshops and huge quantities of the material of war, was a desirable place to be held by the Federals. It being near the boundary line of Texas, it was Banks' business to first possess himself of it. But to do it, his time and the assisting forces were limited and, too, not altogether under his control.

On January 4, 1864 (part 2, 15), Halleck writes to him :

It is agreed that the Red river is the shortest and best line of defense for La. and Arkansas, and as a base of operations against Texas. The best thing to be done is for you to communicate with Sherman, Steele, and Porter in regard to some general coöperation and all agree upon what is the best plan of operations. Sherman is instructed

to give you all the aid in his power. No efforts have been spared to give you all possible assistance.

January 6, 1864 (2, 29), Halleck to Stanton :

All available forces should be sent to Louisiana and Texas to operate during the winter. The occupation of Texas was not simply a military measure. *It was one of State policy decided upon by the President.* Banks has not men enough to hold and drive the rebels from Texas.

Banks to Halleck (condensed, 2, 416), February 25, 1864 :

I am ready to move with near fifteen thousand men when I can operate with either Steele, Sherman, or Porter. I am greatly embarrassed and depressed by the demand upon me for troops to act against Mobile. This would meet my desire if it were *consistent with my orders from the government.* I understand that *I am to move against Shreveport.* I do not expect instructions from Washington beyond what I have received, except it relate to the movements of Sherman and Steele.

Same date, General Banks to the President of the United States :

On the 5th of March I expect to move with either Gen. Steele or Sherman. We are ready and impatient, expecting duly the *word of command* from either Gen. Steele or Sherman.

March 2 (part 2, 481), Banks to Sherman :

In order to insure the success of operations *indicated by the General-in-Chief*, I request that you will furnish say ten thousand men, etc.

General Sherman to Gen. A. J. Smith, March 6, 1864 (part 2, 514) :

By an order this day issued, you are to command a strong well appointed detachment of the army of the Tennessee, sent to re-inforce a movement against the Red river line. At the mouth of the Red river confer with

Admiral Porter and in all the *expedition rely on him implicitly*. You will meet Gen. Banks at Alexandria, report to him and *act under his orders*. Whatever Gen. Banks' plans are, *your duty will be to conform in the most hearty manner*. I confide this important and delicate command to you with certainty that you will *harmonize perfectly* with Admiral Porter and Gen. Banks with whom you *are to act*.

Grant (*Lieutenant-General*) to General Steele, March 15, 1864 (2, 616) :

Move your force in *full coopération* with Gen. N. P. Banks' attack on Shreveport.

Steele had written to Sherman that he could not move until after an "election" on the 14th. Sherman had replied, "if military movements had to be set aside for 'elections,' we had better all *go home*." Perhaps Grant's above order was a result of Steele's excuse.

Banks to Lieutenant-General Grant, April 13, 1864 (1, 182) :

GENERAL. — *In obedience to orders received from the government*, I established my headquarters at Alexandria on March 25th. The 19th army corps and the 3d and 4th division of the 13th corps, General Ransom commanding encamped there on March 26. The whole under Maj. Gen. Franklin.

General Steele's attempts and movements with seven thousand men are of no account to us, save to say that on the retreat after April 8, a part of the rebel forces under Gen. Kirby Smith turned in his direction with no very decisive results. (See C. S. A. General Taylor's complaints of Kirby Smith.)

Cotton claims attention.

The rebels of the Trans-Mississippi were much exercised in regard to its disposal for their own private as well as the Confederate government's benefit (see schedule of

prices, part 2, 812, established by "Commissioners for the State of Texas" at Rusk on January 1, 1864). By act of C. S. A. Congress until further notice, the maximum price for Sea Island cotton, baled, fifty cents per pound: common baled, twenty-five cents per pound. The commissioners add, "We consent to these advanced rates with reluctance, and why? Because that we know that the government *intends to redeem with gold* or its equivalent every dollar of its currency—and they wish not to load posterity with a debt ten times greater than it should be."

C. S. A. Senate Chamber, W. S. Oldham to President Davis (part 2, 820):

SIR, —The quartermasters of the army are degraded into cotton speculators on gov't account, and use agents in buying cotton. (Page 822.) Hereafter planters will be allowed to export 40 bales of cotton to each one hundred slaves subject to a 20 per ct. tax loan—unless the stripper has a contract to bring back in arms the value of the cotton exported. (Part 2, page 824.) Cotton is now in New York \$400 per bale in U. S. Money, or in Liverpool \$300 in gold. Assuming that cotton is the sole certainty, the chief wealth, the *sine qua non* of the Confederate States, the entire proceeds from its sale should accrue to the government.

General Taylor to Boggs, chief of staff (part 2, 853), sense on cotton:

I again desire to call the attention of the Lieut.-Gen. commanding, to the subject of private cotton and the hardship inflicted on the owner by *burning it*. It is at the very moment that we are withdrawing all protection from the citizen, leaving him to the enemy's mercy that we destroy the only means he has of supporting his family. This has produced a wide spread hostility to our cause. In the beginning of the struggle, a great political influence was attributed to cotton; the withholding it from the market was believed would shorten the struggle. Experience has

shown the fallacy of these opinions. Now the people see in the destruction of their cotton, a mere sacrifice of their property, useless to the cause and ruinous to individuals.

Same, page 878 :

Our government owns twenty-five thousand bales in Trans-Mississippi, east of the parallel of Alexandria :

Page 924. Colonel Dillon to Gen. S. D. Lee, C. S. A. :

Scarcely a man or woman within ten miles of the enemy has not gone to Baton Rouge to trade and take the oath. A rigid refusal to restore property seized, either to weeping girls, suffering widows (whose husbands have been killed in the Confederate service), or to those whose only desire is to supply the poor soldiers, will, I think, put an end finally to this contaminating trade.

General Taylor to General Boggs, C. S. A. chief of staff (part 2, page 971), February 16 :

After fully testing the practicability of getting supplies from the enemy for the use of our army, and exchanging cotton therefor, I am satisfied that the policy of the enemy is so *decidedly opposed to such arrangements* that nothing can be procured from them with the consent of their authorities. I have been in communication with persons in New Orleans holding high positions under the Lincoln government, and who possess much influence, but they have *signally failed* in procuring the *assent* of the *military authorities* to any arrangements whereby supplies would be furnished to our army for cotton. I feel satisfied that the Federals will not deviate from their established policy. My views upon the subject of the destruction of private cotton have undergone a *decided change*, and I am of the opinion that cotton belonging to private individuals *should be destroyed* whenever likely to fall into the hands of the enemy ; *I have given orders to that effect.*

Same, February 21 :

The rage for cotton speculation has reached all classes of people ; foreigners of every hue and all religions, are swarming the land. Unless the most stringent measures are used, we shall soon have no other than a Federal cur-

rency. The possession of any large amount of cotton will in the end destroy the patriotism of the best citizen. *We shall burn all cotton within the enemy's reach, balcd or in seed.*

This policy was carried out after the Federal troops marched up beyond Alexandria. In General Banks' report to the secretary of war, part I, 213, he says plainly that under the general prize law, the naval authorities upon their arrival at Alexandria, commenced the capture of cotton, and the army had *nothing to do with it*. All such property was turned over to the regular officers of the treasury to be disposed of according to the orders of the government, and the laws of Congress. There was no permission whatever given to any person to trade, to dispose of, or transport *private property*. No privilege of this kind was recognized under any circumstances. Every dollar's worth of property that came into the hands of the army during this campaign, was either appropriated to its use in kind by the proper officers of the commissary and quartermasters' department, receipts being given therefor, or transmitted to the chief quartermaster at New Orleans, and by him turned over to the treasury agents to be disposed of according to law.

Where cotton or other property interfered with the transportation of any material of the army, or of refugees, negroes or troops upon the evacuation of the country, it was thrown from the boats and abandoned upon the river levee to the enemy. "I intend," continues the report, "this statement to be as *comprehensive upon the subject as language can make it*, and to cover all possible methods, direct or indirect, by which officers or citizens, public or private parties, or any persons whatever, could evade or violate these orders on the river or at New Orleans, or appropriate by any means public or private property to private uses or personal advantage, or to deprive the government or individuals of any property which, by any

interpretation of military orders or public laws could be considered as belonging justly and properly to them. General Grover, commanding the Post; Col. S. B. Holabird, chief quartermaster at New Orleans; and Hon. B. F. Flanders, supervising special agent, treasury department, will be able to account to the government for public or private property coming into their hands during this campaign."

Whatever of cotton speculation went on in the extensive area of the Department of the Gulf surely no one acquainted with the facts now thinks, or ever did for any length of time, that Gen. N. P. Banks was cognizant of or privy to any unlawful use of his power, or lowered the dignity of his office by ordinary trade. He came from the service poor, and has continued so. At last advices, Congress, with no dissenting voice, has, in recognition of his distinguished services, voted him by special bill a pension of one hundred dollars per month. His honor and his honesty are and have been above suspicion, and even the bluff and somewhat profane Gen. A. J. Smith, would doubtless to-day temper his old opinion of the ever genial and gentlemanly Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks. He certainly was *not* one of the parties meant in "Barnes' School History of the United States," 1885, who was in that campaign "simply as on a gigantic cotton speculation, more intent on gathering that staple than on conserving the interests of the Union cause."

Sherman to Banks, January 31, 1864:

You cannot do anything on Red river till there is twelve feet of water on the rapids of Alexandria. That will be from March to June. I have lived on Red river and know somewhat of the phases of that stream.

In the ensuing summer of 1864, it made up, to the Federals, the worst phases ever known.

Part 2, 516, Sherman to Steele, March 6, 1864:

I embark ten thousand men for Red river to-morrow. I can only spare them thirty days. I feel uneasy at your

assertion that you can move with only seven thousand men and that you prefer to wait till after the *election of the 14th*. (See Steele to Banks, Feb. 28.) "An election for state officers (Arkansas), is ordered for the 14th, and the President is very anxious that it should be a success. The troops must protect the votes at the polls."

Halleck to Banks, March 15 :

Gen. Grant has telegraphed to Steele to coöperate with you with all his force.

Sherman to Steele, April 7, 1864 :

(Sherman had lived there.) You will find among the planters, a good deal of friendship; not that they love us much, but themselves more. They see that war to them is utter ruin. Louisiana had least cause to rebel, and I know that even after Gov. Moore had arranged to go out with the cotton states, the people *voted against it*, though no attention was paid to their vote. Mr. Elgee, Judge Ariel and Judge Boyce of Alexandria, are reliable and frank in private. Charley Boyce, though in Confederate service, is a Union man.

Official, 2, 125. Distances. Information called for. D. C. Houston, chief engineer, Department of the Gulf, to Major-General Banks :

Brashear City to Alexandria, 174 miles; Brashear City to Shreveport, 344 miles; Simsport to Alexandria, 70 miles; Vicksburg to Shreveport, 148 miles; Alexandria to Shreveport, 170 miles.

PERSONAL. — Corporal Stephen Williams was born in Canaan, N. H., March 14, 1828. He lived there until twenty-one years of age. In 1861, he was engaged in furniture painting in Nashua, N. H., but enlisted on September 9, in Company A, Eighth New Hampshire. At Fort Macomb, La., he was detailed as nurse in the regimental hospital, and remained in that position until June, 1863, when he returned at Port Hudson, La., to duty in Company A. At Franklin, La., on January 1, 1864,



CORPORAL STEPHEN WILLIAMS, CO. A.



he re-enlisted for three years and was appointed as corporal in said company. He was, after that, in all the skirmishes, marches, and battles in which his company participated and fortunately escaped being taken prisoner or being wounded. In January, 1865, being one of the supernumerary non-commissioned officers he was discharged. He is at this date, 1891, a farmer and settled in the town of Derry, N. H.

The veterans are much indebted to Captain Prescott for his clear and concise accounts of the movements of the Eighth Regiment in this campaign. It is the basis of recital, the centre around which other reports are clustered. It is thought best to keep a *general* view of the campaign so that what the Eighth did shall be shown in stronger light, and if maps, such as the government publishes, are added, the situation and work of the organization will be seen still clearer.

Diary of Capt. T. C. Prescott on second Red River expedition :

Preparations for the campaign commenced in the fall of 1863, and the first indication in the department was the order for increasing the cavalry force. No cavalry had been furnished to Gen. Butler at the start, and the force was small. A division of cavalry was called for, partly from the infantry regiments of the 19th corps, and the Eighth was one selected for the change. Some three hundred and fifty recruits had been sent from the North to fill up its depleted ranks, and at Franklin, La., the necessary number of horses were issued for mounting the officers and men.

A West Point drill master was detailed to give instruction in the cavalry tactics and active drilling at once commenced. The regiment was transferred to New Orleans and brigade drill in cavalry was started. Constant daily drilling was the unchanging order for two months, eight hours each day being the usual requirement. At the end of this time, both officers and men acquired excellent proficiency, and their appearance upon inspection and brig-

ade drill was such as to receive the commendation of the brigade officers and the commanding general. All were now eager to take up the march and be actively engaged in the campaign under the changed conditions. The men were pleased with the change from infantry, and while they expected more activity and more hours of duty, they anticipated more excitement and pleasure in the cavalry service. We crossed the river on March 2, 1864, at 4 P. M. and on March 3, took up the long line of march for the Red River. We were styled the Second New Hampshire Cavalry; were in good condition, numbering then about six hundred strong; well equipped with a good outfit of sabres, Sharp's breech loading carbines and Remington revolvers; well mounted on good horses with new saddles and equipments, and had fully one hundred extra led horses to supply losses. There were two other excellent regiments in the brigade, the Third and Sixth Massachusetts Cavalry, the Third Maryland and First Texas completing the brigade organization for the campaign with Col. N. A. M. Dudley of the Sixth Massachusetts in command. Under such favorable conditions the movement commenced. Our first day's march brought us to Donaldsonville, where we were once before at the commencement of the first campaign, up the Teche, twenty miles. Second day, twenty-five miles; and on the night of March 6, the brigade bivouacked at Labadieville near the field where the Eighth had its first battle and lost some of its best blood.

On the 7th on through Thibodeaux to Terrebonne station. On the 8th to Tigerville, and arrived at Brashear City on the 9th in a drenching rain. The roads of mud, wagons far to the rear, no rations for men or horses. Here until the 13th, then began a slow march on account of bad roads and a small force of the enemy in our front.

Official Records, serial 61, 197 (or 1, 197). General Banks' report:

The advance under Gen. A. L. Lee, left Franklin on March 13th, the whole column soon following and arriving at Alexandria, the cavalry on the 19th and the infantry on the 25th. As reinforcements, on the 13th of March, 1864, one division of the 16th corps under Brig.-

Gen. Mower and one division of the 17th corps under Brig.-Gen. T. Kilby Smith, the whole under command of Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith, landed at Simsport and carried Fort DeRussy by assault on the afternoon of the 14th, reaching Alexandria on the 16th. My staff was there on the 19th and I made my headquarters there on the 24th.

*I had no authority to give orders to General Steele,* but Gen. Halleck informed me that he had telegraphed Gen. Steele to coöperate with his seven thousand men. I expected him but on April 28, he, at the last, when too late, wrote that he could give me no help. The 13th corps was with Gen. Franklin by way of New Orleans; but of the fleet, the first gunboat was unable to cross the rapids until the 26th of March; others on the 28th with some transports; still others on the 2d and 3d of April.

Official. Serial 61, 167-8. Return of Troops (*Union*):

PRESENT FOR DUTY ON MARCH 31, 1864.		Officers.	Men.
General Headquarters, staff and escort and engineer troops,		60	728
13th Army Corps, 3d and 14th Divisions,		226	4,547
19th " " headquarters, 1st, 2d, 11th, and Artillery Reserve,		416	10,163
Corps D'Afrique,		88	1,447
Cavalry Division,		205	4,448
Army of the Tennessee (Department Headquarters),		4	
Army of the Tennessee, 1st Div., 16th A. C.,		103	1,899
" " " 3d " " "		237	4,971
Provisional, 17th "		73	1,648
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Grand total Red River Expedition,		1,452	29,851

Of the above, the Marine Brigade, three thousand strong (serial 61, 197), was returned to Vicksburg. To protect the depot of supplies at Alexandria, General Grover used three thousand men, and to protect the fleet of transports and the army train required about three thousand more, which reduced the force which could have been brought into action at any time previous to April 29

to twenty thousand men. Of course no account is to be taken of Steele's force as he was out of the fight.

Serial 61, 168 (1, 168) return for April 30, shows changes by reinforcements from Thirteenth and Nineteenth Army Corps which make the "Present for duty," officers, 1,584; men, 31,918.

Confederate returns. From vol. 34, part 2, page 1,074.

An interesting transfer is of a report made by Asst. Adj.-Gen. E. P. Turner to His Excellency P. Murrah, governor of Texas as follows:

HOUSTON, March 23, 1864.

*His Excellency P. Murrah:*

In your letter of 19th instant Your Excellency requested that I would give you such information as I might possess of the strength, positions, and designs of the enemy, and the means at my control to defend the country against him, as well as the reasons which induced Lieutenant-General Smith to order so many Confederate troops from Texas.

Your Excellency must be aware of the importance of keeping my own designs and those of the lieutenant-general concealed from the enemy, and particularly the strength and position of our forces. To have them known in the community would be to communicate them to the enemy, but having every confidence in the patriotism and prudence of the chief magistrate of the State I have no hesitancy in inclosing to Your Excellency a statement showing what you desire. This is done in confidence, which I am sure Your Excellency will respect religiously.

MEMORANDUM.

Troops in Texas, exclusive of Ford's and Mc-

Culloch's commands, about	4,500
Ford's command,	1,300
McCulloch's command,	1,000
	<hr/>
Total,	6,800
Available against enemy from the east,	9,500

Strength of enemy at—	
Little Rock,	20,000
Alexandria and below on the river,	23,000
Brashear City and on Teche,	20,000
On the Rio Grande,	2,000
At Saluria and Mustang Island,	4,000
	<hr/>
Total,	69,000
Indian Territory,	6,000
	<hr/>
	75,000
Confederate troops in Trans-Mississippi Department:	
Holmes' army, available,	10,000
Taylor's without Green's division and troops lately sent from Texas,	8,000
Green's division,	2,500
Other Texas cavalry on the road to Louis- iana,	3,000
Ford's and McCulloch's and the garrison left in Texas,	6,500
Frontier regiment,	800
Lockett's (Third Infantry),	500
	<hr/>
Total in Trans-Mississippi Department,	30,000
	(31,300)
Conscripts under all the acts of Congress, but not conscripted,	10,000
Detailed men (conscripts, etc.),	1,000
	<hr/>
Grand total,	41,800
	(42,300)

Of which 3,000 are kept out of the field by having to watch enemy's navy, leaving 37,800 (39,300) against 75,000, not including the enemy's navy.

Respectfully,  
E. P. TURNER,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Chief Bugler H. J. Durgin's diary :

March 2d. Started for Red river.

4th. Caught up with the brigade.

6th. Sunday. Halted for the night near our first bloody

field, Georgia Landing. Went on through Tigerville, Berwick; reached Centerville at noon on 11th. We stay here a few days.

13th, 8 p. m. A hurried start. The reason why, I don't know unless it is whiskey! Kept starting; made six miles in twelve hours. There's a good deal of trouble in Rum!

14th. At sunset reached New Iberia.

15th. On through St. Martinsville, halted at Vermillion Bayou.

16th. Rear guard. At sunset bivouacked about Opelousas.

20th. Rear guard. Reached Alexandria this date. Camped up the bayou Rapides two miles.

21st. Smart rain; shifting of troops for some purpose.

22d. It is explained. Our boys got hold of the rebel countersign, and by it captured forty men and four pieces of artillery from "1st Texas Light."

Sat., March 26th. Reveille at 3.30 A. M. Started at 6.30 our regiment in advance. Followed Confeds. all day on Bayou Rapides.

27th. Brigade rear guard at 11 A. M. Reached a point on the Red river where the dense piney woods commence; rebel force heavy ahead.

Captain Prescott's diary:

Thirty miles march and Opelousas reached, some skirmishing. On the 19th encamped on Gov. Moore's fine plantation.

20th. Occupied Alexandria, driving eight thousand rebels ahead and out. On to Bayou Rapides where we remained until the 26th, still skirmishing lightly with the enemy.

Part 2, 724:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE GULF,  
ALEXANDRIA, March 25, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith, Comdg. Detachment of 16th and 17th Army Corps:*

The Major-General commanding (Banks) desires that you move your command to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock by the Bayou Rapides road to a point above and near the

upper junction of Bayou Rapides and Red river, there to await further orders. The Fourth Brigade of the Cavalry Division (including 2d N. H.) has been ordered to take the same road at 6 A. M. to-morrow, and its commander will report to you on the march for instructions and remain under your orders while you hold the indicated position.

Prescott: Marched to Henderson's Hill, twenty-three miles from Alexandria, where the rich arable lands suddenly cease and the pine woods of the Red river commence. That night bivouacked on the "Hill," having the advance, the balance of the brigade and the army being encamped in the beautiful valley below, and for several miles back to the rear.

By General Orders, No. 151, the following men having been examined and declared unfit for further field service are transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, to take effect on April 10th, 1864:

Albert Austin,	Company E.
Thomas Blake,	" C.
Amos Kopp, Corp.,	" D.
John Dowd,	" C.
C. Laine,	" C.
A. H. Quimby, Serg.,	" D.

T. C. PRESCOTT, *Adjutant.*

A Confederate scheme to get New Orleans, boiled down from over two pages of official records, 2,1064:

March 21, 1864, L. Polk, lieutenant-general commanding, submits to President Davis that the "moral effect of the following scheme warrants its trial." The scheme is by L. Polk himself, and is to be conducted with the "utmost secrecy," to obtain possession of New Orleans and the whole Mississippi river. "Divide," says he, "the space between Manchac and Cairo (part 2, page 1,066), in seven divisions (the seven degrees of latitude), and raise therein six thousand mounted infantry, persons of all ages living all along on the banks of the river; these with sixty pieces of artillery are to stop the enemy's commerce and prevent them from cultivating plantations on the river, still would give

protection to such of Confederate planters as might wish to return to the bottoms to resume their planting. Then he proposes to attempt to capture the river by "buying a river boat and putting on it at Port Pillow an ably commanded force of five hundred men who, on going down the river, should hail all gunboats, and on pretence of delivering mails get alongside of one lone one after another, and so *easily* capture them" and proceed unannounced to the city of New Orleans, arriving there with a tow of subdued gunboats a half-mile long.

Indorsement on the above by Gen. Braxton Bragg.

After a careful consideration, its practicability and policy seem doubtful; temporary success would require extraordinary luck: the plan for raising troops and holding the river would demoralize them and have them destroyed in detail.

In view of the happenings on April 8, 1864, it seems proper to insert the following (part 2, 1,057):

PROCLAMATION, C. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPT.

SHREVEPORT, La., March 18, 1864.

General Orders, No. 8.

The Congress of the Confederate States having appointed April 8th as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, military exercises will be suspended and a strict observance of the day is enjoined upon all troops serving in the department. On the eve of a campaign in which our resources will be taxed to the utmost, and upon which the destinies of our people depend, we should humble ourselves before the Lord of Hosts, who giveth not the battle to the strong, but upholdeth the cause of the just. The lieutenant-general commanding therefore feels it his duty to invite the people of this department to join with the troops in invoking the blessings of peace and security upon our beloved country.

By command of

LIEUT.-GEN. E. KIRBY SMITH.

S. S. ANDERSON,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

## CHAPTER XIV.

Banks to Secretary of War, recommends Eighth New Hampshire to be converted (officially) into Cavalry. — Henderson's Hill. — Enemy driven in and through Natchitoches. — Continual Advance and Skirmishing. — April 3, "White's Store." — To and by Pleasant Hill. — Action at Wilson's Farm. — C. S. A. Magruder to Nichols. — General Franklin to General Lee. — Sherman to Banks, the "Loan" of troops. — "C. S. A. Generals" by Kirby Smith. — Order of our March. — Banks' Report of Battle of Sabine Cross Roads. — Quartermaster's Report. — General Lee's Report. — General Landrum's article in "National Tribune." — Report of General Bee, C. S. A. — Charge of the Second New Hampshire Cavalry on the Rebel Lines, April 8. — The Repulse and Retreat. — Formation as Skirmishers. — Holding their Position. — Short of Ammunition. — Relieved. — Support Nims' Battery. — The Confederate Charge. — Bravery of General Banks. — A slow Retreat. — Loss of Wagons; Prisoners. — Rebels bent on Plunder. — Durgin's Account; a Prisoner. — The Second New Hampshire Cavalry at the Extreme Front. — Some Criticism. — Extracts from General Lee's Report. — Incidents of the Day. — Comrade B. S. Woods, Personal. — Accounts of the Battle by Several Comrades.

## PART 3, 17 :

## HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE GULF.

ALEXANDRIA, April 2, 1864.

*Adjutant-General of the Army, Washington, D. C. :*

GENERAL, — The letter of the adjutant-general of New Hampshire, dated March 11, 1864, with endorsements, in relation to the conversion into cavalry of the Eighth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, is received. When preparations for active operations commenced last fall, this department was almost destitute of cavalry and in this level country a large force of mounted troops was essential to success. I applied for additional cavalry and was informed that none could be sent to the department. My

only recourse was to form troops of that arm. I immediately commenced by mounting infantry to act against the enemy's infantry and mounted infantry and encouraging enlistments in the regiments of Louisiana cavalry. The Eighth New Hampshire Infantry was one of the regiments mounted. When the troops of the Nineteenth Army Corps were called upon to re-enlist as veterans, this regiment, already mounted, offered to re-enlist, largely, if it could be converted into cavalry, and the order was issued, subject to the approval of the War Department, with excellent effect. I trust those who have thus re-enlisted and who have attained the cavalry drill to a most commendable degree, may not be disappointed, but that the order will be confirmed and the regiment styled the "Second New Hampshire Cavalry." A disapproval would, I fear, produce a very bad effect upon this excellent regiment. I would further remark that in this department, the cavalry force should be in unusually large proportion to the infantry, since it is a country peculiarly favorable to the use of that arm, and the enemy in this region recognizing the fact, have maintained fully one half their force mounted.

Very respectfully I am, General,

Your obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,

*Major-General Commanding.*

Adjutant Prescott's diary, Henderson's Hill :

At this point on the march the appearance of the country changes abruptly. We now entered a very sparsely settled, poor section of country, covered with heavy pine forests, slightly undulating, with few and very narrow roads. On March 27th a short march of ten miles was made to a point on the Red River where it was decided to wait for the infantry. The halt was continued until the 29th. Gunboats had arrived.

29th. On to Cane river, easily driving the enemy.

30th. More resistance, but we made seventeen miles, and camped at night on the banks of the river. The enemy were busy burning forage and cotton. The cavalry advanced early next morning into the town of Natchitoches where they made a stand.

H. J. Durgin's diary :

Mar. 28th. Rain storm. Several gunboats got up over the rapids and anchored.

29th. Marched fifteen miles through the piney woods to Cane river ; halted to build a bridge.

30th. Bridge built ; started on, rebs just ahead. Their path marked by burning bridges and *cotton*.

31st. Made coffee ; no time to cook much. Regiment in advance, skirmishing near Natchitoches.

Prescott's diary :

We charged through the town of Natchitoches, driving them out and camped on the north side in the suburbs. There were some demonstrations of joy on the part of the inhabitants as we entered the place, and some seemed glad to see the old flag once more. That night some of the men of the brigade who were printers, took possession of the newspaper office in town which the proprietors had left, and the next morning issued a creditable paper printed on that well known material, brown wallpaper.

Official, "Itinerary" (1, 445) :

Apr. 2d. The First, Third, and Fourth Brigades (Cavalry), Gen. Lee commanding, made a reconnoissance to Crump's Hill where the rebels were encountered and defeated by the First and Fourth Brigades. Rebel force was about two thousand and six pieces of artillery. Besides the killed and wounded, one officer and twenty-eight men were captured. April 3d. The enemy were pressed on the Pleasant Hill road, but showed strong force. The division there, pursuant to orders, returned to White's store and Natchitoches.

Company B entered Natchitoches on March 31 under the command of Capt. A. F. Tremaine of the Thirtieth Massachusetts. He was a good officer ; had been detailed at New Orleans to command the company. (Lieut. D. B. Newhall's commission not having arrived.) Captain Tremaine's regiment was on veteran furlough, and he commanded Company B, until after the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, when Lieutenant Newhall took command.

We took the advance that morning, Companies A, B, and F being sent forward as advance guard with order to keep not more than two miles ahead of the regiment.

After a while we came on to a rebel picket, with whom we exchanged a few shots and they fell back. We followed rapidly; passed large quantities of burning cotton, thousands of bales on fire on each side of the road. The enemy gradually increased in force, and finally made a stand behind a bridge around a bend in the bayou. We charged up the road, but soon discovered three pieces of artillery, a few hundred infantry and cavalry that outnumbered us. They undertaking to flank us we didn't stop to exchange shots or compliments, but fell back in rear of some buildings. Captain Tremaine then ordered Lieutenant Newhall to take the rear with Company B and keep them back, while he would look out for the flanks. As we fell back our left was protected by the bayou.

They did not choose to follow us very rapidly; we were well covered by the smoke of burning cotton. Reaching a favorable place we barricaded the road and waited for the main force to come up, that being, to our surprise, four miles in rear. Then, with the whole regiment, we advanced, came up with the enemy, charged, and drove them into and through the town: the companies taking different streets. We had more fun that morning, in fact, the *only fun* of the expedition. We took many prisoners, even chasing them into the houses and routing them from under the beds.

Gen. A. L. Lee (*Union*) had requested infantry sent to his help.

Major-General Franklin to Lee, April 2, 4.30 P. M. (3, 20):

*I prefer not to remove a brigade of infantry from here. If you get them (the enemy) running I advise you to leave your rear as secure as you can and chase them as far as provisions and forage justify.*

Same, extract :

8 P. M. I have received your despatch of 3.45 P. M. Do not go too far. It will be well for you to go ahead to-morrow and feel them again, and if you find them in great force, so great that you cannot drive them, come back to-morrow.

Adjutant Prescott's diary :

April 2d. The cavalry received orders to march on towards Pleasant Hill. They did so and skirmishing commenced at once and kept up most of the day. At midnight we were without supper or sleep. At 3 A. M. on the 4th, after a cup of coffee, we advanced on the enemy.

Comrade Durgin's diary :

2d. Marched till 3 P. M. Rebs. shelled out two miles further on a skirmish.

3d. Bivouacked at White's store.

4th. Gave a colored preacher ten dollars for three chicks and a muscovy duck.

6th. Skirmishing at noon. The 13th Army Corps is a few miles at the rear.

Orders from Banks. Grand Ecore, April 4 (part 3, 39) :

Gen. A. L. Lee to report to Maj.-Gen. Franklin until further orders.

Gen. Charles P. Stone, chief of staff, to General Franklin, April 5 (vol. 34, 3, 46) :

The major-general commanding desires that you advance tomorrow morning on the roads to Shreveport. The main force of the enemy is near Mansfield. Give him battle, if possible, before he can concentrate behind the fortifications of Shreveport, or retreat to Texas. *March so as to throw as much of your force as possible into battle at any time on the march* — march as rapidly as possible, keeping troops *in good fighting condition*.

Same date, to General Smith :

Provide each man and artillery piece with two hundred rounds of ammunition and follow Gen. Franklin on Thursday the 7th inst. *until you overtake him* — each man with two days' rations in haversack.

Union. Brig.-Gen. A. L. Lee, commanding cavalry, to Maj. Geo. B. Drake, assistant adjutant-general, Department of the Gulf (part 1, 448) :

NATCHITOCHEs, April 5, 1864.

I have the honor to report that I moved from this place with 1st, 3d and 4th (including 2d N. H.) Brigades on the Shreveport road three miles on. At a bridge, encountered the enemy's pickets who retired to Crump's plantation, here the road forks to "Many" and "Pleasant Hill" country, heavily wooded. Three pieces of rebel artillery were on each road. First Brigade led column: 14th N. Y. cavalry charged and drove the enemy; Rawle's battery put in position. The fork of the road was gained: the woods full of rebel dismounted skirmishers—they were driven out. The 4th Brigade, Col. Dudley commanding, joined in this skirmishing and did good service. At 6 p. m. 4th Brigade rested at a point three miles further on. The enemy's force was 2d and 4th La. Cavalry, 2d, 5th, 7th Texas and DeBray's Texas Cavalry.

Union.

HEADQUARTERS, BAYOU DUPONT, April 6, 1864.

Circular (3, 58).

The order of march to-morrow will be,

First, Gen. Ransom's division with reserve artillery.

Second, Ammunition train guarded by a regiment detailed by Gen. Ransom.

Third, Gen. Emory's division.

Fourth, Gen. Ransom's train, including all his wagons, guarded by such force as he shall consider sufficient.

Fifth, Gen. Emory's train, including all his wagons, with sufficient guard.

Sixth, Col. Robinson's engineers, corps d'Afrique.

Seventh, Col. Dickey's First Brigade, corps d'Afrique.

Eighth, Col. Gooding's 5th Brigade, Cavalry division.

By order of

HOFFMAN,

MAJ.-GEN. FRANKLIN.

*A. A. Gen.*

About two thousand men on 7th moved to and through Pleasant Hill driving rebel cavalry. At "Wilson's Farm"

three miles beyond, we captured twenty-three, and killed and wounded a large number of the enemy.

By Lieutenant Newhall :

We skirmished through a partial clearing and into the woods, dismounted; afterwards mounted and followed them on a trot all that day, skirmishing.

(3, 726.) April 2, 1864. C. S. A. General Magruder to General Nichols at Austin, Texas :

The enemy is at Natchitoches on the way to Shreveport. Our troops have *deserted* in *companies* and *battalions*. The governor's attempted organization of State troops is a failure; many companies elected themselves *teamsters* and their captains *wagon masters* and then dispersed; 4,000 men have been detailed by the Governor to haul cotton — the Federal provincial Governor could not have done worse. If the Governor's chasm (created by efforts to impede the conscript law) cannot be bridged, I *will leap it*: let him bring his detail to my offer, viz., one man to every 40 bales of cotton. Action now or never.

Broadhead to Lieutenant-General Smith (3, 730) :

OFFICE OF THE COTTON BUREAU, C. S. A.

SHREVEPORT, April 4, 1864.

The course of his excellency (Gov. Murrah) is illegal. If he is sustained by Pres't. Davis, you must appropriate the cotton of Texas or abandon the department with your troops and let their gubernatorial excellencies take care of their States. We have no public lands to sell; custom houses yield nothing; cotton is our chief resource. Without it, we can command neither money nor credit. The disease in our currency has run so long, it can only be arrested by desperate measures. The war is carried on for the benefit of the people, and their property *should be used* to protect their rights.

Adjutant Prescott's diary at White's store :

On the 7th we advanced and at noon arrived at Pleasant Hill. A little farther on a sharp engagement by the cavalry ensued. At first we were forced back but imme-

diately recovered our ground and drove the enemy about three miles when darkness coming on, we bivouacked on the field, our regiment being considerably in advance of the balance of the brigade, our horses remaining saddled and without water or forage. (The above is the "Wilson Farm" fight of the 7th.)

Tuesday morning, April 8th. The regiment was in poor condition for work, but it had plenty of courage and at 7 P. M., it advanced joining the brigade as it came up. The infantry had passed on to the front and were skirmishing with the enemy as they sullenly fell back contesting all the ground.

In regard to the foregoing by Adjutant Prescott, recollecting that Frederick the Great said that an army, like a snake, traveled (and fought) on its stomach, I wrote to Capt. Dan Newhall to find out what at least he and his horse had to eat on that eventful morning, and got word back that, "We had forage and water for our horses on the morning of the 8th, and probably most of the horses got water at a creek we crossed about 9 A. M. That was the last water till we got behind the Nineteenth Army Corps at night. Men had coffee, hard-tack, and raw salt pork for breakfast (at any rate, Company B had) and carried pork and hard-tack enough in our haversacks for one meal. The *first square meal* that we got after the morning of the 7th, was on the morning of the 9th when Company B got to Pleasant Hill; there we found our Captain Blanchard (formerly of the Eighth and orderly sergeant of Company B), with his regiment in camp. As soon as he found out how we were situated, he had his cooks supply us with a good breakfast. I don't think that all the regiment fared so well and did not get much till we got to Grand Ecore. In fact we had no rations and nothing to cook rations in. We had little sleep on the night of the 7th and none at all on the night of the 8th. At Grand Ecore I went to sleep in one minute under some bushes, and my darkey said that he thought for sure he could never wake me when coffee was cooked."

Sherman to Banks, extract (part 3, page 24) :

NASHVILLE, Apr. 3, 1864.

GENERAL, — The thirty days for which I *loaned* you the command of Gen. A. J. Smith will expire on the 18th instant. He has a big job against Forrest near Paducah, and must start at once.

Same date, Sherman to Porter (condensed) :

DEAR ADMIRAL, — Am glad you like Smith and the troops. Banks assured me at the start that he was all ready to march and would beat my troops to Alexandria. I stipulated that my quota of ten thousand would be wanted out of Red River by the 10th of April. I must have them and leave Gen. Steele to continue to coöperate with Gen. Banks. We are getting ready for big licks.

In regard to General Banks' alleged tardiness, he unavoidably lost four days before starting (see part 2, 544), Banks to Hurlburt, March 10, extract :

Column all ready (to start from Franklin), but a violent rainstorm which commenced night before last on Berwick Bay, has placed the roads in such condition as to make a march impracticable for at least four days.

The following tells of the force which the Second New Hampshire Cavalry had to contend with, and how it was managed, on the last eight miles up to the battlefield of the 8th (Sabine Cross Roads).

Reports of Brig.-Gen. Hamilton P. Bee, C. S. Army, commanding cavalry division (I, 606) :

HEADQUARTERS BEE'S DIVISION OF CAVALRY,

PLEASANT HILL, Pa., April 10, 1864.

SIR, — I have the honor to report operations of my command in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

I marched from Columbus, on the Colorado River, in Texas, March 11, with six regiments of cavalry — Debray's, Buchel's, Terrell's, Woods', Gould's, and Likens' — and reported to General Richard Taylor, commanding army of operations in Louisiana, on April 5 at Mansfield, La., with the three first-named regiments.

The others, being delayed by incidents of so long a march, did not arrive in time to participate in the battles of the 8th and 9th.

On the afternoon of the 7th, was ordered to report to Maj.-Gen. Tom Green, commanding cavalry corps, and did so at 5 o'clock at a creek some twelve miles from Mansfield, on road to Natchitoches; found the general skirmishing heavily with the enemy across the creek. My command was formed in reserve and slept on their arms in line of battle.

At daylight General Green moved back to Mansfield with all of his cavalry and artillery, leaving me with three regiments of cavalry to contest the advance of the enemy, which was successfully done by forming the regiments in successive lines of battle, with interval of 500 yards to the rear, and thus was enabled, owing to the dense wooded country, to delay their advance by forcing them to deploy into line and attack my position, when the regiment engaged, after holding the ground as long as practicable, retired behind the successive regiment, and thus by these successive formations the march of the large army under General Banks was so delayed as to consume seven hours in a march of as many miles, and gave General Taylor time to prepare for the battle of Mansfield. On arriving at the open fields my work of skirmishing and delay was done, and I was assigned to the right of the line of battle then formed in the fields.

Pleasant Hill, April 7, Banks to Lee (3, 72):

A brigade of infantry has been ordered to be within supporting distance of you by daylight tomorrow morning. *Order all trains out of the way* so that the brigade can be moved to the front. It was supposed that you had a supporting brigade of infantry.

Banks to Porter. Report of defeat. Pleasant Hill, April 9 (3, 98, 99):

The land column encountered a superior force about noon yesterday, April 8th, four miles this side of Mansfield, and has been compelled to retreat—enemy's loss severe; ours serious. Grover must join Kilby Smith. If possible, send to Steele.

Banks to Grant, April 13, Grand Ecore (part 1, 181), extract :

My headquarters were at Pleasant Hill, 38 miles beyond here, on April 7th, the cavalry being several miles in advance. Very heavy rains impeded the progress of trains and troops. The cavalry had constantly pressed the enemy—had sharp skirmishes, in all of which we had been successful, but with considerable loss. The first fight was at Wilson's farm on the 7th. The next decided stand was at Carroll's mill eight miles beyond Pleasant Hill. A brigade of infantry was sent forward and the enemy retired to within five miles of Mansfield. My headquarters on the morning of the 8th of April, were at a bayou ten miles beyond Pleasant Hill, where the column halted to close up. At 10 A. M. I rode to the front where the forces consisted of the cavalry under Brig.-Gen. A. L. Lee and a detachment of the Thirteenth Corps under Brig.-Gen. T. E. G. Ransom. Upon reaching the front I found the line of skirmishers already engaged with the enemy's cavalry, although but few had yet shown themselves. It soon appeared that our march was likely to be resisted by a stronger force than had yet been encountered. I instantly sent orders for the rapid advance of the troops to the front, though without notice or anticipation of a general engagement. The active movements of our skirmishers soon developed a strong line of the enemy in position, extending at some length on the right and left of the line of march in front of the Sabine Cross-Roads. It had been deemed of considerable importance to occupy this position by our forces in order to prevent a concentration of the forces of the enemy. General Ransom moved forward to the support of the cavalry, and the skirmishers opened a running fire, which lasted for some hours, though without developing the full strength of the enemy's forces or position. At 4 o'clock P. M. on the 8th, a tremendous fire suddenly opened along the whole of this line on the right and left of the road, when it became manifest that the enemy in full force and in strong position was in our front. The contest lasted for an hour, our troops resisting with remarkable spirit and courage the onsets of the enemy, until, utterly overpowered by numbers, they were compelled to fall back upon the rear of the column. A sharp

ravine or gully separated the plain where this engagement had commenced from the belt of almost impenetrable woods through which we had marched. On passing this point it appeared that the entire cavalry train, with its artillery, occupied the road nearly to the line of skirmishers. *The fatal consequences of this most incautious advance of trains and artillery were* apparent upon the breaking of our lines in front of the enemy's position. Upon the retreat of the advanced guard the enemy instantaneously enveloped the train of wagons, and it was impossible to withdraw the artillery in consequence of the preoccupation of the ground by the wagons: and the encumbered roads impeded the movements of troops and caused many prisoners to fall into the hands of the enemy. The disasters of the day are to be attributed to the fatally incautious advance of the large cavalry train and the surplus artillery rather than to the (want of) valor of our troops.

Every possible exertion was made to rally and reform the forces which had been engaged, but all efforts failed. The loss of prisoners, artillery, and wagons and the fierce pursuit of a victorious and desperate foe for the moment seemed to paralyze individuals and masses. The troops fell back, for the most part in good order, fighting in front of the enemy, the men retaining their arms until toward sunset, when the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, Brig.-Gen. W. H. Emory commanding, had advanced to our support. Under cover of a line of skirmishers from its First Brigade, the division deployed into line of battle on the crest of a hill, General Dwight's brigade on the right, Colonel Benedict's brigade on the left, and McMullan's in reserve. The unexpected encounter with this force, while in pursuit of what the enemy thought a routed army, was very desperate. He attacked the line at every point with demoniac energy, but the division presented at every onset an immovable wall of fire; and after a contest maintained with the greatest spirit on both sides for more than an hour and a half, the enemy retired from the field with very heavy loss. The forces of the enemy engaged in this affair were the Louisiana troops and a part of the Texan and Arkansas forces, the whole being under the command of General Taylor and numbering about 10,000. General Mouton was killed. On our side all our forces

were engaged at different periods of the day, excepting General A. J. Smith's command—the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps.

It will interest some to know that Brig.-Gen. T. E. G. Ransom, in command of a detachment of the Thirteenth Army Corps, was the son of the distinguished Col. Truman Ransom who commanded a regiment from New England in the Mexican war. Col. T. Ransom was a splendid officer, of great gallantry and fine appearance. He was previously the president of Norwich University, Vermont. At one time, I am told by a cadet, then a student there, Mr. E. G. Hooke, now a lawyer in Colorado, that the cadets made a marching tour down through the principal cities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and young T. E. G. Ransom was so slight that he could not like the rest carry his gun, so he was allowed its transportation on the baggage wagon, the battalion being, of course, under strict military discipline, camping out each night, setting guard, etc. General Ransom of the Thirteenth Army Corps was wounded at Sabine Cross Roads, and finally succumbed to the malaria of the South, and there died.

Important. Extract from the report of Lieut.-Col. J. G. Chandler, U. S. Army, acting chief quartermaster, vol. 34, part 1, 236-241:

NEW ORLEANS<sup>\*</sup>, La., Dec. 26, 1864.

*To Maj.-Gen. M. C. Meigs, Washington, D. C.:*

I was chief quartermaster under Maj.-Gen. Franklin (senior officer). The whole material was at Franklin, La., in good working order at the date of starting, May 15, 1864. The two divisions of 13th A. C. that joined us were also thoroughly equipped, the transportation numbering 307 teams. I had nothing to do with Gen. Lee's organization up to the time of its joining Gen. Franklin's command—however, its two hundred and fifty-six mule teams seemed to be well prepared. Gen. A. J. Smith's command was scantily provided with land transportation.

or quartermaster's supplies; that department appeared without much system, Gen. Smith attending personally to all the wants of his command. The entire land force, cavalry, and infantry when beyond Natchitoches moved under the *immediate direction of Gen. Franklin*.

Then, under my personal control were nine hundred teams, inclusive of the cavalry train, which was generally one day's march, in advance of the infantry column. Such was the case on the morning of April 8, when the cavalry and its train pushed on in advance, followed as usual by the infantry train until about 12 M. on the 8th, when the advance met the enemy in strong position at Sabine Cross-Roads; then most of the cavalry train was halted in the road, in line of march and well to the front; urgent calls for reinforcements came at about 3 P. M. Gen. Franklin had made his usual day's march and had ordered the infantry into camp, but on reports received he ordered forward a division of the 13th Corps, and the first of the 19th Corps to *follow after supper*. Gen. Banks and staff had already rapidly ridden to the front, and Gen. Franklin and staff soon followed, but the troops (in front) had already been engaged, repulsed and in part stampeded; Gen. Lee's cavalry train was, as stated, immediately in his rear. Knowing that artillery and infantry were coming and the road, narrow and skirted with heavy timber and underbrush, would be required for the passage as I advanced. I ordered the teams to leave the road by hauling to one side. To my surprise I found the quartermasters in the advance, by the orders of their brigade or division commanders, turning the teams about in the road faced to the rear. I immediately controverted those orders on my own *responsibility and directed teams to move out of the road, and those turned to the rear to remain so and out of the road*. Then the batteries and troops were passing to the front with little difficulty. The position accounts for the loss of part of the train by capture.

To account for the unusual position of the train I will further add that *Gen. Franklin and Gen. Lee both wanted the cavalry train to move in rear of the infantry force, but both generals disagreed as to the precedence of position when the trains should be joined. Gen. Lee desired that his train should precede Gen. Franklin's infantry*

*train, and Gen. Franklin insisted that the infantry trains should move just in rear of the infantry force. Because of this disagreement, no change was made on this day of the engagement. The most serious loss of men and material occurred on this day.*

The foregoing extract with others to follow, combined with the evidence of living witnesses, will serve to throw light on the movements, both Union and Confederate, so that the reader can judge where the responsibility for failures and losses shall finally rest.

Part I, 454. General Lee's report says :

My orders from Gen. Franklin were to attack the enemy wherever I could find him, but not to bring on a general engagement. I had with my command a train of about two hundred wagons carrying ten days' rations for men, three days' forage for animals, ammunition and camp equipage.

On the 7th I drove about two hundred of enemy's cavalry beyond Pleasant Hill, three miles beyond encountered considerable force, sent a staff officer to Franklin at Pleasant Hill about noon, suggesting that a brigade of infantry be sent for my support; it was *started* and *withdrawn* as the heavy firing ceased. At 2 P. M. I despatched that "I shall advance a little cautiously." At 5 P. M. the following despatch came: "The General (Franklin) directs that you proceed to-night as far as possible, with your whole train in order to give the infantry room to advance to-morrow." I was at this time six miles beyond Pleasant Hill, and continued my advance *driving the rebels to Carroll's mills*, four miles farther; bivouacked on the field. My train had to be left in the road. *The wagons were faced to the rear.*

Despatch, Lee to Franklin, April 7, 9 P. M., extract :

Fourth Brigade (including Second New Hampshire) is camped on the battle ground of to-day. The enemy is in strong position with four pieces of artillery, we suffered here somewhat. I am simply holding the ground. It is more expensive fighting the enemy in this immediate county with dismounted, and necessarily, somewhat con-

fused cavalry, than with infantry. I cannot leave to see you, but with entire deference to your own judgment suggest that a brigade of infantry be ordered to the front at an early hour to-morrow morning to aid with me in the conduct of the advance. If resistance should be obstinate I should like to leave my train with the advance of infantry. I am ready to move at daylight. I find here almost no water.

General Franklin's answer at 12.30 A. M., April 8 :

Gen. Banks is here, and by his order a brigade of infantry will move to your support at 3 A. M.

D. LYON,  
*Licut. and Aide-de-Camp.*

At sunrise on the 8th a brigade of the Fourth Division 13th A. C. Col. Landrum commanding, reported to me.

In the "National Tribune" of March 26, 1891, is a three and a half column article upon this campaign by W. J. Landrum, brevet brigadier-general, United States Volunteers. He says that he told Ransom that his reinforcements would lead to evil results: that the presence of the infantry would embolden Lee to push on beyond support. (One naturally asks, what right had he to say that? What did he then know about Lee and the situation up at the front?)

The reader can judge by the despatches given who was in the right. Landrum makes complaint that Lee wished him to take the advance, and he (Lee) would protect his flanks. "What," says Landrum, "became of the five thousand cavalry from that time on, was then, is now, and probably will ever be a profound mystery." There is evidence and enough of it, as good as his, where *our* portion of the cavalry was, and what it found out and communicated to Generals Lee and Banks and it is as important as if a legion of cavalry did it.

Chief Bugler H. J. Durgin, writes at this date (and the veterans, every one, will endorse Comrade Durgin's vera-

city) that the timber and underbrush was so dense that Landrum could not have *seen us*, but a regiment of cavalry was sent out to his left flank and the *Second New Hampshire Cavalry protected his right flank up to noon*. "We," says Durgin, "could not see his infantry, but could locate them by their firing and too, occasionally, Major Connelly *did send a man to our left to see that we were in touching distance*."

Lee's report, I, 451:

At 1 P. M. 8th, Gen. Ransom appeared on the ground with the 2d Brigade of the Fourth division 13th A. C. to relieve the 1st brigade (Landrum's), from its duty with the cavalry advance. Immediately in our front was a large clearing on the slope of a hill over which was the course of the road; we were soon on its crest. Two regiments of the Fourth Brigade Cavalry, Col. Dudley commanding, the Third and Sixth Massachusetts Cavalry, were placed on the left flank, deployed in the woods. *The Second New Hampshire Cavalry of the same brigade was deployed on the right flank.*

In regard to the *time*, Comrade Durgin says that he carried one of the best Waltham watches and often compared it with headquarters' time. He looked at his watch just before our regiment charged and he saw that it was near time for the "noon halt." At 12.30 Lee must have had the report from Major Connelly and the "feeler" made by our Second New Hampshire must have enlightened him in regard to the stand made by the enemy in his immediate front. Meanwhile the major-general commanding had arrived and assumed general direction of affairs. General Stone, chief of staff, had ridden with the advance since an early hour in the morning. And yet no officer but Landrum found any fault with General Lee's handling of the troops, but that it was according to *orders*.

Lee reported to General Banks in person, explaining the situation and that in his opinion we could not with our

present force drive them and must fall back or be heavily reinforced in order to advance. He says, "General Banks then ordered me to hold my position and he would order forward infantry. Our forces were now for a long time stationary, light skirmishing, however, continuing on the flanks. The enemy were shifting strong columns to the right on a road to Bayou Pierre at nearly right angles to the Mansfield road. About 4 P. M., by a staff officer, I got an order from General Banks to dispose my troops to advance to Mansfield. I instantly reported in person to Gen-Banks that I was ready, *but such a move would bring on an engagement.*' He then directed me to let them remain, and sent an officer to *hasten forward infantry.* But at half past four the enemy made a general advance all along our lines in strong force. We were driven a mile to the foot of the hill to the wood; no reinforcements had then arrived. A mile from the battlefield a portion of the train of the cavalry division was blocked. Here were lost 156 wagons and about 800 mules of said division. The ammunition train only was saved." Gen. Lee continues, "My own despatches cited in report could hardly fail to represent the *current condition* of affairs to my superiors, and under such explicit instructions and orders I can see *little room left me, as a soldier, for the exercise of personal judgment.* On the forenoon of the 8th, while my train was at a halt, waiting for a bridge to be built at Carroll's mill, some five miles from the battlefield, General Banks and staff and General Franklin and staff stopped there and observed its construction. General Franklin directed the quartermaster of the Fourth Brigade to do his best to keep the train well closed."

Report of Capt. F. H. Whittier, acting assistant quartermaster, Fourth Cavalry Brigade, to Colonel Dudley :

My standing orders from you were, when firing was heard in front to any considerable extent, to draw my

train out on the side of the road when possible to do so, in order to permit troops or artillery to pass either way : also to so arrange my train that I could easily pass it without confusion or difficulty to the front or rear. (Here he gives the incident at the bridge before mentioned by Lee, and the order of Gen. Franklin is related.) The train advanced till halted by the heavy firing in front. I then moved the greater portion of my train to an open space on either side of the road. It was there until Gen. Cameron's command and the two batteries passed to the front. Having been at the front myself, I thought it best to turn my train (as stated), but, "No," said the chief quartermaster, Chandler, "if you lose your wagons, lose them facing the enemy." Capt. Hoge, division quartermaster, said that these instructions were *positive*. Finally, when ordered to the rear by Major Howe, I found the road blocked and the entire train of 85 six-mule army wagons, 8 two-horse ambulances, and one six-horse medicine wagon, loaded with medical stores, were captured.

At the time that the action commenced (4 P. M.), the United States forces were disposed as follows : The Fourth Division, 2,500 strong (Thirteenth Army Corps), with four brigades of Lee's cavalry in front ; Third Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps in camp six miles in the rear ; Nineteenth Army Corps in camp nine miles in the rear. Gen. A. J. Smith's army minus three thousand men, near Pleasant Hill, seventeen miles at the rear.

H. J. Durgin's diary :

April 7. Found the rebs in force just beyond Pleasant Hill. 2d La. and 87th Ill. engaged them an hour ; were driven back, but reinforcements turned the tide in our favor — this at Wilson's Farm. Kept our horses saddled all night. At 7 A. M. on the 8th, moved on again ; went in to protect the right flank of Landrum's infantry.

Adj. T. C. Prescott's diary :

At eight o'clock on the 8th, we had advanced two miles and at that time our brigade took the advance with the 2d N. H. Cavalry on the right flank about three fourths of a

mile from the road in the woods. It was thus impossible for Bvt. Gen. W. J. Landrum to see the cavalry who were protecting his flanks. The regiment received orders from Gen. Lee to push on rapidly and if possible (on the supposition that they were in full retreat) to pass the enemy and attack them in their front, or, failing in this to fall on their flank. We advanced cautiously in two columns with as much rapidity as the dense undergrowth would permit. The rebels made good progress and kept ahead. About noon we came to an open field about a half mile across, surrounded by a high rail fence. The enemy could be seen on the opposite side, apparently in full retreat, passing across our *front and to the right*. Major Connelly was in command (Lieut.-Col. Flanders being at the North on leave of absence), and immediately gave the order to "charge." The horses seemed to feel the impulse of the order as readily as the men, and as soon as the fence was fairly cleared, the little command moved at a brisk gallop across the field, still in the double column formation, against the dense ranks of the enemy which filled the road in front, and as far as could be seen, to the right and left. It was a fearful risk to charge upon such a force, ten to our one, but the major was impetuous and he was obeying orders. When the opposite side of the field was reached, a high "Virginia fence" was there found, and some of the men dismounted to level it; then the enemy opened a terrific fire in our front, they having fallen back a short distance at the immediate point of our attack, into the woods beyond the road which was fringed with white pines. Our men returned the fire using their carbines rapidly and with good effect: but by the time an opening was made for our advance, the enemy had spread out over our right and left and were swarming into the field. A part of our force had passed the fence into the road (Bayou Pierre), and were clearing it of the rebels, but there was great danger of our being completely surrounded, and the major, as quick to see his peril as to push a charge, gave the order to retreat. The regiment fell back across the field, and in the direction of the infantry on the road, being compelled to leave the killed and wounded, and nearly every man who lost his horse fell into the hands of the enemy. Thus many of our men were taken prisoners, Capt. D. W. King being among the number.

Upon arriving at the fence, after recrossing the field the regiment dismounted, leaving their horses in the edge of the timber, which surrounded the field on all sides, and in an incredibly short space of time they were deployed as skirmishers and pushed out nearly half way across the open space over which but a moment before they had come in full retreat, checking the advance of the enemy and actually driving him back some distance.

The movement of dismounting and deploying to fight on foot was done as nicely as the writer had ever seen the same executed on the drill ground, certainly more quickly, and would have done honor to the oldest veteran cavalry. The line was formed instantly at the command to halt, at the fence; the men, always designated to hold the horses when dismounting to fight became necessary, were in readiness to receive the bridles as they were thrown to them; and before the rebels were aware of the movement, the men had run into the field, were on their faces crawling towards them, and were meeting them with a shower of bullets sent with accurate and telling aim. The dexterous use of the carbine by our strong skirmish line made it possible to hold the large force of the enemy for a time, but it was clearly evident that we could not withstand a charge for a moment. Adj. T. C. Prescott was now despatched to report the situation to General Lee and found that officer on the road at the front about a half-mile to the left of our position. He reported verbally what had occurred on the right and that in the judgment of Major Connelly, a *large force was in our immediate front*. General Lee seemed to think that we were greatly overestimating the strength of the enemy before us, saying that he did not apprehend any serious difficulty here, and that we should hold our position. By the time that the adjutant returned, the skirmish line was being pushed in and our ammunition was getting seriously short. A messenger had been sent back to the train for cartridges and had returned with a box of the wrong calibre. The adjutant

was at once sent back to report again to the general and to say that we must have support immediately or be relieved by reason of our lack of ammunition and the heavy force of the enemy in our front. This report was quickly made, and now General Lee seemed to realize the extreme danger of the situation.

The Second New Hampshire was badly off if it had no ammunition and recollecting that Lieutenant Newhall had said that he had brought some up and distributed it, a letter was sent to him and also to Captain Prescott for explanations. It appears in answer that they were both right; that the left wing got from Lieutenant Newhall the right calibre, while the right wing was short. Adjutant Prescott says that he would not have asked to be relieved but for want of ammunition. He says, "We did get some of the right calibre later." Lieutenant Newhall says, "We *must* have used a great deal more than we had at first, although in the morning the cartridge boxes were filled. Then some was put in pockets and under blanket straps, for we expected to fight smartly before night. There is no mistake but that the box that I brought was all right, for all the contents were fired at the rebs."

Adjutant Prescott :

Our small force had been placed in as favorable a position as possible, but the odds against it were too great. One thin line of infantry composed of western troops from the 13th Corps, was posted along by the side of a low rail fence extending from near the position of the Second New Hampshire at the fence to the road (in the centre to Mansfield) where Gen. Lee still stood with a portion of his staff, while the balance of our brigade and of the infantry was on the left extending down an opening in the woods for about half a mile. The artillery, some sixteen pieces—a portion being the famous "Nims' battery"—was posted in the centre on and across the road and perhaps a hundred yards in rear of the infantry line. Commencing nearly up to the batteries and extending back on the road into the woods as far as one could see, was our wagon

train, a line fully three quarters of a mile in length and on a road so narrow and so flanked by stumps and trees that it was almost impossible to turn a single wagon about and go to the rear. A portion of Gen. Banks' staff had just arrived on the field, and the General himself, who had been at Grand Ecore on the morning of the 7th in consultation with Gen. Smith. In the front was a dense wood in which Gen. Dick Taylor, in command, was massing the rebel forces, preparing to attack. The situation as *we* saw it, was truly alarming; not a piece of the splendid batteries could be moved to the rear, nor was it possible to protect the wagon train. *Somebody* evidently had made a fearful mistake! The situation was extremely critical and not at all calculated to inspire hope. The enemy now opened fire with a battery on their right with serious effect. Almost the first shot struck in a group composing Gen. Banks' staff, cutting off both the legs of Capt. Franklin. Gen. Lee sent an infantry regiment to relieve the Second New Hampshire, directing us to take position in the centre near and to the right of the road in support of the artillery. (Lieutenant Newhall writes that it was the Nineteenth Kentucky, Landrum's old regiment, that relieved us and that a part of the Second New Hampshire supported at least a section of Nims' battery.) The change was quickly made, the men mounting and moving to the new position where further developments were awaited. Our batteries had opened fire, and cannonading became general. There seemed to be no possible way to strengthen our position, and we must meet an overwhelming force as best we could.

Repeated orders had been sent back to Gen. Franklin to hurry up a portion of his force to the front, but hours must elapse before his forces could assist. About 4.30 the enemy made a fierce attack along our whole line and on the flanks. Masses of rebels, no less than four lines in depth, emerged from the woods and charged with impetuous force, while yelling like crazed demons. Our guns were filled to the muzzles with grape, canister and bags of bullets, making wide gaps in the rebel ranks at every discharge, and they were served until the enemy was nearly up to them, when, it being impossible to move them, the horses were cut loose and the battery men rode to the rear. The immense numbers of rebels struck the thin lines of Banks' men with irresistible force and they gave way.

General Landrum says :

When notified that the enemy was advancing his lines with evident intention of attacking, General Ransom ordered me to meet them with a like advance, which was done. A terrific engagement ensued lasting about two hours, resulting in our defeat with a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of eleven hundred men ; that of the enemy being as shown by their own statements, upwards of two thousand men. Banks, Ransom, Lee, and Stone were on the field in person.

Adjutant Prescott :

New positions were taken a short distance in the rear with as much order as possible, while the rebels, bent upon plunder, pushed through our lines and gave their attention to *the tempting wagon train*, in some instances the drivers going out of the rear of those wagons which had not been turned round, as the rebels came in at the front.

This evidence contradicts that of Gen. Dick Taylor in regard to the conduct of his men, and is more reliable than is his report. It was not in human rebel nature to pass a wagon load of the enemy's medical stores without hunting for "cold pisen." The enemy's force being so much superior to ours, they could flank us in every new position we took, and, notwithstanding the coolness of most of our troops and their gallant resistance, we were gradually driven back into the woods. The plunder of the wagon train kept the attention of a portion of the rebels for some time, and their consequent demoralized condition was valuable to us.

By Lieut. Tyler M. Shattuck :

At 4.30 p. m., we began to fall back from the rail fence through the woods to our horses. I was giving out ammunition on the left when the retreat was ordered. A box that I was at that moment carrying I set down on a stump and hastened to the train at the edge of the woods twenty-five rods away. Just then several of the guns of Carruth's,

Nims' and the Mercantile batteries came thundering down the road on to the head of the train. A company of rebel cavalry dashed in from the woods on the left and began firing on them; the cannoneers cut traces, mounted the mules, and some got away. At the same time Capt. Geo. S. Eayrs and myself, with the gang of butchers who had remained near the train, started for the rear. As we passed rapidly along the line of wagons, Eayrs and myself together, and the five butchers on the off side of the teams, a rebel officer and men on horseback came up on our side and shouted out, "Who commands this train?" Capt. Eayrs replied, "The devil, I guess." Just then Edwin D. Cram, of Company A, and a man named Gilegan of the Fourth Wisconsin fired across the mules and shot the officer dead from his horse. The rebels did not follow *us*, but *stopped to plunder the train*. We soon overtook Gen. Banks, who was endeavoring to check the tide by saying, "Don't hurry, boys: we are all right. Fall back on Franklin, and form in his rear."

Letter extract, H. J. Durgin:

Major Connelly has been criticised for so readily charging on the rebels at the noon of April 8; but we now know better than we then did, the circumstances of the case, "the objects of the expedition" and the *orders*. Years ago when I first called on the major at his store in Manchester, N. H., as soon as he discovered who I was, he instantly asked, "How did it happen that *you* were captured?" After the explanation, I asked him, "and how came it, Major, that you ordered such a charge as that?" "Why," said he, "I was under orders to charge the enemy as soon as I came in sight of them, and so *ascertain their strength*." That being the first time that I had heard his reason, viz., the orders from Gen. Lee, and knowing that the cavalry was the "feeler" of the enemy, I appreciated the situation. The major was brave and impetuous; but let me tell you how it looked *to me* up at the front, as I was always close to him, being the chief bugler, his "mouthpiece" as it were. We had been in the woods and underbrush marching in any way we could, in single or double file, on the right flank of the infantry all the forenoon, the major and myself at the front. On emerging from the woods at noon, we saw a little body of rebel cav-

ally on the opposite side of the "clearing" over a third of a mile away, moving at right angles to our course towards the right. Without stopping to get any of our boys out of the woods, the major gave the order to charge, and away he went, not waiting until I had finished sounding the order on the bugle; but on looking back after about only a dozen of us had ridden a few rods, and seeing that the command had not got up out of the brush tangle, he halted and said to me, "I guess they all didn't hear the 'call'; ride back to the woods and sound it again." Back to the edge of the woods I went and blew the call "Charge" again twice, with all the vim I possibly could put into it; I saw that it was repeated down the line in the woods, from which the boys were coming as fast as they could, and then put spurs to my horse to get to my place by the major. My horse being very large and swift, got over the soft, plowed and wet ground very fast, and soon caught up with him as he and the nearest were charging again, right up to a cross fence. But from behind the fence came the thickest storm of bullets that the old Eighth ever knew of, for there, concealed at the point where we struck them, lay in lines, thousands of rebs. firing at us, and I never could account for any one of us getting back to the rear alive, except on the theory that the enemy fired too high, as we could feel the wind of the bullets as they passed, and it was lively "zipping." Just as I reached the major and the fence, down went my horse and I saw a million stars as I struck the ground. When I regained my senses and my feet, every man who was mounted, was making lively time to the rear, and the bullets seemed coming thicker than ever from behind that fence which I stood facing. I did more tall thinking in three seconds than I ever did in three hours elsewhere. I was debating whether it was best to get shot in the back running away, or get a dozen in front facing the enemy. Instinct or something, turned me back, but now, instead of bullets, the rebel cavalry came, and being instantly surrounded, I found myself looking into the muzzle of a musket, at the other end of which was a determined looking reb. who sang out to me very emphatically, "Surrender, you d—d Yank!" Only one of our boys was in sight, and the field was full of rebels, and there was not much time left in which to decide whether to be reported,

“killed on the field of battle,” or to be buried alive in a rebel prison, and that time was cut shorter than the time it takes to write this, by the aforesaid reb. repeating his remark with a “click” at the end of it. I gave up and took my remote chance of being resurrected out of the then unknown, to me, “Camp Ford.” I was taken before Gen. Dick Taylor and pumped, but very little satisfaction he got from me, as I had pulled myself together and was “sassy.”

Well, as I found out afterwards, the major “charged,” and his report of the charge stopped all such “charging” on our side for that day. Later, the rebels tried twice the same trick and were driven back, but “got there” at last in big numbers on our flanks and rear.

In regard to my case, the boys seeing me thrown and nothing of me afterwards, I was reported “killed” and my name headed that list in the “New York Tribune’s” report of the attack. It was two months before my friends found out to the contrary. My mother had then gone into mourning for me, having given up all hope; but we at last got the real truth to them by a flag of truce.

The following letter came later :

This habit of close “feeling” of the enemy, was characteristic of the regiment. An order to “go in” had never to be repeated, except on question of hearing the “call.” Permission to attack was all the regiment wanted, and their eagerness to do so, and their reluctance to “let go” proved to be to them an expensive trait, yet it won the approbation of every commander under whom it served, whether as infantry or cavalry.

Further, wishing to ascertain if ours was the *first assault* made on the Confederate force by Union troops on the 8th of April, Comrade Durgin answers :

Our charge was made nearly parallel with the Mansfield road, slightly converging towards it at a distance from it of about three fourths of a mile, where the head of our column struck the cross (Bayou Pierre) road. A horse or a footman could have been seen on that road from our position, and positively no troops were in our sight except the rebel cavalry that we charged on, and their

infantry behind them. I do not think that more than two hundred of our boys got up to that fence. Many turned back when the head of the column recoiled. We must have been well in advance of our infantry as I saw no sign of them.

In answer to inquiries, he also gives important information in regard to *losses* as follows :

There were there two wounded and thirteen captured at the charge, and twelve more during the fight, making twenty-five prisoners, twenty-eight more being brought in to Camp Ford prison from our regiment before it, in retreat, reached the Mississippi river.

In regard to being up at the front on April 8, Adjutant Prescott says, "The Second New Hampshire Cavalry was the *first regiment engaged at Sabine Cross Roads*. We were near enough to the road (Mansfield) and the front to hear any musket firing and we heard not a single shot on either flank when we charged on the rebel lines. I feel as sure of this as that I was there; also we felt that they were still in retreat when we attacked, which made our assault the more impetuous. In regard to the final repulse of our main force, there was, no doubt, as you suggest, jealousy among the leading officers. I now believe and *always shall that General Franklin might have avoided the defeat.*" That, too, is the opinion of Lieut. Dan Newhall.

Further, Comrade Prescott says in relation to General Landrum's article, which owes its importance a good deal to the fact that it is published *now* when matters have cooled and evidence is at hand :

In the main Gen. L. is fairly correct in his statements in regard to the conditions, but he gives very little credit to the cavalry for any service in the campaign. The truth is that the cavalry did most of the heavy fatiguing work going up, of clearing out the enemy along the route, the infantry being called to the front only two or three times prior to the attack on the 8th of April. The general evi-

dently desires to give much credit to his brigade that reported to Lee, and says that they were expected to keep pace with the cavalry on the morning of the 8th of April, when our marching on the flanks was accomplished slowly and with great difficulty. The cavalry had repelled the enemy on the evening of the 7th at the creek and the old mill (Carroll's), of which he speaks. They (the infantry) were not at that time of contact, in the advance, but were ordered up to help the regiment at the lead at that particular point. We formed on their left and drove the enemy easily. On the 8th, the Second New Hampshire made its attack *more than one hour before Gen. Landrum's men could have fired a gun*. It had been skirmishing all the time with a much superior force of the enemy. I did *not understand* that there was any advance to meet charge with charge that Gen. Landrum speaks of, on the part of any infantry. I did not observe any prior to, or at the time of the attack by the enemy, and I passed twice along the infantry front and was watching it closely when the attack was made. The charge of the enemy was received by the men on our side as they lay in line where they had been certainly two hours, and the infantry men driven back the same as were the cavalry. *There was no infantry between our regiment, the portion I was with and the enemy during all of the time on all of the way back to the 19th Corps.*

General Landrum did *see* at the last, "the cavalry fall back in great disorder." That quickly moving arm of the service *must* have been *then* at the *front*. By his first assertion, one would think it safe twenty miles to the rear.

Adjutant Prescott's letter :

The rebel charge was terrific and all were swept back by the weight of numbers. What Landrum says of Gen. Banks on the field is correct. The general exhibited much personal courage, being in the thick of the fight, but showing at the same time great disappointment and chagrin. I did not see Gen. Franklin on the field.

In answer to a direct inquiry about the review, Captain Prescott writes :

I see no occasion to change anything that I have previously written upon the part taken by our regiment in that unfortunate campaign. My data was written down in my diary immediately after the occurrences and my recollection is quite clear on points of interest.

Sergt. C. A. Emerson says :

We held the enemy on the afternoon of the 8th of April, with the aid of our batteries, and a small number of infantry were steadily forced back upon our small detachments that came up from the rear. The enemy came down towards evening in solid columns, *by the acre* and were terribly slaughtered. About this time my horse went down and I took a general direction towards New Hampshire. When we first made the attack across the field at noon, there were none of our forces, infantry, between us and the rebels. The Flying Artillery that we went into this campaign with, was a magnificent sight to see. Each gun and caisson was drawn by eight horses; every man of the batteries was mounted. This day's work about annihilated the advance guard.

Lieutenant Shattuck's diary :

April 8th. Lost my wagons with all my books, papers and clothing.

Lieut. J. H. Marshall's report :

On April 8th, the regiment came unexpectedly upon the enemy and charged alone and unsupported upon a superior force of cavalry that broke and fled, unmasking two divisions of infantry who immediately opened fire. Apparently bewildered by the very audacity of the attack, the enemy allowed the regiment to retire with little loss, when they might have fallen prey to superior numbers.

Extract from General Lee's report (1, 458) :

The regiments of the *Fourth Brigade* fell back in good order, and according to directions, kept well on the flanks, repelling the enemy in their attempts to press to our rear. The cavalry (mounted) repeatedly formed lines behind our retreating forces and stayed the advance of the rebels. Their gallantry and coolness were marked, and the

repeated checks given the enemy I am confident went far toward saving the routed army.

Sabine Cross Roads. Lieut. Willim A. Beckford's account :

On April 7, I was in command of Company F, which was of the "advance guard" and about a mile ahead of the regiment. When we came out of the pine woods to the opening, the rebels had a skirmish line across the field. This was the first notion we had of real trouble on that day. They opened on my company as soon as we showed ourselves. I did not wait for orders, but dismounted the company, formed a skirmish line and drove the rebels back over the hill. Next morning, the 8th of April, Gen. Lee ordered me with my company to go out on the right hand side of the road and deploy as the nature of the ground would admit, and if I saw any signs of a flank movement, to report it and *not to leave without orders from him*. The rest of the regiment moved up and they opened the fight. So, by orders, I was not with the regiment for all day: when we fell back we joined the Nineteenth Army Corps, and were with it when the rebels came down and the Nineteenth Corps stopped them.

Extract from Capt. O. F. Nims' report to Brig.-Gen. R. Arnold :

On April 8, marched at 6 A. M. in the advance. At 8 A. M., got four pieces to the front in the road — shelled the woods in front — moved so till within a half-mile of Sabine Cross Roads — went into battery and shelled the enemy from the heights. Whole in position on the heights. Four pieces to the front and two in battery to the right flank within two hundred and fifty yards of the woods — repulsed three successive charges of the enemy. Three pieces were taken from the field in good order; three left on the field. Lieut. W. K. Snow received a mortal wound, while assisting to limber up a gun, and fell into the hands of the enemy. (Company B, under Lieut. Newhall, was here, for he gives an account of seeing Lieut. Snow wounded.) The three pieces brought off were all ready for action in the road, preparing to retreat, but the roads being blocked and the enemy coming in on the flanks, we lost all.

April 9, at 2 A. M., at Pleasant Hill. At noon the Second New Hampshire marched with the cavalry division ammunition train, as guard to the same.

Lieut. D. B. Newhall writes :

After our charge across the field and repulse at the fence about noon, we fell back to the woods, and leaving horses, four to a man, advanced again, showing a bold front which convinced the enemy that we had a force behind us, and they in turn fell back after capturing nearly all who were unhorsed and wounded. Major Connelly was satisfied that they were in large force, and requested me to go back and hurry up reinforcements, and also ammunition, as we were getting short. I found Gen. Ransom's command of one division nearly three fourths of a mile at the rear in line, with guns stacked and getting ready to make coffee — told one of the colonels (think it was Landrum) the situation. He directed me to a house near by where Gen. C. P. Stone was — saw him and reported. He didn't seem to believe it: asked me if we "weren't scairt." I was provoked and left; found ammunition train, got a box of cartridges, and went back to the front. Ransom's infantry moved forward. When I got back I found a double line of reb. skirmishers half way across the clearing, and reb. lines were forming back of them near the road. *Their lines extended so far that I could not see the ends on either flank.* Our regiment still held its position, though outnumbered four to one by the skirmish line alone. Company B was on the left. I rode out into the woods on the left a short distance, found rebs. coming down on left flank; informed Col. Landrum of 19th Kentucky. One infantry regiment was wheeled to the left just in season to check the rebels for a few minutes. In the meantime Ransom's men had got to the fence in our rear, and we were ordered to fall back and mount. I saw that some of the men didn't hear the order, so rode out and told them. Johnny Lovejoy was one; Johnny Burton another, and a sub. by name of Risley, another. Burton said that he wanted "one more shot at them." Both Risley and he staid too long and were "gobbled." (Lieut. John C. French says we held this 2d position as skirmishers for *over two hours before the infantry came up.*) The regiment fell back to the woods to another clearing





BENJ. S. WOODS, CO. D. (As he enlisted.)

and were ordered to the rear of Nims' and Mercantile batteries as their support. Then Dick Taylor and Polignac's divisions charged down on us in three lines and we were enveloped on both flanks. The feeble line of infantry was swept away and the cavalry covered the retreat as well as possible for four miles until we passed the protecting wall of the 19th Army Corps. Our whole force engaged was not over three thousand, while the enemy had five thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and proportionate artillery.

The foregoing was written off before Colonel Landrum's article was published. Of the latter, Lieutenant Newhall now says: "It is a good account of the last part of the fight, but Landrum and all other infantry officers knew nothing of what our cavalry was doing for hours before they came up."

Later. Maps drawn by Lieutenant Newhall have been received illustrating the movements of Second New Hampshire Cavalry as above related. He further says that the third position that the regiment took in retreat, brought them near to and opposite the wagon train in the main road, and *that they remained there until the guns in front had been captured*. The rebels were on both flanks; had completely turned the left and *were going for the contents of the wagons*. "At that time," writes he, "I saw General Banks ride in front coming from the left. He appealed to the infantry to make a stand and hold the position as the Nineteenth Corps was coming up. I can see just how he looked with his hat off, fearless of personal danger. Saw Captain Chapman carried past, both feet shot off. They tried to get him along the blockaded road in an ambulance, but he was captured. He was captain in the Sixth Michigan, and a classmate of Lieutenant-Colonel Flanders."

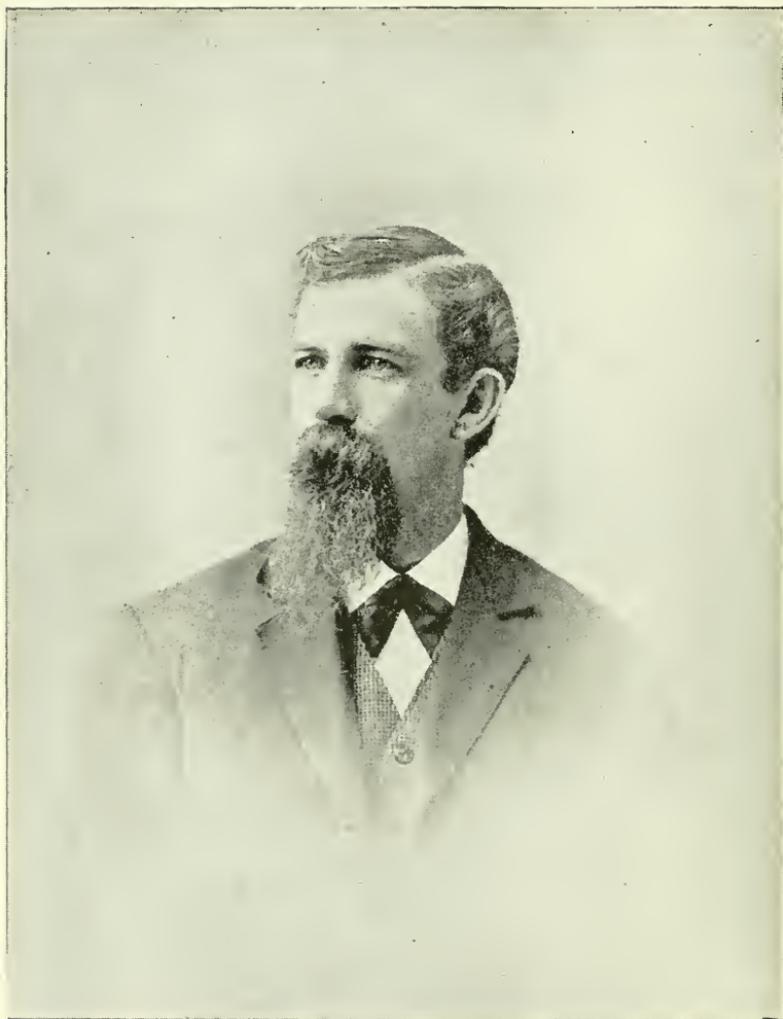
Comrade B. S. Woods, letter extract:

You ask how I used up, at Sabine Cross Roads, my eighty rounds of cartridges. Well, I recollect that on the

morning of the 8th of April my Company D was detailed as flankers on the extreme right, Lieut. James Miles in command of company, yet under command of Capt. Williamson, who had, in New Orleans, been drill master in cavalry, and somehow seemed to be with the regiment. We kept on the right flank during the advance (not seeing the regiment again until night). We governed our advance by the firing heard on our left.

When probably the main column reached the clearing and the firing became more rapid and heavy, Capt. Williamson halted our company in a road, both sides of which were covered with a dense growth of young pine trees, and gave orders that every other man might get off his horse and eat his dinner, after which he was to remount and the rest of the company rest and eat. As luck would have it, I was first to dismount, and got fairly under way with my dinner when there was a rustle of the underbrush, and a line of Confederate infantry dashed into the road and began to grab for the horses' bridles shouting, "surrender you Yankee cusses"; but we weren't ready for Texas, so emptying my carbine into the crowd, I made a dive for the saddle, forgot all about my revolver and put another cartridge into my gun and let drive again, then retreated. We dashed through the brush for a few yards and then stopped and reformed the company, finding our loss to be seven. Captain Williamson was one, for when the rebels first put in an appearance, he turned the company over to Lieut. Miles and took a bee line for New Orleans: at least he has not been seen since (in military life). The company then started to find the regiment and arrived on the Mansfield road directly in front of the centre of the field. Gen. Banks and staff were there, and the rebels were just piling the shot and shell into our lines and replied to by our batteries, Captain Nims being at the right. Confeds. were coming out of the woods on the opposite side in lines of battle, and an effort was made to gather all the cavalry without regard to regiments, and charge them. A staff officer rode up to Lieut. Miles to get him to form his company on the line, but he declined, saying that he was under orders to report to his regiment. While they were talking, the charge was made and I watched them, as with drawn sabres and a yell, they rode on. The rebel line wavered and partially broke, but





CORPORAL BENJ. S. WOODS, CO. D.

their officers held their men, and as they returned the fire, our line was no more. Riderless horses were going in all directions. A few men got back: the most were captured or killed. It was now late in the afternoon. Our company was sent out on the extreme left to find out if the enemy was on our left flank. We went so far that when the final rebel charge was made later, the rebel line came in between us and our troops, so in returning we came on the rebel rear, but by making a detour still further out, we made our way round to our lines again just after the rout began. Our company was certainly the last Union one over that section of the field. The rebs. called to us again to surrender, but we kept up the retreat until we gained the 19th Army Corps and the tide of battle was stopped. At night we found what was left of the regiment, and went on to Pleasant Hill. Had the rebels at noon known certainly of our weakness, more of us would have gone to Texas.

PERSONAL. — Comrade Benjamin S. Woods was born in Tyngsboro', Mass. Enlisted as a recruit in Company D, August 20, 1862, at the age of seventeen years. Joined the regiment at Camp Parapet, La., September 30, 1862, just in time to go in the Bayou La Fourche expedition and take part in the battle of Georgia Landing. Thenceforward he was in all the battles and skirmishes in which his company or regiment was engaged, up to his muster out at Natchez, Miss., on June 6, 1865. During all this time he was not wounded, although narrowly escaping. Some instances may be mentioned, as on May 27, 1863, at the first assault on Port Hudson, his file leader and two left hand comrades were shot dead. On the morning of the 14th of June, was struck in the forehead by a spent musket ball and late in the afternoon of the same day, while trying to procure water for some wounded comrades, he ran the gauntlet of the rebel sharpshooters, a whole volley being fired at him alone, through which he escaped unhurt. At one of the severe skirmishes on the Red river, he exchanged places with a comrade, John Ryan, for a

moment, but that moment was fatal to Ryan, a shot striking him in the head and killing him instantly. After the war closed, he settled in Nashua and engaged in the grocery business. Joined John G. Foster Post, No. 7, G. A. R. in 1874. Was elected its commander in 1887; was chief marshal on Memorial Day in 1888; was elected president of the Eighth New Hampshire Veterans' Association in 1886, and has held that office until the present time, 1891; also chosen treasurer of the Regimental Historical Association, helping in a large degree to raise the funds necessary to write and print this history of the "Old Eighth."

Corporal J. F. Chandler writes that Company D was under command of Captain Williamson, who was detailed for scouting duty. He often acted as a kind of aid to said Williamson. On the forenoon of the 8th of April they rode forward upon a road running parallel with the road to Mansfield, until they reached the Bayou Pierre road, passing at right angles. Off on that road Captain Williamson and Chandler went some distance and back again, then forward into the woods. The two dismounting then went still further on, some forty rods, when they came to a clearing where at a house some rebel generals and staffs were probably at lunch. That being about noon, the body guard was lying about on the grass and their horses feeding. Captain Williamson made the remark, "the company could easily capture them, but it would not do as we could not get them safely away." Comrade Chandler says that he lost track of the company after the surprise spoken of by Comrade Woods. Then went back and staid in support of Company F, U. S. Artillery.

About 3 P. M. a large body of men in our uniform came out of the woods in front and fired into our force from not twenty-five yards distance. They instantly disappeared and the regular rebels charged right over the fence

behind which the Union troops were. He soon found himself near the junction of the Bayou Pierre and Mansfield roads, and was immediately pressed into a squadron of cavalry made up of odds and ends collected by one of General Banks' staff, and ordered to charge the enemy down the Mansfield road; then ordered back and he was then sent out in charge of a "conglomerate mess" to scout on our extreme left where was old growth of pine timber; soon found themselves cut off and retreated almost in the rebel line of battle to a large brook. There a short council was held to see if it was best to surrender or run the gauntlet between the brook and the rebel line. Concluded to run it. Chandler being in command, ordered the attempt and they went through comparatively safe, and afterwards met some army corps yelling, "We have got 'em." His squad, it being near night, got separated. He could find nothing of our regiment, and going off the road into the woods he tied the bridle rein to his wrist and lay down and slept. At about 4 A. M., his horse awoke him by whinnying. He saw cavalry going by and going in soon found himself in the midst of rebel cavalry, but it being dark, he was not found out till near the front, when he had to "let out" to get away, which he did after a lively chase of two miles. He then reached a creek where baggage wagons had broken down and were on fire. Had a good drink; so did horse, and a feed on oats. Took about a half a bushel in a bag and a ham on the saddle; more rebels hove in sight—had a running fight till he passed around the right flank of our army and joined Company D on top of Pleasant Hill about 11 A. M. on the 9th, and divided up the oats and ham with Lieut. Jim Miles and the boys, which fodder was all the rations we got for a long time.

Comrade Chandler in another letter adds, in regard to going out on the Bayou Pierre road, which, according to Gen. R. B. Irwin, runs in that direction towards the

North, the troops on the Mansfield road coming from the East, that he and Captain Williamson came to a log hut where, personating rebels, they asked an eighteen-year-old girl if she had "seen any Yanks round." "No," she said that she had "never seen a Yank" and she called her "Paw" out. He, apparently, was an old soldier, wounded and on furlough and crutches. The girl hadn't "ever been to Sabine Cross Roads," but the old man had traveled and *seen Yanks*. Didn't seem to take much stock in *this* brace of Yanks before him: said that a "right smart lot" of their men had gone by there that morning, and he asked quite a lot of leading questions, easily enough answered by the captain, but the two decided not to run into a mob of rebels alone, so they got back to the company in the road, and there met the "surprise" related by Comrade B. S. Woods. Chandler sets this at near 2 P. M.

Our genial comrade, Corporal Jacob F. Chandler, deserves the honor of the record that he was detailed to bring to Concord the national flag at the final muster out of the veterans, and, too, Corporal Frank Sleeper of Company G, by detail, brought home the state colors.

By Lieut. J. J. Nolan, letter extract:

Our Company K was officered by Capt. Cornelius Healy, 1st Lieut. Frank Connor, 2d Lieut. J. J. Nolan. The day before the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, Company K was sent out on the right flank and after a sharp skirmish, drove off an attacking body of rebs. It was then ordered to act as body guard to Brig.-Gen. Dudley. At 3 P. M. it rejoined the regiment.

Lieutenant Nolan has read Brevet Gen. W. J. Landrum's article in the "National Tribune," and is naturally indignant, and declares in regard to that general's criticism of General Lee, viz.: "That he, Lee, would only use the infantry that he called for, as an excuse to forge recklessly ahead, and bring on a general engagement" (which Lee himself says was against his express orders); "that a

man, a soldier, and most decidedly an officer, loyal to the core, will, without carping at the orders or actions of their superiors follow their instructions to the death." He says:

At about 5 P. M. on the 8th, we retreated to our horses, numbers of which we found had been appropriated by this very advanced infantry which had ridden them to the rear. Mine was among the missing, and my temper went with my lost horse — the air was blue. We were ordered to the rear of Nims' battery, where we formed in rear of Gen. Banks and staff. We there remained until Gen. Banks ordered us to fall back to a stone wall immediately in front of Gen. Emory's corps, which was lying behind that and another parallel with it, a road running between the two.

In justice to the Thirteenth Army Corps detachment, it is well to say that they were *not* under the command of their old and favorite officer, viz., Maj.-Gen. John A. McClermand, in whom they had entire confidence, but who was at the time at the headquarters of Thirteenth Army Corps in Texas. "The retreat of our regiment," says Lieutenant Nolan, "was in good order. We fell back slowly, and fighting the whole distance."

In regard to the retrograde movement, Adj. T. C. Prescott agrees with Lieutenant Nolan. He writes that "we fell back slowly, forming and fighting the rebels at short intervals, retreating only when there was evident danger of being flanked and cut off; and this was done by detachments rather than as a solid united regiment. We at least did as well as any. Officers of Western regiments, invariably tell me of the broken condition on that retreat." Lieutenant Nolan reports that General Emory soon ordered Major Connelly to form on his right. He did so, and held his position until finally ordered to the rear to guard trains.

Lieutenant Miles, in command of Company D, writes that in regard to the foregoing "we (Company D) went as far to the front as any one went that was not taken

prisoner. There was a road that ran at right angles with the one that we were on, and the rebel army was massed on that road, and when we came to the edge of the woods, Captain Williamson stopped and said that the rebel headquarters was but a few rods from us."

The road that Company D went to the front on *is, by rebel account*, two miles to the right of the Mansfield road and parallel with it. The charge by Major Connelly was up to and upon the one which Lieutenant Miles speaks of as running at right angles to Company D's advance. Comrade B. S. Woods says that Company D went *beyond* the Bayou Pierre road, then back and turned into it, and had that partial lunch which was broken up. This place was probably nearly a mile to the right of the point where the charge of our regiment proper was made. Lieutenant Miles says that Major Connelly greeted him in the evening on his return with, "Bedad, I thought you and all of ye were dead, or gone with the rest to Texas."

## CHAPTER XV.

Account of the Battle by Gen. Dick Taylor, C. S. A. — His Official Report. — Chaplain lost Gold and Pictures. — Banks' Report. — Retreat to Pleasant Hill. — The Nineteenth Army Corps. — Start for Grand Ecore. — C. S. A. Kirby Smith to General Cooper. — Taylor to Boggs. — Casualties. — General Lee and Colonel Dudley relieved. — Chandler's Mule. — For Alexandria. — Cane River Battle. — Monett's Ferry. — C. S. A. General Taylor complains of General Smith. — Colonel Chrysler Compliments the Second New Hampshire. — Occupy Henderson's Hill. — Nolan's Ride to the Rear. — On the March as Rearguard. — At Alexandria. — Corporal J. F. Chandler, Personal. — Scout up the River. — "Snaggy Point." — Back to Camp. — Two Days' Scouting down River. — Gunboats stuck above the Dam. — Banks' Report. — A Slight Review. — The Efficiency of "Irregular Cavalry." — Condition of Second New Hampshire. — Friction between Generals Banks and Smith.

FOR a better understanding of the battle of Sabine Cross Roads we here insert an account from the Confederate Gen. Richard Taylor's "Personal Experiences of the Late War":

Leaving Gen. Green, I returned to Mansfield, stopping on the road to select my ground for to-morrow (the 8th of April). This was in the edge of a wood fronting an open field, eight hundred yards in width by twelve hundred in length, through the centre of which the road to Pleasant Hill passed. On the opposite side of the field was a fence separating it from the pine forest, which, open on the higher ground and filled with underwood on the lower, spread over the country. The position was three miles in front of Mansfield and covered a cross road leading to Sabine. On *either side* of the main Mansfield, Pleasant Hill road at two miles distance *was a road parallel to it* and connected by this Sabine cross-road. My troops

reached the position in front of Sabine cross-road at an early hour on the morning of the 8th, and were disposed as follows: On the right of the road to Pleasant Hill, Walker's infantry division of three brigades with two batteries; on the left, Mouton's, of two brigades and two batteries. As Green's men (composed of three brigades of cavalry, under Generals Bee, Major, and Bagby) came in, they took position dismounted, on Mouton's left. A regiment of horse was posted *in each of the parallel roads mentioncd*, and Debray's cavalry with McMahon's battery, held in reserve on the main road. Dense forest prevented the employment of much artillery, and with the exception of McMahon's, which rendered excellent service, none was used in the action. I had on the field 5,300 infantry, 3,000 horse, and 500 artillery men: in all 8,800 men, a very full estimate, and on the morrow, Churchill, with 4,400 muskets, would be up.

The enemy showing no disposition to advance, at 4 P. M., I ordered a forward movement of my whole line. The ardor of Mouton's troops, especially the Louisianians, could not be restrained by their officers. Crossing the field under a heavy fire of artillery and small arms, the division reached the fence, paused a moment to draw breath, then rushed into the wood on the enemy. Here our loss was severe. Gen. Mouton was killed, as were Colonels Armand, Beard, and Walker, commanding the 18th Crescent, and 28th La. regiments of Gray's brigade. Major of the "Crescent" also fell, and Lieut.-Col. Clark of same regiment was mortally wounded. Adj. Blackman seized the colors and led on the men. Polignac's men at Gray's left, also suffered heavily. Col. Noble, 17th Texas, was also killed. Polignac in command pressed steadily forward. Randall's brigade supported him on the right, while Major's dismounted men, retarded by the dense wood, gradually turned the enemy's right, which was forced back with loss of prisoners and guns. On the right of the main road, Gen. Walker, with Waul's and Scurry's brigades, encountered but little resistance until he had crossed the open field and entered the wood. Finding that he had outflanked the enemy's left, he kept his right brigade (Scurry's) advanced and swept everything before him. The first Federal line, consisting of all the mounted force and one division of the 13th Army

Corps, was in full flight, leaving prisoners, guns, and wagons in our hands. Two miles in the rear of the first position, the 2d division of the 13th Corps was brought up, but was speedily routed, losing guns and prisoners, and our advance continued. Near sunset, four miles from our original position, the 19th Army Corps was found drawn up on a ridge overlooking a small stream. Fatigued and distressed by their long advance through dense wood, my men made no impression for a time on this fresh body of troops, but possession of the water was all important, for there was none other between this and Mansfield. Walker, Green, and Polignac led on their weary men and I rode down to the stream. There was some sharp work, but we persisted, the enemy fell back, and the stream was held just as twilight faded into darkness.

Sitting by my camp fire to await the movement of Churchill's column, I was saddened by the recollection of the many dead, and the pleasure of victory was turned to grief as I counted the *fearful cost at which it had been won*. The Louisianians were acquaintances, neighbors, many, friends; above all, the death of the gallant Mouton, affected me. Our total loss during the campaign, in killed, wounded, and missing, was 3,376.

Vol. 34, part 1, 563. Gen. R. Taylor's *official* report. As this report gives some Taylorized information, it is important:

SHREVEPORT, La., April 18, 1864.

At Mansfield on April 7th, I announced to Dept. Headquarters my intention to fight a general engagement the next day, if the enemy advanced in force, unless ordered positively not to do so. On 8th, soon after our troops were in position, our cavalry was *rapidly driven in; on our left, a body of the enemy's cavalry following hard upon ours, ran into the line of the 18th La. and was destroyed* (as he thought). I found the enemy was weakening his left and massing on his right to turn me. At 4 P. M., becoming impatient at the delay of the enemy in developing his attack, I ordered Mouton to open the attack from the left. *Seven* standard bearers fell, one after another, with the flag of the Crescent Regiment, but every line that the enemy formed was swept away; every gun taken

that was put in position. The 19th Corps, though fresh, shared the fate of the 13th! Nothing could arrest the ardor of our troops. We camped on the creek at water, as night fell. The conduct of our troops was beyond all praise. There was no straggling, no *plundering*. The vast captured property was *quietly taken* to Mansfield and *turned over untouched* to the proper officers. Daylight on the 9th, found every man at his post, and the pursuit was taken up with full ranks. The village of Mansfield was the scene of order and quiet—not a straggler to be seen on the 8th or 9th. The citizens assured me that but for the sound of the guns, they might have supposed peace to reign in the land. During the fight of the 9th, the fresh troops of the 16th and 17th Corps (Federal) held their ground manfully—the continuity of our line *was lost*, and at nightfall I withdrew to avoid additional confusion. With 12,000 men, we came near capturing a majority of the 20,000 opposed to us!

As the Second New Hampshire had done enough at the front on the 8th of April, it was not brought into the battle of Pleasant Hill on the 9th, so it is not our province to recount it, but in serial 61 (part 1, 607) we find how the C. S. A. General Bee was, as he says, “astonished” at the brilliant defence by the Federals. When they ran against Emory at the head of the Nineteenth Army Corps they encountered an enemy that remained to be whipped, but *never was*. When they at night recoiled and retreated, they left prisoners and cannon with the Union forces.

Chaplain's diary :

April 12th. In the field at Grand Ecore, diary lost from 5th to date. By recollection, on the 7th in saddles at 5 A. M., raining. At Pleasant Hill hear firing; reg't goes on in haste. Maj. Connelly tells me that they are out on a skirmish and I had better return. Stop at Mrs. Childers; the family is Methodist. Union now. Move on seven miles, camp, a dark, wet night, tent with Capt. Locke and King.

Friday, April 8th. Clear and windy, marched at seven, I am asked to ride with Col. Dudley's staff to help pro-

tect the flag of the Fourth Brigade. Our regiment ordered out as "flankers"—a dangerous but honorable place. Battle began soon after noon. It was an awful and sublime scene. Late in p. m. pushed back to our hospital where I stopped with wounded men until I was nearly taken.

April 9th. Up at 5 A. M., having rested two hours. Someone kindly gave me a blanket; mine are gone save a tattered rubber one, also on the captured trains I lost my valise and papers, gold for present use, my fine book of autographs and pictures, together with the miniature painting on ivory of my grandfather, Col. Joseph Cilley of the Revolution, but the soldiers' money in my inside shirt's inside pocket is safe and, too, I have the gold pen given me by Col. Fearing. One of the serious losses from the baggage train was that of the (old) regimental flags; that is irreparable, but is better than as if lost in action.

General Banks' report, 1, 183 :

At night our position was four miles at the rear of the battlefield of the morning of April 8th. Anticipating an attack, we must either wait for Gen. Smith's forces or fall back to meet him. The want of water, the weakness of the position we held, and the uncertainty of Gen. Smith's arriving at daybreak, led to the second course. By daylight we took position, joining the forces of Gen. Smith at Pleasant Hill. The plain here is about a mile square with residences at its borders backed by woodland. The enemy began the attack at 5 A. M., and the battle lasted till 9 in the evening. Finally the enemy fled precipitately through the woods to the right. We recaptured three pieces of cannon, and took 500 prisoners. The rout of the enemy was complete but we found ourselves without rations and without water. To clear the field, the trains had been sent to the rear. The exhausted wells afforded no water for man or beast for miles around. The whole force of the enemy engaged was 22,000 (13,200); ours, 15,000.

Prescott's letter, evening of the 8th :

In this gradual retreat in the heavy timber, our regiment became somewhat broken and scattered; in fact men from different regiments and States found themselves uniting

to resist the advance of the enemy. A stand would be made in a good position and held by a few hundred men acting together until the fire became so hot in front and flanks as to push them back. This continued until about sundown, our forces being driven back to the line where Emory's Division of the 19th Army Corps had advanced to our help and had formed on the crest of a ridge beyond a narrow opening in the woods at a point called Pleasant Grove. Our retreating troops passed through their lines and as the rebels came on in pursuit, pressing us with renewed vigor, and cheered on by their officers, a most terrible volley was given them by Emory's troops which made them recoil. Another and still another felled hundreds to the ground and sent the force remaining down the ridge across the clearing into the woods beyond. One more attempt to charge up the hill was met with a like result and their assaults were over for the night.

The casualties of the day in our regiment, as reported by Major Connelly, were known to be, killed, four; wounded, twenty-one; prisoners and missing, sixty; horses killed, one hundred and twelve. The regiment lost also all its books, including a fine new set that Adjutant Prescott, assisted by Sergt.-Maj. James Marshall had made up during the winter in New Orleans; all its papers, muster rolls and blanks; all baggage, every blanket and all clothing; all cooking utensils and all rations.

Fell back to Pleasant Hill, fifteen miles, the march commencing about ten o'clock and lasting until 4 A. M. on the 9th. It was a night of hard experience. The road was rough in the extreme, the wagons and artillery were constantly getting into holes and rough places, from which they had to be lifted out, and in the darkness all was confusion. The halt was made at Pleasant Hill in order that the army stores and trains might be sent back safely to the landing on the Red river at Grand Ecore, and preparations were made to receive the enemy should they attack. General Smith's force had arrived here and the troops were rapidly placed in position. Our regiment was

designated as one of those to go with the trains, considerable force being necessary for their protection ; and, without supper or breakfast, without rest or sleep, we started in the early morning with the train for Grand Ecore, distant twenty-six miles.

Banks' report, 1, 185 :

It was not until the 12th that we were absolutely assured that the fleet and transports were safe, and protection and supplies were to be relied on. After leaving Pleasant Hill it was fifteen miles before any water was found.

E. Kirby Smith to Adjutant-General Cooper, C. S. A. :

April 12, 1864. The 13th Corps, Banks' command, was signally defeated on the 8th three miles below Mansfield, La. The 19th Corps, coming to its support, was repulsed with loss and in disorder.

Part 1, 476 :

Reinforced, the enemy made a stand in a strong position at Pleasant Hill. Our troops attacked with impetuosity on the afternoon of the 9th. The enemy were worsted and retreated under cover of darkness. Our cavalry pursued to Natchitoches. Our forces were under 16,000 in number, enemy's 28,000. Our loss was severe ; over 2,000. Gen. Mouton, Cols. Beard, Noble, Armand, Taylor and Buchel among the casualties. Providence has given us a signal and glorious victory.

April 16th, same :

I go to meet Steele, have appointed Taylor lieutenant general over Magruder and Price.

Same, May 4, (1, 477), extracts :

The fruits of this brilliant campaign inaugurated at Mansfield on the day of national fast and humiliation are, under Providence, most glorious and satisfactory. We regret the loss of Gens. Mouton and Greenè and Scurry and Randal. Our whole loss is 3,000 ; the enemy's, 14,000 !

Same to President Davis (I, 482) :

Your telegram implies that I should have followed the enemy's troops and prevented him from joining Grant or Sherman. In answer, I say, I wrote to Taylor to choose a position in which to fight and then move a reconnoissance to compel him to show his infantry, and I would join him, I hoped, with Churchill's force. Taylor's movement was converted into a decisive engagement and a complete victory, but the next morning at Pleasant Hill the enemy's superiority of numbers threw our troops into confusion. The Missouri and Arkansas troops with a brigade of Walker's division were broken and scattered. The enemy recovered cannon and captured two of our pieces. To my great relief I found that they had fallen back through the night, they intrenched at Grand Ecore. So, why did we not pursue? I answer, because our troops were completely *paralyzed by the repulse at Pleasant Hill* and, too, the cavalry with three days' fighting almost without food or forage. Before we could re-organize the enemy was ready for us. If we could not whip him at Pleasant Hill in a fair fight, it would have been madness to attack him at Grand Ecore supported by the gunboats and, too, the country was stripped, and we could not sustain operations and transport supplies from Shreveport, one hundred miles. It was hoped that the falls would detain Banks until I could finish Steele.

Taylor to General Boggs, chief of staff C. S. A. (I, 527) :

MANSFIELD, La., April 8, 1864, 10.30 P. M.

I have the honor to report that the fighting continued till night. The fight then for water was very severe; repulsed and drove back the 19th Corps (the skirmish line). Our loss in officers has been severe. Churchill's and Parson's divisions are fresh troops, shall order them to the front to-morrow morning.

Same, April 9th, 7.20 A. M.

The enemy are in full retreat. Came near capturing Gen. Banks last evening.

Same, April 11th :

Should the remnant of Banks' army escape me I shall deserve to wear a fool's cap for a helmet. I shall strike for Algiers or New Orleans.

Adjutant Prescott's diary :

April 9th, 1864. To Grand Ecore. All that day and the next night the march was kept up with only temporary halts for a few moments, and the only food obtained was from a box of hard crackers which somehow had been procured, each man taking a few at the roadside as he passed. Some who were fortunate enough to procure a little corn in the poor country through which we passed, for the feed of the horses, were glad to eat the same raw rations. One would hold an ear of corn down to his horse's mouth while on the march, and the horse would take a bite, then the rider would gnaw the same cob.

We arrived at Grand Ecore on Sunday morning, the 10th of April, in an exhausted and deplorable condition, and a breakfast was never better relished by a body of worn men, than that one by our regiment. We remained here several days, constructed an abattis and dug rifle pits. Our whole front was fortified. Our brigade and especially our regiment was on picket duty a large portion of the time.

(1, 260.) Official return of casualties at Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, La., April 8 and 9, 1864. Compiled from nominal list furnished by General Franklin. Extract, Second New Hampshire :

Killed, two enlisted men ; wounded, twenty-two enlisted men ; captured or missing, one officer, thirty-one enlisted men. Total, fifty-six. Total in 4th Brigade, two hundred and thirty.

It is certainly interesting to know Gen. Kirby Smith's opinion of his generals. His letter to Inspector-General Johnson is inserted (part 2, 869) :

SHREVEPORT, Jan., 15, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR, — The government must not send me any more cast off material in shape of Brigadier-Generals

in search of commands. I will drive worthless fellows to their commands east of the Mississippi, by forcing muskets into their hands. I want able support. Taylor is the only district commander in whom I can rely. He is all I could ask if he would forget his habits and training as a politician. Gen. Holmes is a true patriot, but too old. Price is not equal to the command, and I would regard it as unfortunate were he to succeed to it. Magruder has ability and great energy, but acts from impulse; commits follies and has an utter disregard for law. His selection of agents is bad; has no administrative abilities, although active and persevering. He can command a corps, but will not obey orders if he chooses so to do. I want a chief of staff badly. I would like my medical director, Dr. S. A. Smith, or a Major General: either Buckner or Stevenson; they, I know, have fine administrative abilities.

Yours,  
E. KIRBY SMITH,  
*Gen. Comd'g.*

Confederate. Taylor to Gen. S. Hooper at Richmond, Va.:

HEADQUARTERS  
DIST. OF WEST LOUISIANA, Feb. 28, 1864.

GENERAL.—I have the honor to apply to be relieved from duty in the Trans-Miss. Dept. As this is the first request of a personal character I have made to the government, I indulge the hope that it may be favorably considered.

Your Obt. Servt.,  
R. TAYLOR,  
*Major-General.*

HEADQUARTERS,  
GRAND ECORE, April 18, 1864.

Field Orders, No. 23:

Brig.-Gen. A. L. Lee is hereby relieved from command of the Cavalry Division to assume charge of the Cavalry Depot at New Orleans. Col. N. A. M. Dudley is relieved from command of the 4th Brigade Cavalry Division, and will report to Gen. Lee at New Orleans for duty. Col. E. J. Davis, First Texas Cavalry, will at once assume command of the 4th Brigade, Cavalry Division, now com-

manded by Colonel Dudley, 30th Mass. Vols. Brig.-Gen. Arnold is hereby assigned temporarily, to the command of all the cavalry with the army in the field. He will report to Maj.-Gen. Franklin, Comd'g. 19th and detachment of 13th Army Corps.

By command of

Maj.-GEN. BANKS.

GEO. B. DRAKE, *A. A. G.*

By Prescott, at Grand Ecore :

Our horses were saddled nearly every day and regiment under fire at the picket line which was out from camp about four miles. On the 15th of April, Sergt. McCarty of Co. C was killed while on picket duty ; there were several casualties of the same kind. The constant, the almost unceasing exposure, danger and strain of this service was hard on the regiment. On the 18th, Lieut.-Col. Flanders returned from the North and took command of the regiment and Maj. Connelly who had so ably and faithfully commanded during the campaign, being worn down by exposure, was allowed to go on board one of the transports in the river to rest and recuperate. Gen. Lee was now relieved from command ; also Col. Dudley — both to report in New Orleans. Capt. Healy returned to regiment from a short leave of absence.

From Chandler, letter extract :

GRAND ECORE, April 18, 1864.

I am in first-rate health and alive, as you know. The newspapers have probably told you of our advance and retreat before this reached you. \*I have been skirmishing all the time since I last wrote you, and got through three battles. The first one was the last of March near Natchitoches, which name is curiously pronounced "Nag-etosh," a good word, as Dr. Holmes would say, to "poot aeout" in a spelling match. The second was on April 2d, and in both we drove them, but on the 8th we got badly whipped, and driven here on the triple quick. "Tommy," my charger, saved me at the last. Our General Dudley made a big farewell speech to us last night, and gave the regiment a good deal of praise. It wont probably come on to us in any "General Orders" so I'll

give it to you. He said that if it had not been for the 2d N. H., his brigade would have been taken prisoners, and if it had not been for his brigade, the whole of Banks' army would have been destroyed.

Gen. Lee has been out with a flag of truce, and it is agreed on both sides to stop firing on pickets. I hope that they will stick to it.

Later. Letter extract, J. F. Chandler :

I have not told you *all* about my wonderful horse "Tommy"; some must keep until I get home. He came to a sad but glorious end, for he "died in the harness."

We had quite a fight just before we got to Alexandria: we were in it about five hours, when the noise began to lull, and it was necessary to know if the enemy were still hidden behind clumps of bushes at some distance. Instead of fences here, it is common to see large hedges of wild white rose bushes about eight feet high and six feet wide, so thick that one cannot see through them, and nothing bigger than a rat could hardly get through them. Our squadron was in a road which was lined by such a hedge on both sides for a long distance. While the rest of the regiment was deployed off in the field, I started up the road alone to try to see the Johnnies, and had reached a bend in the road, when six men jumped out of the bushes and all fired at me, but only one bullet took effect, and that struck "Tommy" just behind my leg and went clear through him. I being of no further use there, Tommy carried me three miles to the rear, where I let him die in peace.

Chandler out of a ride.

After I lost my pet horse "Tommy," I transferred the saddle and equipments to my own back and started out to get another conveyance. The first thing that I secured was a mild-eyed mule. He never hardly winked while I was decorating him with Uncle Sam's equipments, and I feared that he might be a back date affair and moderate in his movements; but I was destined to a very large surprise on landing on his back in position for a forward movement. He humped it up like a cat seeing a dog at short notice, and placing his four feet all together, made a "merry-go-round," and with the artificial elevation he had

secured for me, I was without any effort on my part, in a position to view the whole world about one thousand times a minute; that is, had I been in a calm state of mind; but when he assumed the opposite position with his body and instantly with a sudden snap resumed the hump attitude higher than ever, I had an extended view of millions of planets. Our combined efforts brought out more applause from the mixed audience that witnessed it than I ever heard before, and to secure it all to myself I removed from the mule my rig and then shot him in the head. The leaden missile seemed to produce an effect, for when I left him he was kicking the air against all time and all previous records.

Adjutant Prescott's diary :

On the 21st of April. the army moved from Grand Ecore in the direction of Alexandria, going through Natchitoches and down Cane River. Most of the troops and all the train moved on the road running on the north side of the river, while our regiment was on the south side. We left camp at 5 P. M., and marched continuously till four the next morning, when we halted and had a short rest. At six o'clock, following, the march was resumed and almost immediately skirmishing with the enemy commenced. We now crossed Cane river at a ford and halted for the infantry to proceed on the march while we skirmished with the enemy until dark. The regiment was under arms all that night, close to the rebel force and about eight miles from the ford. At six o'clock on the morning of the 23d the march again commenced, the enemy opening fire immediately on our rear. Gooding's brigade of cavalry was on the road some distance to the left. The rebel fire became hotter and was increased with artillery on our left flank. Gen. Banks ordered back a force of infantry and artillery, and the firing became general and heavy. Our brigade pressed further into the woods, passed down through a swamp to Cane river below the ford, and by rapid marching arrived in time to prevent the force of the enemy on that side from crossing and joining their main body. Our regiment was now under fire from two directions, but the position was held and the enemy forced back from the river. The day was a trying one for all engaged, and with the exception of a hurried

and scanty breakfast, we had no food during those long weary hours.

Lieut. T. M. Shattuck's diary :

April 21st. Fall back towards Alexandria. The sutler gets no transportation and burns his tent—on through Natchitoches.

22d. Slept about an hour—crossed Cane river—found enemy in small force, deployed to left—drove them; rainy—went into camp; no forage and small rations.

23d. At daylight raining; skirmishing in front. Started out 3d in line: the artillery opened—went on through the woods and swamp about three miles and turned the enemy's right flank at the ford. Col. Birge turned their left and they retreated. We camped at the ford.

Colonel Gooding's report, 1, 469 :

On the 22d of April, while marching on the enemy, he retired toward Cloutierville, and at the same time I discovered a large body of cavalry coming down the road on the opposite side of Cane river and placed my command in position to receive them. Fortunately I discovered in time to prevent accident, that it was the 4th Brigade of our cavalry division under Col. Davis. Leaving this brigade at the crossing I proceeded toward Cloutierville and drove in the enemy's pickets and discovered him already on my flanks. I ordered up the Fourth Brigade and the enemy retired, followed by my advance.

Itinerary of cavalry division, April 23 (1, 446) :

The enemy was found in force on the bluff at Monett's Ferry, Cane river. Gen. Arnold with the Third, Fourth and Fifth Brigades supported by a detachment of 19th A. C. were ordered to attack and dislodge the force in front. Fighting commenced at daylight and continued till 4 P. M. when the enemy was routed and the army began to cross Cane river.

C. S. A. General Taylor's report (1, 580) :

Gen. Bee with four brigades and three batteries holds Monett's Ferry, and up to 12 M. 23d repulsed the Federals. If my orders are carried out the enemy will suffer.

24th. The enemy has escaped through four errors of Gen. Bee. He has displayed great personal gallantry, but no generalship.

Bee says (I, 614) :

I held the position against an immense force, under seven hours' continuous fire, and yielded with no loss of honor. I demand a court of inquiry.

J. G. Meem, aide-de-camp, answers :

The General Commanding, directs me to state that your defense was that of a brave and gallant soldier; further defense was impracticable.

C. S. A. extracts, June 5, 1864 (I, 547) :

Gen. Dick Taylor complains to Gen. E. Kirby Smith that at Monett's Ferry, Cane river, the Federals admit that a few hours more delay would have led to the destruction of their army. These advantages were all thrown away. Our material of war is exhausted. Our men are broken down with long marches, 1,000 of our best officers and men were *sacrificed*. The roads to St. Louis and New Orleans should now be open to us. Your strategy has riveted the fetters on both. You marched after the comparatively insignificant force of Gen. Steele. I have felt it my duty to throw myself between you and popular indignation. I tell you the truth, if not, the grave errors that you have committed may be repeated. I wish to be relieved from serving under you.

C. S. A. extracts (I, 549), General Orders, No. 18 :

SHREVEPORT, April 19, 1864.

God has blessed our arms with signal victories. You have driven in confused flight from the battlefield the boastful minions of despotism. The names of Mansfield and *Pleasant Hill* will be inscribed on the colors of the regiments engaged in those battles.

GEN. E. K. SMITH, *Comd'g.*

By Lieutenant Newhall, letter :

You ask about Chrysler. I remember that when we filed up into the woods at the Cane River fight, after we had crossed the river, that Chrysler's Regiment (Second

New York Veteran Cavalry) was formed on our right and he said that with his "and Second New Hampshire he could lick — out of any force that undertook to drive us out." Chrysler was a keener on a fight, we all liked him.

Lieutenant Shattuck's diary :

Sunday, April 24th. Up at daylight. Crossed over and got rations on the road in the woods. Took the cut off road and occupied Henderson's Hill in advance of the column. The regiment was on duty all night. The enemy is burning all before them : fires in all directions.

By Adjutant Prescott :

At six o'clock, 24th, every man was in his saddle ready for work. Our regiment was ordered to take a short cut to Henderson's Hill, a considerable elevation at the termination of the heavy forests of the Red River section, and to occupy and *hold* that position until the balance of the brigade should arrive and before the enemy could get it by any flank movement. It was an important point, and if not held by us, it might cost a battle to get by it. At noon we were in peaceable possession. At 2 P. M. the balance of the brigade took favorable positions and we were secure against the rebels.

Colonel Davis was anxious to inform General Emory who was in command of a portion of the Nineteenth Corps, some ten miles in the rear but the nearest of any of our forces on retreat, that he had possession of the Hill, and requested that some officer of the Second New Hampshire should take a despatch to him. Lieutenant Nolan of Company K volunteered to perform the service. Four men were detailed to accompany him. They were all well mounted and set out on their perilous mission. The despatch was during the night safely delivered, and the party safely returned.

Lieutenant Nolan's account of his ride to the rear. Letter extract :

After crossing of Cane river on retreat, we had a big race with the rebs. to get to Henderson's Hill. Gen.

Davis had called for volunteers to carry a despatch to General Emory in the "Piney Woods," that he (Davis) had the Hill and could hold it. Lieut. Thomas Prescott, then adjutant, came to me and told me that Gen. Davis asked for volunteers to carry the despatch and could thus far get no one. He asked me if I would do it. I said, "yes." "By order of Gen. Davis," said the Adjutant, "You can pick your men and horses, no matter if the horses belong to commissioned officers, order them to dismount, take their horses and start." I told Lieut. Prescott to pick me out four good men with good horses: that mine would do me. He did so and the five of us started for the "Piney Woods," distant, I should think, about eight or ten miles; at any rate, the record on time for distance was broken. I left the four men behind, they not being able to keep up. I found Gen. Emory and gave him the despatch. He read it and said, rather talking to himself at first, "Well done, Davis. Tell the men to fall in and move on." Turning to me he said, "What is your name, officer? I am thankful for our good news." He asked me to take a drink of whiskey. I did not want to disobey, and so drank his health. He signed his name to the envelope and told me to give his compliments to Gen. Davis and tell him he was on the march on his way back. On the return I picked up four men and luckily, too, for we met rebel stragglers in squads of three four and five and had a few shots, but got back all right.

Lieutenant Prescott's diary :

Henderson's Hill, April 24th, 1864. Later in the day the regiment went on picket in the woods a mile in the direction of the Confederate approach. Early on the morning of the 25th, it being ascertained that a large force of the enemy was close to our position, we fell back to an open field to the right of the Henderson place with a strong picket line in front. At noon an attack came and soon the whole regiment was fighting on foot in the woods. We forced the enemy back, and at 3 P. M., as most of the army had passed down the valley we were recalled to the brigade. An hour later we vacated the Hill, our brigade being assigned the important position of covering the rear of the army, and our regiment was placed in the extreme

rear next to the enemy. The Confederate forces immediately occupied the hill and commenced the pursuit. This portion of the Red River valley was fair to look upon before any military force marched through it. It was rich in cotton and other plantation products, almost beyond expression. Large barns and cotton-houses dotted the valley, filled to the roofs with unginned cotton. But as our army passed down, this beautiful valley was transformed into a smoking ruin. Not a cotton-barn that could safely be reached from our road, escaped the torch, and many of the dwelling houses showed the same fate. The smoke from the slowly burning cotton filled the valley, and was almost stifling to the rear portion of the army. For miles to the south, this picture of desolation met the eye, and in our rear was another picture presented, more sickening than that in front. The people still remaining, and especially the colored portion, left the burning houses and cabins with such household effects as they could carry, and hundreds of them fell in the rear of our column vainly endeavoring to keep up with the army. The pursuing rebels were close behind them steadily gaining on them and us, and but a short time could elapse before fighting would commence by the opposing forces with these poor creatures between the lines. Firing on our line commenced by the time we were three or four miles from the hill, and our regiment skirmished with the advance of the enemy until dark. Just before our firing ceased we forced them back some distance, and there our skirmish line became the picket for the night. Every man not required for the picket posts slept on his arms in readiness for an attack which was expected any moment. About midnight, there being fear that our right flank might be turned, we were ordered to push our pickets out a quarter of a mile further into the woods. This was a duty full of danger, in view of the fact that the enemy might be met at any step, but it was accompanied without a murmur, the men responding promptly to the detail, and the adjutant volunteering to station personally, every post.

Before daylight our pickets were in readiness for attack, and firing commenced as soon as the men of the two lines could see each other. We fell back slowly and in order, giving the infantry time to make some advance. At nine o'clock we were relieved and joined the brigade in column.

Later in the day we were ordered back to assist the regiment in the rear to repel an attack, and were under fire for some time. That night we bivouacked eight miles from Alexandria.

Lieutenant Shattuck's diary :

April 26th. Went to the regiment. They were put in the rear and skirmished until their ammunition gave out. They were relieved by the 6th Mass., and I went for the ammunition wagon. Crossed the bridge and camped.

Wed. 27th. Sharp firing in front all the forenoon. About 3 p. m. the enemy got up their artillery and we fell back about a mile to the next bayou; camped and kept the teams close by. The gunboats are playing on the rebs., who are close on to us.

Thurs. 28th. Got out two days' rations of beef, pork, rice, and beans and issued them. At 10 o'clock the rebels came on in force, sent the teams to the rear — skirmished with them all day and fell back to the infantry. The infantry and battery left us to fight them alone, which we did and camped on the field.

29th. Gen. McClermand came up but left in a hurry, as the balls flew too thick. Got orders to go on a two days' scout, but bridge was not ready to cross on.

30th. Started again at 6 a. m. Waited till ten at pontoon bridge. No forage on the road. Ran into 500 rebels; took 30 prisoners. Got back at 5 p. m.

Lieutenant Prescott's diary :

On the morning of April 27th, "Boots and saddles" sounded at daylight, and soon we were in line ready for an attack. An assault had been<sup>d</sup> made on the picket line, and a brisk skirmish ensued, continuing for two hours, but there was no general attack. Regiment fell back a mile and stopped for the day. During the night fell back another mile, and early on the morning of the 28th, before daylight, the enemy fired on the pickets. They drove in our outposts. Their force increased, and soon the whole brigade was engaged. Their numbers exceeded ours, and they had several pieces of artillery to assist them; consequently our brigade, being without support, after heavy fighting, was forced to fall back. Later, some infantry coming up to our support, not finding the situation

congenial, retreated, leaving a quantity of rations. These we appropriated for supper, and they came very conveniently as our teams had been hurried to the rear and did not return.

We held the field at night, having been under fire all day, and we took the picket line until next morning. Our position on the morning of April 29 was two and a half miles from Alexandria. At daylight they opened again till 8 A. M., when they sent in a flag of truce to make enquiries about exchange of prisoners. The balance of the brigade now moved back beyond the town, leaving here the regiment alone. At 9 A. M., rebels opened fire again and kept it up all day. We held the ground against superior numbers. Our carbines here, as many times before, gave us an advantage. They were of as long range as the average muskets of the enemy, and our men could shoot four times to their once. At dark we were relieved and went into camp hoping for a night of rest. This hope was delusion, however, for almost immediately on arriving in camp we got orders to march at midnight on a scouting expedition across the Red river. We moved out promptly at 12, and back again at daylight as the bridge was not in order for crossing the horses. We started again at eight o'clock A. M., April 30, crossed the river at ten, and moved up the road three miles from the city, past the Military Institute where Gen. Sherman was once a professor. The infantry stopped there, and our brigade pushed on twenty-four miles further up the river, meeting with little resistance and halting at 8 P. M. for the night. The next day, Sunday, May 1st, we marched early for Alexandria, came upon a small retreating force. When about half way back, we encountered a force estimated at 2,000 of the enemy, which fell back from our front and to our left flank. We made an attempt to capture their wagons, but did not succeed. They attacked our rear, but were repulsed.

Our regiment loss was two wounded. We captured quite a number of rebels, and lost no men. At 4 P. M. we recrossed the river and went into camp.

Part I, 635 :

Lieut. John R. Liddel was the commander of the rebel force they encountered as above, and his account of the

affair is inserted. He was officially Brigadier-General Provisional Army C. S.; and the main action above described, when "half way back" was at "Snaggy Point," according to a number of comrades. General Liddel was coming down to drive off the force at work on the dam, but found that he wanted artillery to do that.

This is the Confederate account :

On the night of the 30th, the enemy moved out a brigade of cavalry from Pineville, reported 2,000 strong, a battery of artillery, followed by infantry, which last was delayed on the road until the cavalry should get into position in my rear. My command was then at Thornton's place, on Bayou Rigolette. As soon as this movement to attempt to capture my command was discovered, knowing that the enemy would fall upon my camp early next morning, I threw out two squadrons to find out his exact locality and moving the remainder of my command under cover of darkness by a detour to the left, about sunrise next morning fell upon his rear at Hadnot's place, surprising him instead of being surprised. Attacking him on the flank as well as rear, and charging him hotly, compelled him to withdraw hastily and in confusion to Pineville, pursued by a portion of my command. His infantry force had not been able to come up, as the capture of a staff officer of General Banks' prevented the order being conveyed to it. The enemy's force was henceforth concentrated at Alexandria, occupying both sides of the river, and engaged in constructing works on the river for the passage of the boats, his infantry from the transports and gunboats guarding this operation being not far from 4,000 men. Having no artillery, I was unable from this time to do much more than skirmish with him whenever opportunity presented and observe his movements.

Lieut. D. B. Newhall reports that the rebels had, at the time and place named, nearly surrounded us. Our regiment and the Third Massachusetts charged back on them and broke them up, then charged another line on our left and drove them. Nat Kimball had his saddle girth shot off; also a shot went through the guidon which he was carrying. Our department chaplain, James K. Ewer, then of the

Third Massachusetts Cavalry, was there wounded, and says that that is the name, place, and date.

The force was our Fourth Brigade, Colonel Davis and one section battery, two guns. Marched back some distance in form of hollow square, guns in the centre.

General Liddel was one who also had trouble with Gen. Dick Taylor according to the report. Here is a little friction which concerns us :

“ Soon after I received a communication from him (General Taylor on the opposite side), stating that he had been driven back from one point, repulsing the enemy at another, desiring to hear the sound of my guns, and ordering me to harass the enemy constantly at Pineville and in their works at the falls, the failure to do so being inexcusable, not to be overlooked by him, but would necessitate a change in the command.” General Liddel asks to be relieved ; says, “ The head quarters of the major-general commanding was too far distant on the Bayou Rapides to hear, as he so much desired, the sound of my musketry, and he well knew that I had no artillery except two twenty-four pounders drawn by oxen.” And adds, “ It could not be a matter of surprise that with my handful of men I was unable to prevent the construction of the dams at the falls of Red river by the enemy, since the large forces on the other side likewise failed to prevent that construction with equal if not greater opportunities.”

Adjutant Prescott's diary :

On the evening of May 3d the regiment went on picket, back on the 4th. At 3 A. M. on the 5th, “ Boots and saddles” sounded calling every man to his horse. An order had been issued for the regiment to go on another scout across the river. At five we crossed on the pontoon bridge and were on our way down stream. At noon we had made twenty-one miles. Four miles further on a small force gave us a vigorous volley which we returned, and they retreated. We bivouacked here in not a safe place, nor a

pleasant condition for a single regiment, but we were often in such positions and had learned to accept them with composure.

Although the service was terribly fatiguing in an active campaign, still it had life and called for daring which gave it a fascination which all enjoyed. We started back for camp on the morning of the 7th and arrived at 7 P. M. with a few prisoners. On Sunday, the 8th, the 2d N. H. Cavalry was allowed a partial rest. In regard to work it went on about the same as on other days in the army.

As is well understood, our delay at Alexandria was caused by the difficulty in getting the transports and gunboats back down over the falls. They had gone up early in April to coöperate with the army and to carry troops and supplies, but the sudden and unexpected fall of the water at this time, made it impossible for the largest vessels to pass down over the rapids. Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey of the Fourth Wisconsin had suggested a plan to save them, and had been allowed by General Banks to try his experiment. He constructed wing dams out from the bank on both sides of the river, by felling large pine trees, rolling them into the water with the tops down the stream, and weighing them down with stones and railroad iron. All the men he could possibly work, were detailed for this service, and they worked night and day on these dams. An opening was left in the centre of the river for the passage of the vessels, and the forcing of the water into this narrow channel caused it to rise. On this Sunday two of the gunboats floated safely over the rapids, and it was thought the others could pass down the next day.

Part I, 209, General Banks' report to the secretary of war :

In the twenty-four days intervening between the departure of the army from Alexandria and its return, the battles of Wilson's Farm, Sabine Cross-Roads, Pleasant Hill, Campiti, Monett's Bluff, and several combats in the neighborhood of Grand Ecore, while we were in occupation of

that point, had been fought. In every one of these engagements, except that at Sabine Cross-Roads, we had been successful. The failure to accomplish the main object of the expedition was due to other considerations than the actual superiority of the enemy in the field. In these operations, in which my own command had marched by land nearly 400 miles, the total loss sustained was 3,980 men, of whom 289 were killed; 1,541, wounded; 2,150, missing. Our army had captured, up to this time, from the enemy twenty-three guns and 1,500 prisoners. His losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, officers and men, were much greater than ours. Among the former were some of the most efficient rebel commanders, whose loss can never be made good. Up to this time no other loss of men or material had been sustained by our army. As soon as the lines of defense were completed, preparations were made for the release of the fleet which was then unable to pass below the falls.

It is natural to hesitate ere letting go of these twenty-four days just recorded by General Banks. In fact, one may slightly glance again at the Red River expedition. The intimations of those high in authority, point to President Lincoln as the author of it. Grant says, "I opposed the movement strenuously, but it was the order of my superior at the time." (This statement was made after he was commander-in-chief.) Banks opposed it; while at New Orleans, his chief engineer, Major D. C. Houston, presented a clear view of the difficulties to be met, and as clearly stated the conditions of success, all of which, with one exception, were disregarded. Probably President Lincoln wished to make a powerful military demonstration along the western frontier to check the designs of England, Spain, and especially France in that direction, and the forward movements of the army and navy towards the Red river were certainly imposing.

"France and the Confederate Navy": that is the title of an interesting book, published not long ago by Harper and Brothers, New York. It was written by John Bige-

low, who was our consul at Paris in 1863-64. It is reliable. It says that at this time by authorization of the French government, in defiance of its treaty obligations, there were building for the Confederate government at Bordeaux and Nantes two ironclads and two corvettes. Proof of the above began to be furnished to our government on September 10, 1863.

Captain Bullock, an agent of the Confederate navy, wrote to his government on November 23, 1863, that the two ironclads were then three fifths finished.

Of course all proofs were forwarded to Washington and kept as state secrets or partially revealed, at least in France, as policy required; for it was found necessary to appeal in this case from the *throne* to the *French people*. The French emperor promised that the ships might leave France "if their real destination was kept concealed." But, by the constant and well directed efforts of the United States agents that secret was revealed and only the "Stonewall" got on the high seas by means of a *fictional sale*, but too late to damage us. The foregoing seems to be the gist of this whole affair, mostly engineered by Messrs. Mason and Slidel, "at a stage of our civil war," says Mr. Bigelow, "when it seemed as though the fate of our nation was a good deal at the mercy of foreign powers." The failure of Lee to take Washington, the opening of the Mississippi, and the *show of force* by land and water on our western frontier caused Napoleon the Third to desist from recognizing the Confederate States, and sending from his shipyards ironclads to assist our enemies. Captain Bullock's letter to the secretary of the C. S. navy dated *June 10, 1864*, says that the Imperial government *had changed its views*.

In regard to *cotton*, it is proved that the most of the speculators who went to Alexandria for cotton had passes from *Washington*, and when Banks sent them back to New Orleans with *no* four hundred dollar bales they were

naturally mad and malignant. The navy by orders got and turned over to our government 6,000 bales, and Gen. Kirby Smith says that by his absolute power in Trans-Mississippi, he burned 150,000 bales worth \$60,000,000. He also says that "through the absolute power that he had, he bought cotton for four cents a pound, and sold it for fifty cents a pound in gold. It passed in constant streams by several crossings of the Rio Grande, as well as through Galveston to the agents abroad."

The necessity of *celerity in movement* by the different bodies of troops converging on Alexandria was known by all and appreciated, so criticism should be temperate in view of the distances and the unavoidable rain storms encountered, and, too, afterwards, the unprecedented *want of water* in the Red river. Again, one of Houston's "conditions" was "one general for the whole force," and although Sherman told Smith to obey Banks, he instructed him to confer with and rely upon Admiral Porter; and Franklin at least seemed *lucè warm*. We see that Lee was not greatly at fault, yet with Banks and Stone had to be decapitated to satisfy *some one*. But a reaction came (see Halleck to Grant, 3, 409): "You will perceive that the press in New Orleans, and the Eastern States is already beginning to open in Banks' favor." Porter to Sherman (3, 153, 169), growls, like the old sea dog he was, at Banks through six pages of vituperation, yet at the last, feels compelled to compliment him for rescuing the fleet, *which the army alone did*.

In regard to the part taken by the Second New Hampshire Cavalry, it is proper and it is time that it was written out in full. Through neglect, and even strong prejudice, our regiment has been in the shadowy back-ground, while, in fact, it was in the forefront of the advance and assault. Being necessarily scattered by definite orders, it is proved in these pages that the Second New Hampshire *knew more, by actual contact*, about the configuration of the bat-

tlefield of April 8th than any other Union organization. Comrades of the Second rode the whole length and breadth of the ground. It is plain that if instant and proper use had been made of the information gained by our regiment at the front, our forces might have been prepared to resist the rebel onset at 4.30 P. M. successfully. It is true that, accepting the view which our generals had of the enemy's movements, the Second thought at first that they were attacking a retreating force. Yet (I, 455) Lee knew on the afternoon of the 7th by prisoners, that he had in front of him six regiments — about 3,000 men, a portion of Green's mounted force of Texans. They were driven to Carroll's mill on the evening of the 7th, where they received heavy reinforcements, and were so strongly posted that it was impossible to dislodge them with our force at hand.

On the evidence, one will naturally conclude that a strong enough opposition had been encountered to drive the most obtuse officer to understand that very soon there *had got to be a fight*. The Sabine Cross Roads was one of the few openings or "clearings" where a good stand could be made. The strong opposition developed and reported at about 12.30 P. M. by the Second New Hampshire Cavalry should have borne some fruit. There were *still four long precious hours in which to clear the roads and retreat or gain reinforcements*. Instead of which, there was simply delay, at which even General Taylor himself became impatient, and, suspecting that the Union arrangements were not complete, ordered General Mouton to attack from his left.

C. S. A. I, 526, 527. How the Confederates looked at it:

SHREVEPORT, April 8, 1864.

*Maj.-Gen. R. Taylor, Commanding District of West Louisiana:*

GENERAL, — A general engagement now could not be given with our full force. Reinforcements are moving

up, not very large it is true. If we fall back without a battle you will be thrown out of the best country for supplies. I would compel the enemy to develop his intentions, selecting a position in rear where we can give him battle before he can march on and occupy Shreveport. I will order down now all the armed cavalry from near Marshall, and forward Pratt's battery from this point with every available man before a battle is fought. Let me know as soon as you are convinced that a general advance is being made and I will come to the front.

I am, general, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

E. KIRBY SMITH,

*Lieutenant-General Commanding.*

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST LOUISIANA,  
IN THE FIELD, NEAR MANSFIELD,

April 8, 1864, 9.40 A. M.

*Brig.-Gen. W. R. Boggs (C. S. A.), Chief of Staff:*

GENERAL. — The cavalry forces under General Green had a very severe skirmish with the enemy yesterday afternoon, inflicting on him more loss than was sustained by our own troops. He did not fall back last night, and General Green reports him advancing this morning. Mouton's division has been ordered to the front, and Walker's and Churchill's will be brought forward. *I am not aware whether the enemy's whole force is in my front:* if so, and he means to move on Shreveport, I consider this as favorable a point to engage him at as any other.

Your obedient servant,

R. TAYLOR,

*Major-General.*

Maj.-Gen. W. B. Franklin knew on the 4th, more of Taylor's force than Taylor on the 8th did of Franklin's. The report of a deserter sent by Lee to Franklin relieves General Lee of a great responsibility. See the following (I. 447):

Reports of Brig.-Gen. Arthur L. Lee, U. S. A., commanding cavalry division, of operations April 4-13:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,  
NATCHITOCHEs, April 4, 1864.

GENERAL, — A deserter from the Sixteenth Texas has just been sent me from the front. He speaks freely, and reports that on the evening of the 2d, Walker's and Mouton's divisions were at Pleasant Hill. Mouton's division consisted of two brigades — Mouton's and Polignac's; Walker's division of four brigades — Scurry's, Randal's, Hawes,' and one other whose commander he cannot name; that these brigades consist of about four regiments each; that his brigade (Scurry's) has four regiments — Fitzhugh's, Allen's, Waterhouse's, and Flournoy's; each regiment has about 300 men for duty; that after I had driven their cavalry from Crump's Hill, on the evening of the 2d instant, Mouton's brigade and Scurry's were advanced at midnight to a point five miles this side of Pleasant Hill, and placed in line of battle behind an open field and on each side of the road; that about 2 A. M. yesterday he left the ranks and started for our lines. Their stubborn resistance yesterday morning corroborates the statement. It was reported among his commanders that Price was marching down from Shreveport, and a part of his force had arrived.

I am, general, respectfully yours,

A. L. LEE,

*Brigadier-General Commanding Cavalry.*

TO MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN,  
*Commanding, etc.*

The above report and figures give 7,200 Confederate soldiers for duty, and locates them just *where they were found*. General Lee was right, as before quoted, when he said that "there was not much chance left, after making such full reports of the current condition of affairs to my superiors, for the exercise, as a soldier, of my personal judgment."

The round, unvarnished story, shows that the Eighth was constantly, as of yore, at the extreme front; and if its bloody experience had been properly used, a better result would have crowned the close of the battle on April 8,

1864. It must be distinctly understood that no undue influence has been used with correspondents to bring out the "glory of the Eighth"; on the contrary, no leading questions have been asked. True information has been sought, and many comrades can testify that letters of other comrades describing events have been often sent to them for more information, or to be examined in regard to their entire truthfulness. We have aimed to get the truth as near as possible with the means at disposal. We have tried to rescue the history of our portion of that hard worked arm of hazardous service, viz., the cavalry, from the entire oblivion which has threatened it, and the attempt is made none too soon. Here is placed the evidence of the honorable career of the Eighth under new name and conditions—evidence as good as is that of quoted official lines. We have only to name Connelly, King, Prescott, Miles, Durgin, Woods, Newhall, Marshall, Nolan, Emerson, French, Shattuck, and Chandler, to substantiate the assertion. All the above, with the exception of Connelly and Marshall, are to-day living, and in correspondence with the writer.

Gen. W. J. Landrum's article, before partially quoted, shows him to be decidedly faulty in statements in regard to the cavalry, although his account of the advance of infantry, the fights and retreats, is, in the main, right. Near the first he says that he has not to-day changed his mind, that it was "unreasonable to expect a small brigade of four regiments of infantry, some 1,200 men, to keep pace with a mounted force and to drive an enemy that 4,500 cavalry couldn't drive." As previously noted, General Franklin being in command of cavalry forces as per order of April 4, he ordered Lee, on the evening of the 7th, "to go ahead and get out of the way." Lee had at that time driven the enemy, was "camped upon the battle ground," and ready to march on, and did on the morning of the 8th (I, 455). That, with Prescott's evi-

dence, disposes of the "driving" question, or rather, Landrum's assertion in regard to it. He (Col. L.) quotes those old-fashioned rumors about orders from Washington "to get all the cotton stored in the vicinity." Why then did not the army *stay* where cotton *was* and *get it*? Banks' last orders to the army were (not to gather the thousands of bales of cotton on the road, but) "*to push for Shreveport.*"

Colonel Landrum says that the battle was fought by his force of 2,500, slightly assisted by General Cameron's small division (see Cameron's report, thus, 1, 273). Arriving at the scene of conflict at 4.15 P. M. with forty-six officers and 1,247 men under, then, the command of General Banks and at the edge of the woods, where, according to this, his official report, he held the entire force of the enemy in check for an hour, using up all his ammunition, being outflanked and losing 314 men in all, General Cameron certainly did *his share of the work*. Besides, the most of the cavalry were like ours, helping, being dismounted and fighting on foot, mingling with and being in front of the infantry. Still Colonel Landrum could only see his little band of 2,500 vainly stemming the charge of thousands. The veterans do not deny at all the splendid fighting and plucky resistance of General Landrum's division, but would like the honors divided up more fairly. Colonel Landrum continues, quoting Gen. Dick Taylor, as follows: "In his work entitled 'Destruction and Reconstruction,' referring to the battle of Mansfield, he says, 'My confidence of success in the impending engagement was inspired by accurate knowledge of the Federal movements.' This shows that he knew the bulk of the army was not in supporting distance of the head of the column in his front." That is disproved in Taylor's official report just quoted, page 448. He was not the kind of a fighting rebel to *wait* four hours for our forces to *come up* when he *knew* that troops were *not* in supporting distance.

Colonel Landrum says that the cavalry should have been far on the flanks looking for cross roads. We have seen that at least two companies of Second New Hampshire were out on the right flank two miles, on a cross road.

Another quotation by General Landrum: "The Union cavalry had set forward at daybreak with the brigades of infantry that General Landrum had brought. The Confederates having abandoned Bayou St. Paul, and having left in front of Lee but a mere curtain of scouts, the latter might have pushed rapidly forward, as Franklin had directed him to do. But thinking he had again before him all of Green's forces, he allowed himself to be deceived by the obstinacy of the enemy's rearguard." Poor Lee! First he was blamed for a supposed rashness in trying to push forward, and then cuffed for moving, as Lee expressed it, cautiously. But the Second New Hampshire, under orders from General Lee, did *first discover the obstinacy of the rebels at that rail fence* beyond the clearing, which Colonel Landrum never saw and did not know of its existence. Major Connelly found it and Comrade Durgin says that he told him that he reported in full immediately the resistance that he had encountered.

The closing sentences of Brigadier-General Landrum's remarkable paper read thus: "There have been so many misrepresentations of this engagement that I have thought it due to all concerned that a correct report should be made, without detracting from the merits of any who rendered faithful and efficient service in the turning point of this ill-fated and ill-advised campaign." Then immediately follows this misrepresentation, viz., "Thus not only did the *cavalry not explore the country, but it was preceded by the infantry.*"

Last quotation: "The fatal error in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads was in ordering the brigade of infantry to the support of Lee's cavalry." *That* statement might have had more sense in it if he had written only *one* brigade of

infantry. The General knows that if a *corps* had been ordered up and *got up* to the *front* within that *space four hours'* time, even if every wagon had been *pitched out of* the narrow road into the woods, there is a strong probability that General Banks might have gone on to Shreveport.

REMARK. — The sinners are of more consequence than the priest; the people are bigger than the president; so was the Nineteenth Kentucky than Brevet General Landrum. The Forty-eighth Ohio History, page 175, speaks thus: "Great praise is due to such brave and patriotic men (of the Nineteenth Kentucky) who stood up for the Union in the dark hours of our National existence. Although from a slave State and many of them owning slaves they did not hesitate to rally round the old flag at their country's call." The Eighth earnestly accords to the Nineteenth Kentucky all its well earned glory, but demands justice of its representative in his published accounts.

Chaplain Cilley's diary :

Near Alexandria, May 2, 1864. General Banks tells me that he regards Lee and Franklin in fault, that he found General Franklin on the morning of the 8th of April, five miles from the front very careless and easy, saying, there was no danger, the enemy not near. Banks said, "I shall go to the front and see for myself." He went, and sent at once to Franklin to turn the wagon trains, but it was too late.

The mounted infantry of the United States taught, in time, the military critics of the world, something. Previous to our civil war the lack of knowledge abroad with regard to the United States as a nation was singular. We were ignored in the economy of nations; in the schools and society of the Old World we were of no importance. To most people America was as yet undiscovered. Only the most advanced thinkers had divined that we were

working out a big problem of the future. Many thought that we were black and that Niagara was at each man's door. Our civil war wrought a change, although the conservative military autocrats, till near its close, looked upon our armies as mobs. We came gradually to the front. In the war of '66 they declined to profit by our experience; but by 1870, the Germans had adopted many of the methods we had first devised, and to-day not only are our campaigns studied, but fair justice is done to our actual merit in the province of war and to the exceptional ability of some of our American generals. The art of using cavalry in fighting on foot is prominent among other ideas accepted by them, they borrowed that from the versatility of our cavalry. Cavalry which fought on foot, had been sneered at for generations. It could not, said the old heads, be even good mounted infantry. They would ride like untrained monkeys. All this, though history shows that Alexander's cavalry was successful where infantry recoiled. Americans wisely used the irregulars, if skirmishing on foot and rare charges in the saddle constitute an irregular. Ours is now the pattern of the cavalry of the future. The rider is intelligent and trained in the hardest of schools. Europe is learning to fight with cavalry as the Second New Hampshire fought on the Red river. Prussia will soon use irregular cavalry altogether.

Without concert or general orders, intuitively in the civil war our cavalry sought out new ways of attack and defense and alike used them east and west, hundreds of miles apart, developing spontaneously, American ideas of progress.

Part 3, 497. Correspondence, etc. (Union).

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,

ALEXANDRIA, May 7, 1864.

*Brigadier-General Arnold, Chief of Cavalry:*

GENERAL,—By direction of the major-general commanding, you will detail 200 cavalry to report promptly at

3 A. M. to-morrow to Brigadier-General Emory, commanding Nineteenth Army Corps. They are to accompany a brigade of infantry down the river to Smith's plantation. Three steamers and two gunboats as guard have been ordered to procure all the forage between Alexandria and that point.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. DWIGHT,

*Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.*

HDQRS. CAVALRY DIV.,

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,

ALEXANDRIA, La., May 7, 1864.

*Maj. G. B. Drake, Asst. Adj.-Gen., Department of the Gulf:*

MAJOR, — I regret to be obliged to state that the condition of my cavalry is such that for any immediate operations requiring energetic action it is utterly unfit. The men are able to endure much more, although fatigued, but I believe one half of my horses would be completely broken down if compelled to move to-night or to-morrow on a scout. Since I have had this command every portion of it has been very severely worked, and it is now in so crippled a condition that, for the benefit of the service, I am compelled to make this statement. Without careful husbanding of its strength, I think the cavalry force can be of no decided advantage to this army.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

RICHARD ARNOLD,

*Brigadier-General.*

The following correspondence is too spicy, and important as showing independence, to be omitted :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,

ALEXANDRIA, May 10, 1864.

*Brigadier-General Smith:*

GENERAL, — The major-general commanding, desires to call your attention to the following facts: Your command was ordered to be in readiness to move yesterday. Notwithstanding this, your public property was not on your boats at a late hour to-day. You directed that no government property should go on board your boats until your

own public property was on board, which has caused great and unnecessary delay, because you did not put your public property on board yesterday. If it is necessary to destroy any public property now here, it will be because you fail to allow that property to go on board your boats, which are amply able to transport it. You will therefore be accountable for such destruction of public stores.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. DWIGHT,

*Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.*

HDQRS. DETACHMENT 16TH AND 17TH ARMY CORPS,

ALEXANDRIA, La., May 10, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. William Dwight, Chief of Staff, Department of the Gulf:*

GENERAL, — In reply to your note of this date I have to state that my command is and has been in readiness to move whenever called upon, day or night. I control my own boats, and will put my property on board when I please. If the boats you have had at this landing during the last ten days had been used in the service of your country instead of being bartered to private speculators, you would have had no cause of complaint in this direction, but could have shipped in ample time all the public stores pertaining to your command. If you destroy any government stores at this point, let the responsibility rest on your shoulders, who appropriated the transports in port for private purposes. This army knows well that I am not responsible for any of the mishaps that have occurred during this campaign.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. J. SMITH,

*Brigadier-General.*

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,

ALEXANDRIA, May 10, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith, Comdg. Detach. Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps:*

GENERAL, — In reply to your communication of this P. M., the major-general commanding directs me to say that he regrets that an officer of your rank, experience, and deserved military reputation should use the language

employed by you in that communication. He is confident that, upon reflection, you have already regretted language inadmissible in a junior to his commanding officer. Although his order should be sufficient without explanation, yet, from deference to your rank and character, the general directs me to say that no boats under his control "are bartered to private speculators"; that government property exclusively is now being loaded upon the boats; that the transportation, exclusive of your own, is not sufficient to carry all the government stores; that, therefore, you are required to furnish transportation for government stores to the extent of your ability. If, from any erroneous impression that this transportation is to be used for private purposes, you fail to permit such transportation, the government of the country will hold you responsible for the consequent loss. The commanding general has great pleasure in adding that, as you correctly state, you are in no respect responsible for any mishaps that may have happened upon this campaign.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. DWIGHT,

*Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.*

The following is official, for general information :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

ALEXANDRIA, May 9, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. R. Arnold, Chief of Cavalry:*

GENERAL, — You are hereby directed to detail a force of 500 men from your command to protect the town of Alexandria when the army shall leave its present position, and to bring up the rear guard, taking every precaution possible to (prevent) any conflagration or other act which would give notice to the enemy of the movements of the army. Officers of responsibility and character should be selected for this duty, and they should be notified that they will be held responsible for the acts of the men under their command. They will occupy the town until all persons connected with the army have left it, and then cover the rear of the column on its march.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. B. DRAKE,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Alexandria.—Again the rear Guard.—Murder of Lieutenant Cobbs.—Explanation by Comrade Durgin.—C. S. A. Gen. Dick Taylor's Report.—On the March for Morganzia.—On through Marksville, Mansura, continual Fighting.—Crossed the Bayou de Glaize.—Regiment held the Bridge.—Bridge by Orders, set on Fire.—Companies B and F on opposite Side, hold back the Enemy.—Regiment out of Ammunition.—Form on left of Second Illinois.—Yellow Bayou, May 18.—Dick Taylor attacks.—Five thousand of General Smith's Infantry march back by us.—Action at 2 P. M.—Second New Hampshire on Extreme Left.—Enemy trying to turn it.—Rebels whipped out and Retreat.—Official Records, General Smith, General Canby to Halleck.—General Smith and Arnold.—Condition of Fourth Brigade.—Crossed the Bridge of Boats.—Itinerary.—Morganzia.—Review by General Sickles.—For New Orleans and a Furlough.—Gen. Dick Taylor's Opinion of the Campaign.—Lieutenant Cunningham's (C. S. A.).—Smith to Sherman: the Results.—General Canby, Important and Cool.—Official.—Second New Hampshire dismounted and detached.—To go on Furlough.—Incidents relating to the Regiment.—On Furlough.—Capt. T. C. Prescott, Personal.—Capt. John H. Prescott, Personal.

## ADJUTANT Prescott's diary:

Early on Monday morning, May 9th, the regiment received orders to be ready to march at 7 A. M. It then moved from its camp, marching down the Opelousas road to the Chamber's plantation and there relieved Col. Lucas' brigade. The fine house which had been the family mansion here, had been burned before we occupied the grounds, and the elegant furniture broken up. A scene of desolation was presented, and as one viewed it he could but feel thankful that his home in the North had been exempt from such visitation. Our army was nearly sur-

rounded by the enemy and attacks were expected, hence we were under continual marching orders, and "boots and saddles" was frequently the first notice we had of moving. Preparations were being made up to the 13th for the further retreat, all useless baggage was put on the boats and the lightest marching orders were to be in force. Rations for the regiment were short and there was no forage for our horses. A part of the time we had to graze them, and they were thin.

On the 13th, Alexandria was evacuated; most of the infantry passed down the river, and that night there were again no Union troops between the old Eighth and the enemy. Our brigade (the Fourth) was again to have the *extreme rear of the army* on the retreat, and the regiment would have its full share of the fighting. At daylight on the 14th, we broke camp and marched over to the river road, past the Flower's place, but before we entered the woods towards the river our rear guard was attacked. We halted at the intersection of the river road with the one on which we had come, to allow some infantry which had been stationed above to move on, and also to relieve a regiment of the Fifth brigade whose place we were to take. As we halted we threw out a strong picket in command of Lieutenants Cobbs, of Company B, and Nolan, of Company K. A portion of this picket force dismounted after taking position, not anticipating an attack at once, when suddenly a force of the enemy charged on the line and they were driven from their post and back upon the rear of the regiment which was in column on the road. Lieut. Cobbs and four or five men were captured. Lieut. Nolan reported the situation, and as the picket came in, Captain Healy, then in command of the regiment, instantly ordered a charge and, mounting the levee running along the road by the river bank, led such a furious onslaught that the rebels, though in larger force, fell back in confusion. Quite a number of prisoners were captured and some of the men we had lost were retaken. But as they found that they would lose the officer they had captured, a rebel soldier took the revolver from Lieut. Cobbs' own belt and shot him through the breast before he could be prevented. Lieut. Cobbs died soon after being shot, and we buried him on Madam Wilson's place near the banks of the Red River. This was murder; pure and simple,

cowardly and mean; yet not the only known one committed by rebel hands.

Lieut. John J. Nolan's account :

On our retreat to Morganzia, our regiment was at the rear. Capt. Healy ordered Companies K and B to act as rear guard; Lieut. Cobbs of B in charge; I commanded Company K. As I was sitting on my horse at the levee, I saw the rebels forming upon the road for a charge, and told Lieut. Cobbs who had dismounted and was sitting at the butt of a tree, that they would come and that he had better mount and form his men. He replied, "No, they won't" and still persisted in not mounting. I sent word to Capt. Healy that he might expect a charge at any moment, and ordered Company K out of the woods on to the road. Company B followed, and down came the rebels. We fell back on the regiment. I met Capt. Healy and told him that there were about six hundred of them, and if we charged on them we could beat them back. Capt. Healy placed himself at the head of the regiment and we drove them back yelping in less than two minutes. When I got to the tree where poor Cobbs had been sitting, he had just life enough to say, "John, they shot me with my own revolver," and died instantly. The fact was, they had just time to take his arms and not time to take him along we charged back so quickly. We took one of their men prisoner and I had to follow Red. Pat Shea of Company K into the woods and take the reb. away from him and send him to the rear with another man as Shea swore that he would kill him for the cowardly act of the enemy in murdering Cobbs. It was on this occasion that the Chaplain rode down to Gen. Davis and said that the 8th regiment was cut in pieces. Davis sent an aid to Capt. Healy to know if he wanted reinforcements and Capt. Healy said, "Give my compliments to Gen. Davis and tell him that the Eighth New Hampshire wants no reinforcements."

Sergeant Emerson's diary :

Our brigade of cavalry had the rear guard all the way back to the Atchafalaya river. We were fighting all the daytime and falling back each night. We had to scout and skirmish all over the country while the Red River dam was being built.

May 14th. Left Alexandria. Heavy skirmishing with rebel cavalry, were driven back on our reserves, some prisoners captured. I was taken, had to give up my arms for the second time (first time at Port Hudson), but our force charged back and saved us from Tyler, Texas prison pen. Right here Lieut. Cobbs was *murdered* after being taken prisoner, shot with his own revolver; evidently by a mounted man, he being dismounted. The shot struck his shoulder blade and took direction downwards. If I had been an officer, I should have fared the same way, as I was dismounted and my horse tangled in a grape vine on the right hand of the road. Lieut. Cobbs was on the other side. The next morning his body was buried on the Wilson plantation near the river.

As an explanation of the reason of the murder of Lieutenant Cobbs, we insert the following important experience and evidence given by Chief Bulger H. J. Durgin. He says in regard to his own capture at Sabine Cross Roads:

When I was taken, I was probably one third of the way back to our own lines. The lively run that I had made before the rebel cavalry surrounded me, rendered me nearly breathless, as the ground was soft and it was up hill. After my arms and equipments had been taken, one of the rebs. said, "Now run, you d—d Yank." I managed to gasp in reply, "I can't; I am out of breath." "Run, d—n you, or I'll shoot you," yelled he in great haste, and then cocked his gun and put the muzzle to my head. During this time I had been walking toward their lines perforce, but that sort of persuasion caused me to try to meet the views of this apparently vicious son of Texas, so I got into a dog trot and kept it up till within their lines. Then my excited captor became cool and actually apologized to me in a quite gentlemanly way, saying, "you must excuse me for running you off so; I saw you were beat out, but I was afeared you-uns would charge again and try to take you back, and I'd have *shot you dead* sooner than give you up again, for *them's our orders*, but I wanted to get you off alive." So this now very civil fellow had been trying to save my life by very harsh means. At the first halt he took my name and regiment, and gave me his, viz.: S. P. McInnis, 7th Texas Cavalry. I remember exactly

the words, "Them's our orders," and the wording of his apology—they seem as if burned into my brain. To what depths of barbaric brutality the Confed. powers had sunk to issue such orders. They seemed to be the rule within their lines in Trans-Mississippi. They are a proof that Cobbs' assassination was not the unauthorized deed of some fierce rebel, but in direct compliance with regular orders from higher powers. It is well to know where some of the responsibility rests.

Lieut. T. M. Shattuck's diary :

May 9th, 1864. Moved camp to Chamber's plantation to relieve a regiment of 5th brigade on picket.

10th. The regiment today got under arms twice and blocked the rebs. from turning our flank.

11th. Preparing to move—no forage for the horses.

12th. Boats all down and getting ready to leave. Great fears that the town will be burned and I think that it will be, the boys are getting wild. That dam is one of the great works of the war.

Fri. 13th. Blew up the works around the town, great fire inside.

14th. Marched at 6—ordered to relieve the 18th N. York on the skirmish line—rebs. drove in our advance—we returned the charge and drove them a mile: Lieut. Cobbs killed.

Lieutenant Newhall, in giving an account of the attack, May 14, says that in recovering Lieutenant Cobbs, they drove the rebel force of 600 a half-mile, and that the place is officially known as "Wilson's Landing." At this time, also, Conant and Dolliver of Company B were wounded.

Sunday 15th. Our wounded taken on board the gun-boat "Hindman."

As near as can be ascertained from those with good memories, Lieutenant-Colonel Flanders, about this date, went on board a river boat, probably the "Hindman."

Gen. Dick Taylor's report (1, 590): A very brilliant Confederate outlook!

The Red River campaign. Lecompte, May 10, extract :

Pickets connect through the swamp with Bayou Robert. All cattle, etc., have been removed from the Rapides country for 18 miles, so the enemy has no object in pushing in that direction even if he dared to do so ; the whole country to the Gulf and Sabine being open to me. I have no line of supplies or base of operations, and can move where I please. On the north side of Red river everything is watched from above Pineville to opposite Major's batteries, where communication is established. All the roads from Pineville to the Ouachita and Black rivers have been ordered to be blocked by felling trees across them and destroying the bridges on the Flaxon and other streams. Thus we have a continuous line of pickets inclosing Banks' army and Porter's fleet, and they are as closely besieged as was ever Vicksburg. Every day the enemy is attacked and driven on some road and kept continually harassed by feints, driving in pickets, etc. Thus he is expecting an assault every moment, and is uncertain of the direction whence it may come. From present appearances the end is drawing near. Banks' cavalry is almost destroyed. His troops are disheartened, sullen, and disinclined to fight. He is short of provisions and almost entirely without forage. All captured horses are like scarecrows and show want of forage. Sickness prevails to an unprecedented extent, and as he has no means of removing the sick or wounded much depression is caused among the well. The lower river is still falling slowly. I scarcely need repeat that it will be held to the last extremity against an attempt to open it.

Your obedient servant,

R. TAYLOR,

*Major-General.*

Adj. T. C. Prescott's diary :

Soon after repulsing the attack last mentioned, the regiment set out on its march all day and at night up to three o'clock, before any considerable halt was made. We then rested until seven in the morning, when the march was resumed without supper or breakfast. On the morning of May 15 we were relieved from the rear by the Third Mass. But at 2 o'clock that day we had to hasten back

to their assistance in repelling an attack. While forming for the charge, two shells from a rebel battery exploded directly in our line, but strangely and fortunately, no man was killed, and only one wounded. We marched all the next night, not halting to lie down until daylight, and our sleep was taken then by slipping the bridles over our arms and dropping down on the roadside at the horses' feet.

Marksville. Official records, 3, 604 :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,

NEAR MARKSVILLE, May 15, 1864.

*Brigadier-General Emory, Commanding Nineteenth Army Corps:*

GENERAL, — You will move forward at 3 A. M. to-morrow with your entire command to take position at the farthest point in the front, where our troops to-day reconnoitered. At daybreak you will move forward and attack the enemy with the greatest vigor. General Smith moves from your right flank to turn the enemy's left at the same time. General Arnold has been ordered to take position in rear of your right flank. The Thirteenth Army Corps will be in reserve near Marksville. It is of the greatest importance that this movement be made with promptitude and vigor. The wagon train will be in park in the rear of the town, guarded by a brigade of cavalry, and when practicable, for the purpose of shortening the column, you will move your command in columns of regiments.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

GEO. B. DRAKE,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

NEAR MARKSVILLE, May 15, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. R. Arnold, Commanding Cavalry Division:*

GENERAL, — You will order one brigade of your command to guard the wagon train, which will be in park immediately in rear of the town. Your remaining three brigades you will put in position in rear of the right of General Emory's command, which has been ordered into position in front of the town, at 3 A. M., to-morrow. You will make these dispositions at 3 A. M., as the attack has been ordered at daybreak. You will hold your command in readiness for any movement that may be necessary.

General Smith has been ordered to move from the right of General Emory to turn the enemy's left flank. General Lawler will be in reserve near the town.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

GEO. B. DRAKE,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

MANSURA, May 15, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. R. Arnold, Chief of Cavalry:*

GENERAL,—The enemy are retreating on the road to Moreauville and, it is believed, Simsport. The commanding general directs that you push forward to Moreauville with dispatch. You will clear the town of Marksville of all stragglers and come forward as soon as possible. It is not intended that you leave the train, but push the train on, and keep what cavalry you have in the rear there still.

By order of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

GEO. B. DRAKE,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The reader will note that the main army might fight a battle at a certain place and time, while the cavalry as rear guard might fight at the same place on a succeeding hour or day; or be away scouting and having a sharp little fight of its own some miles off on one of the flanks. Such may account at times for a slight difference in dates of actions. In fact, the cavalry "Itinerary" does not cover all that the Second New Hampshire did. It is seen that that organization was often, as at Sabine Cross Roads, split up; different companies, according to orders, being off on different routes on duties of their own. Accounts of such side rides and off-shoots will be given when obtainable as, see Comrade Hodgdon's letter and Lieutenant Newhall's about May 1, etc. The official "Itinerary" of the cavalry division is as follows (1, 447):

May 15th. The march was continued on the Marksville road. The rebels were posted at the entrance to Avoyelles Prairie with ten pieces of artillery, but were driven slowly

back during the day by the First and Third Brigades through the village of Marksville, when they opened a heavy artillery fire on the advance, checking it.

The government official map, position No. 3, gives the battle of Mansura occurring on May 16. There are apparently, at the north, bodies of water and hills near Cocoville, woods to the left coming down, and woods in front; Second New Hampshire to the left, in action. Banks official report says (1, 211), "The army on its march from Alexandria did not encounter the enemy in force until near the town of Mansura. He was driven through the town in the evening of the 15th of May, and at daybreak next morning, our advance encountered his cavalry on the prairie east of the town. He fell back with steady and sharp skirmishing across the prairie to a belt of woods, which he occupied. The enemy's position covered three roads diverging from Mansura to the Atchafalaya. He manifested a determination here to obstinately resist our passage. The engagement, which lasted several hours, was confined chiefly to the artillery until our troops got possession of the edge of the woods, first upon our left by General Emory, and subsequently on our right by General Smith, when the enemy was driven from the field, after a sharp and decisive fight, with considerable loss.

For the eyes of the veterans, a short description of the battle of Marksville by Major Becht of the Fifth Minnesota Infantry. Part 1, 325, official extract:

On the 16th occurred the battle of Marksville, or Belle Prairie. The field was a splendid one for a fair and equal contest, a smooth, clear prairie, slightly descending to the south, 3 or 4 miles in extent, and surrounded by heavy timber. We were turned out before daybreak and taken into the fight without our usual coffee and hard-tack. As we marched through Marksville about sunrise we dis-

covered the Nineteenth Army Corps already initiating operations, which it afterward devolved upon us to finish. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps were formed in column of regiments, and moved across the prairie to the right and some distance from the Nineteenth Army Corps, the Fifth Minnesota in advance. It was a splendid sight; our whole force and every movement could be clearly and distinctly seen. On the left was the Nineteenth Army Corps, advancing in line of battle with a line of skirmishers in front, engaging and slowly forcing back those of the enemy. To the rear of the Nineteenth was the Thirteenth, also advancing in line of battle. In the rear of and following us was a long column of regiments, the numerous banners glistening in the clear morning sunlight, and seeming to wave defiance to the foe. Our movements were soon changed from that in column to that *en échelon* and then into line of battle, all the regiments forming on the right of brigade. The enemy in front of us held a position in the edge of the timber, and only a portion of his line could at first be seen. He very soon disclosed the positions of four excellent batteries of heavy guns, which were particularly devoted to us. In the meantime the Nineteenth Army Corps had halted, and the remainder of the work was left for Gen. Smith's command. The fight lasted about four hours, and during the closing scene it required the extra exertions of the enemy to save his batteries from our grasp.

Lieutenant Newhall says :

The above is a good description. In the morning we were at the rear where we could see the whole; afterwards were on both flanks, and wound up by chasing a body of rebel cavalry.

Lieutenant Prescott's diary :

During the night of the 15th the enemy moved their batteries around our right flank and at 7 A. M., May 16th, some twenty pieces of artillery opened on our forces at Marksville, where our army had bivouacked the night before. Our batteries replied and the firing was heavy and continuous, reminding one of the cannonading at Port Hudson. After an hour or more of this, the rebels were

forced to withdraw and we resumed our march. The work of the regiment this day, was of halting, skirmishing and marching as the course of the enemy made necessary or permitted, and this was kept up the following night.

Early on the morning of the 17th, we crossed Bayou de Glaize, halted for an hour, and some got a half-hour's sleep. The horses were fed and all had a limited breakfast, but before it was concluded our much needed rest was abruptly broken by an order received for the Second New Hampshire to take the rear immediately, the enemy having appeared on the opposite side of the bayou.

Confederate account. Official (1, 592) :

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST LOUISIANA,  
IN THE FIELD, May 16, 1864.

COLONEL, — On yesterday the fighting was well sustained. Steele's division pressed the enemy's rear and flank on the river road below Alexandria, while Bagby's division, afterward reinforced by Major, beat back several times the head of his column as it attempted to debouche on the high ground of the Marksville Prairie from the Choctaw Swamp. Heavy loss was inflicted on the enemy, Bagby skillfully masking his artillery and using it at short range. Late in the evening the enemy turned the position by bringing up his masses, and we fell back to Mansura, Marksville being occupied by him during the night. At early dawn this morning skirmishing began along our line, of which Mansura was the centre, Bagby and Major, with nineteen pieces of artillery, holding the right, and Polignac, reinforced by two regiments of cavalry under Debray, the left, with thirteen pieces of artillery, including two 30-pounder Parrotts. The broad, open prairie, smooth as a billiard table, afforded an admirable field for artillery practice, and most of our guns were 3-inch rifle and 10-pounder Parrotts captured from the enemy. About 6 A. M. the action became general, the enemy bringing up masses of infantry with several batteries. Several attempts to turn our right were signally repulsed, as were the efforts to advance on our centre. At 10 A. M. long lines of infantry commenced demonstrations on our left, the pivot of the position, our trains being behind that flank near Evergreen. This rendered the

position dangerous, as the enemy had probably 16,000 men on the field, and perhaps more. Our men withdrew with the steadiness of veterans on parade, and the road to Simsport was left open to the foe. Our artillery was most admirably served, and told heavily on the long lines and heavy columns of the enemy, while our short, thin line offered a small mark. As soon as the enemy resumed his retreat a division of cavalry was sent to attack him at the Moreauville Cut-off, while the remainder of my little force harassed his rear and flank. I have some men in a good position on the east bank of the Atchafalaya to impede the passage of that stream and inflict loss on the fleeing foe. No report from Colonel Harrison for two days, but as he has had excellent opportunities of worrying the fleet I hope to have a good account of him. The campaign here will close to-morrow, when I will await, for a day or two, the decision of department headquarters on my suggestion of a Missouri movement. Not hearing, I will order down Walker's division, throw myself into the La Fourche, confine the enemy to New Orleans, and close the navigation of the Mississippi.

Your obedient servant,

R. TAYLOR,

*Major-General.*

An unbiased observer from the fighting star of Mars would say that *all* the *brag* was *not* on the *Union side*.

Adjutant Prescott's, 17th. Bayou de Glaize bridge :

The balance of the brigade was to move on some distance and our regiment was directed to burn the bridge on which we had crossed the bayou. The enemy, discovering our purpose, as we attempted to fire the bridge, pressed hard to prevent it and the skirmishing became very spirited, but the superiority of our firearms again was to our advantage against a force larger than our own, and we held the position until the bridge was well on fire, and for them to cross it was impossible. The enemy, baffled in the attempt, hurried a portion of their force around a bend in the bayou and opened on our flank with two pieces of artillery. Under cover of these guns, quite a force of infantry crossed at a ford or another bridge, of which we had no knowledge, and charged on our left

flank expecting to cut us off from the main portion of our army. Our position was critical, and it required all the use of our carbines, revolvers, and even the small pistols which the officers carried in their belts, to extricate ourselves from the mass of rebs. We got out our left flank from its imminent danger and fell back slowly, closely followed by the enraged rebels who repeatedly charged our line; but we resisted their attacks successfully and but few of our men were taken prisoners. All of our ammunition was nearly exhausted when we arrived within supporting distance of our main column, but our mission had been accomplished, the bridge burned, and a superior force kept back without serious loss to us.

An incident occurred during this engagement at the bridge, which, by reason of the surroundings, was so ludicrous, notwithstanding its pathetic features, that it diverted, for the moment, the attention of the few who saw it, critical as was our position at that moment, and it may not be out of place to relate it here as told by an officer who was an eye-witness. There was a little hamlet of houses about the bridge at the bayou, including a number of cabins which were the quarters of the colored people of the village. Soon after the battery had opened on our flank, and while we were still holding the bridge, a round shot came crashing through one of these negro cabins, taking out one side post of the door and shattering the only window which gave light to the house. Most of the colored, as well as white inhabitants of the hamlet, had taken refuge under the high bank of the bayou, when the firing commenced; but from sickness or some other reason, one old colored man had been left in this hut and was there when the shot struck it. As the shot came crashing through his house, shivering the glass, rattling the dry clay from the primitive chimney and scattering splinters in all directions, the old man came out clad in a single garment, with the most intense fright and despair pictured in his countenance, and raising his hands above his head, fell on his face as if actually shot, exclaiming,

“O Lord, Mosis, Massa! I’s killed sure!” The old man may have died of fear and the shock, but was apparently unharmed, as he had not been struck by the shot or any bullet.

When the regiment arrived at the rear of our forces, it formed on the right of the Second Illinois, and being out of ammunition was relieved and put in the second line, that being the formation in which the rear portion of the army was falling back. We soon came upon the road to Sinsport, and at night bivouacked about a half-mile from the pontoon bridge. Heavy skirmishing had been kept up all day and there was much loss, that of the regiment being two killed, thirteen wounded, and seven missing. Lieutenants Haskins and Beckford being among the wounded.

A large portion of the army had crossed the bayou and all lay down on the inviting grass that night with the first assurance of safety they had felt for weeks. We were near the Atchafalaya river and the gunboats. Both officers and men were in a terrible state of exhaustion, all having shared alike the exacting duties and hardships of the campaign. For five days and nights they had been entirely without rest, except now and then a few moments on the ground at the horses’ feet. They had been short of rations, all had suffered from hunger and thirst; the constant danger of their positions and the exacting and continuous service required of them, had caused a never ceasing strain upon their strength and vitality; hence the opportunity to sleep that night came to them under the absorbing influence which the removal of all care and anxiety brings. Capt. Con. Healy who had commanded the regiment with marked ability and success, and Adjutant Prescott, were so completely exhausted that repeated and persistent efforts to waken them during the night for some needed information, utterly failed, while ordinarily both awaked at the slightest disturbance. Lieutenant-

Colonel Flanders and Dr. Clark here joined us from the boats, and Colonel Flanders again assumed command of the regiment.

Lieut. J. J. Nolan in a trap. Letter extract :

A few days after leaving Alexandria after Lieut. Cobbs was killed, the Third Mass. was bringing up the rear. The rebs. were crowding them pretty hard, when Gen. Davis fell back from the woods into an open field and formed line. The 3d Mass. sent back for reinforcements; Davis ordered one company of our regiment up. Capt. Healy ordered me up with Company K to report to the commander of the 3d Mass. He ordered me on the left flank into the woods to try and find out the strength, if possible, of the rebs. There was a small stream about thirty feet wide, running to the left. He told me to cross the bridge and deploy in the woods; that would leave the stream between Company K and the 8th Regiment. We moved and deployed, but we didn't have to go far, about two or three hundred yards, when we ran into two solid columns of infantry that sent us back flying. My horse ran into a wild grape vine and upset himself, and I went over his head. Fortunately neither of us were hurt. I happened to catch him as he got up, and mounted again. We fell back to the edge of the woods, when I ordered the men to dismount and prepare to fight on foot, not thinking that the 3d Mass. would retreat without ordering me out to fall back with them; but they did, and the first thing I knew, Johnnie had the bridge, and Co. K was cut off. There was no time to be lost. I ordered the men to mount, gave the command "fours right," and at the head of the company I jumped into the stream, swam and waded across and started on a gallop for the regiment. The rebs. saw the movement and started on a gallop to cut us off, coming out in sight of the regiment about three fourths of a mile away, we going for dear life and Johnnie the same, trying to cut us off. Healy saw us and ordered Capt. Gannon to charge them up and he did, just in time to check them, and we slipped in by the skin of our teeth without losing a man in the skirmish; but it was a close call for all hands. I send you a diagram of this affair as I recollect it, and I assure you it was impressed on my mind

very clearly. You will recollect the place, no doubt, from the sketch I enclose.

Additional facts. May 17, Battle of Moreauville, at the Burning Bridge :

When it was ascertained that the enemy was in force in our rear, on the 17th, Companies B and F under command of Lieutenants Newhall and Beckford respectively, were ordered to remain on the north or west side of the bayou, holding a position on the top of a bluff, and to keep the enemy back while the rest of the troops crossed the bridge and got into position. The orders were that when the bridge was well on fire, a signal would be given and then we were to cross. These orders were carried out. The enemy showed in force, but these two gallant little companies kept up a sharp fire, leading the rebs. to think that we still had a large force on that side of the bayou. By reason of the high bank at that place, they could not see the bayou. When the bridge was well blazing, we were ordered across. We withdrew a part of the men at a time and before the rebs. knew what we were up to, we were safely across, Lieutenants Beckford and Newhall bringing up the rear. We formed line, our right resting on road facing rear. In meantime the enemy had appeared across the bayou, and all along the bluff, yelling as only Johnnies could yell. Finding the bridge gone they moved a large force around the bayou to our left. The bayou here was almost in the shape of a horseshoe and our line, after the crossing just made, was formed about across the centre inside. Our orders were to hold this position until relieved or ordered back. The enemy opened on us with a battery from the bluff, but fortunately fired over our heads. We soon saw that the rebs. had crossed the bayou on our left, and were coming up in our rear. Just at this time Lieutenant Beckford received a bad wound in the shoulder and was taken to the rear. Lieutenant Haskins, "Jud," had just told his men, Company A, to "sock it to 'em" when he caught a hot one in the side and had also to be taken from the field. About this time, without consulting the almanac, things began to look serious. We were getting short of ammunition, the rebs. were slowly working around our left. On looking off towards our right, Lieu-

tenant Newell was seen charging a lot of rebs. Lieutenant Newhall told his men that if they had to surrender, to be sure first to break their carbines and throw the chambers of their revolvers away; but Capt. Healey, who was in command of the regiment, was soon seen riding up from the rear (or really back from the front), with orders to fall back as all had been made safe and they were ready to receive the enemy; so facing about, we charged through the rebs. who had come on our left, and giving them a rattling revolver fire, we were soon safe behind one of our batteries of sixteen guns, which was placed behind a hedge, and gave the rebs. a warm reception when they came up. That checked them for that day. Had they at the first known our weakness they might have gobbled our little force in spite of its bold front. It was the hottest little fight of the campaign.

The following from Corporal W. G. Hodgdon of Farmington, dated November 21, 1889, was in ready response to the first circular issued, giving also, as that called for, names of comrades and parties interested. Lieut. D. B. Newhall speaks of his right flank being protected by the nature of the ground, and that Lieutenant Newell with his detachment was, on the 17th, watching the fight for some distance up the bayou. Lieutenant Newell joined the main force at retreat on the Simsport road.

Corporal Hodgdon says :

While on the Red River retreat on May 17, 1864, the 4th cavalry brigade covering said retreat with the Eighth regiment on the extreme right and Company I being on the right of the regiment; eight members of that company found themselves in a road running alongside of the bayou. After reaching Moreauville in the afternoon, the army took a left backward wheel and went off on a road by the right flank towards Yellow Bayou. Our extreme right knew nothing of this movement made by the main line deployed in the field, being very hard pressed by the enemy, until we saw the rebels moving in column on the road over which our army had just passed. Our small squad marched on a third of

a mile when suddenly we were brought to a realizing sense of our condition by receiving a volley directly in our rear, that detachment of the Johnnies having been hidden by a bend of the bayou.

Having more than we could handle in front, Lieut. Newell gave commands, "Dismount, down the fence, mount, forward, trot, gallop," which resulted in a clean run across the fields, followed by a swarm of rebel bees that we wished to have no business with just then. Guided by the sound of the artillery firing by both sides, we made a rush of about eight miles through fields and woods, at last coming out in an open field over which our own regiment had been fighting, as was evidenced by coming across a dying comrade of Company G, whom we were obliged to leave, owing to the closeness of the rebels. When we came in sight of our folks, the firing had nearly ceased, but the distance between us was so great that they could not recognize us, and several pieces of artillery were leveled at us, but, fortunately for us, Capt. Landers just then rode up to the battery and told them that he had a lieutenant and eight men out somewhere and he would ride forward and ascertain our character. He came out far enough to make out his old companions, and waved his handkerchief to the battery, we rode on, feeling better in mind and body than we had for one hour, at least. As we passed near the battery our attention was called to the sad sight of fifteen of our boys who had been killed; among them was John T. Boyd, of Company I, whom I had, a few minutes before we were cut off, assisted on to another comrade's horse to be carried off the field.

More of May 17 :

Lieutenant Newhall reports that at the burning of the bridge, three companies were there, viz., A, B, and F. Also that Adjutant Prescott and the rest were on the right. Adjutant Prescott says that they fought the rebels well till almost out of ammunition. Still held on and resisted a charge in front. Charged up the road again driving the enemy. All the above was the work of the *Second New Hampshire Cavalry alone*. In the action a bullet struck Prescott's sabre scabbard and another grazed his leg.

On Yellow Bayou. Prescott says :

At ten A. M. on May 18, the rebels commenced firing on our pickets, driving them in. About 5,000 infantry and a force of artillery now came (back) over the pontoon bridge, marched past our position and were soon engaged with the enemy about a mile to the front (or rear). Our regiment was in line awaiting orders to advance, but did not receive such until 2 P. M., when it moved up to the front and formed on the left of the infantry in readiness to charge through the woods within which the rebels were posted. The artillery and infantry had driven the enemy back on the right, but later they charged on our left with the evident intention of turning it, but when they were within about forty yards of our line the regiment charged with revolvers, the infantry also charging, which quickly put the enemy to flight, driving them through the woods to the field beyond. This ended the fighting for the day, and at 9 P. M. we fell back to the camp ground of the night previous. Our loss was one killed, eleven wounded, and one missing.

SIMSPORT, May 18, 1864.

*Brigadier-General Emory, Commanding Nineteenth Army Corps:*

GENERAL, — A movement will be made in the morning to turn the right flank of the enemy that was pressing General Smith to-day, by General Arnold's cavalry and General Lawler's corps. The major-general commanding directs that you hold your command in readiness to move to the support of General Smith's command, which will occupy the position on Yellow Bayou, near the one he occupied to-day, in case a demonstration should be made upon him in the morning. He directs that you hold yourself in readiness at an early hour in the morning. This will not interfere with the crossing of the trains.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

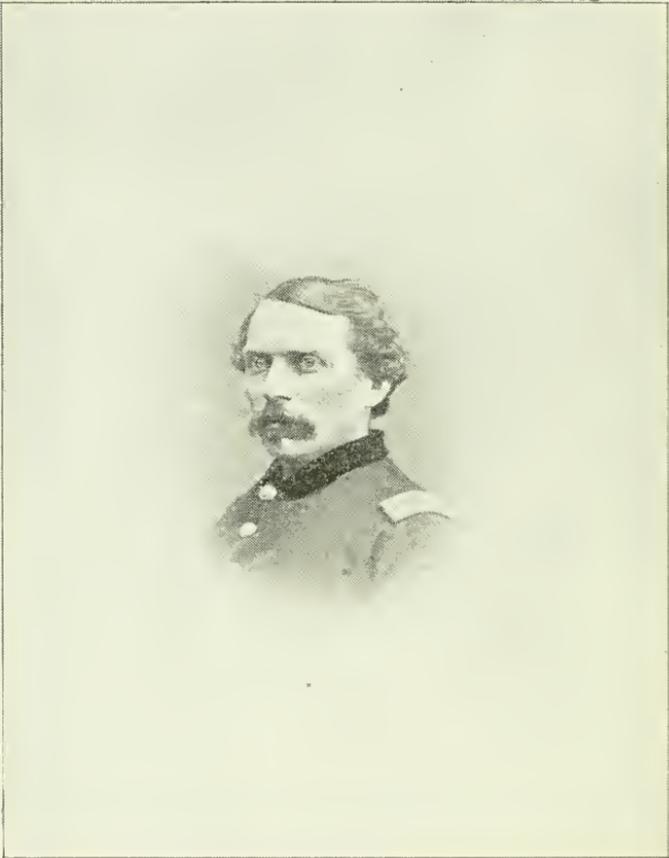
GEO. B. DRAKE,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

SIMSPORT, La., May 18, 1864.

*Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith, Comd'g. Detach. 16th and 17th Army Corps:*

I am directed by the major-general commanding to inform you that a movement will be made in the morning





LT. D. B. NEWHALL, CO. B.

by the cavalry division, supported by General Lawler's corps, to pass beyond the right flank of the enemy to reach the cut-off in his rear. He directs that you order the cavalry in front, immediately upon the receipt of this order, to report to General Arnold to participate in this movement. He also directs that you remain in the position you now occupy, or fall back this side of the bayou, whichever in your judgment, may seem best. You will notify him of the position you adopt. General Emory has been ordered to hold himself in readiness to support you in case of a demonstration in your front.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. B. DRAKE,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Sergt. Chas. A. Emerson, extract from letter :

As trying a spot as I was ever in was during the bridge building when at Yellow Bayou. We were drawn up in line in front of woods full of dismounted rebels. We were under a sharp fire all the time, and soon got an order to charge mounted, into the woods, through a dense cane brake as high as our heads, on horseback. Many of our horses were shot in this charge, this being the second time that I had had my horse shot under me, leaving me on foot and alone. Being left so on the rear guard with a dead horse for transportation is not very agreeable. That day Lieutenant Newhall was wounded in the arm. Ask "Stub" if it was not a hot place.

May 19th, crossed the Atchafalaya, seemed good to have a good-sized river between us and the rebs.

Yellow Bayou. Additional facts :

May 18, 1864. While quietly resting for the first time for many days on the banks of the Yellow Bayou and thinking that at last the rebels were going to let us alone, sharp firing was heard on the picket line held by Gen. Mower's command of A. J. Smith's forces. Most of the troops were over, yet reinforcements were hurried back. Gen. Smith on his black pacer flew over the field, with his staff vainly trying to keep up, heavier firing, and "boots and saddles" sounded, and soon ours, the Fourth Brigade, was in line. Aids shot out in all directions and it looked

like another fight. We were soon ordered to move up to a piece of woods on left of infantry. Minie-balls were zipping in fast; evidently the woods were full of 'em. In a short time we had orders to charge into the woods, using our revolvers, as handling sabres was out of the question. This was to us a novel way of fighting, but the boys rather liked it and went in with a vim that soon sent the enemy back at double quick. We followed them some distance capturing many prisoners. Lieut. Newhall was severely wounded by a shot. Lieut. Peterson took his place. The charge of the Fourth Brigade was just in season to prevent the enemy from turning our left flank as they were massing their forces for that purpose. There were about 5,000 rebs. in that fight under Gen. Polignac, one of their best fighters. This ended the fighting for that campaign. Gen. Dick Taylor says that they had been at it for several days.

Confederate. E. Cunningham to his uncle at Lynchburg, Va. :

SHREVEPORT, La., June 27, 1864.

The Yankees left Alexandria about May 13, after burning two thirds of the town. Whether it was their intention to burn the whole place, or only some of the public buildings, warehouses, etc., does not clearly appear. My opinion is they did not intend total destruction. The wind was very high and the fire could not be managed. A considerable quantity of stores were destroyed. The gunboats took off some of their armor to lighten them, and ten or twelve heavy guns were burst on the river bank. General Taylor fought them at Moreauville three or four hours and then drew off his force which was between them and Simsport. Following up their retreat he received a severe repulse at Yellow Bayou, six miles from Simsport, from some new troops brought from the Texas coast.

The following in regard to May 18, is of interest to Second New Hampshire. From part 311, Gen. A. J. Smith's report :

We reached the vicinity of Simsport on the 16th, skirmishing with the pursuing cavalry. Our boats being there, a bridge was made of them across the Atchafalaya, and on

the 17th, 18th, and 19th the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps and the cavalry crossed the bayou.

On the 18th of May, while lying in line protecting the crossing of the other corps, the enemy made a severe attack on the lines, driving in the skirmishers. I was at the time at the landing, but had left orders with General Mower, in case the enemy attacked, to use whatever force was necessary to drive them back. He therefore ordered the line forward, driving them easily for about two miles across an open field and through a briar thicket, thickly interspersed with dead trees on the other side, beyond which he found them drawn up in force far outnumbering his, with about twenty pieces of artillery posted to support them. Withdrawing to the edge of the first field General Mower formed line, concealed by the thicket, and bringing his artillery up to a close range awaited their advance. They soon came, when, after giving them a few rounds of canister and case-shot, he ordered a charge with the bayonet, repulsing them with terrible slaughter and driving them again through the thicket into the field beyond under protection of their artillery.

Withdrawing to his old position near the thicket they charged him again, and were a second time driven back with severe loss. The firing during the second charge set the thicket on fire, so that it formed a barrier impassable for either party. Withdrawing his troops to the open field, General Mower sent those that had been the heaviest engaged to their camps and formed a new line with the remainder, who bivouacked in line during the night.

This fight virtually closed the campaign. Before being relieved from command, General Taylor gave up his idea of a campaign towards New Orleans, and ordered all of his infantry back to the vicinity of Alexandria, there to rest and prepare for future operations.

In regard to Gen. A. J. Smith's independent command, General Banks in his report (I, 217) says, "He never declined coöperation with me, nor did he receive orders from me. He made no official reports of his forces or their operations." Mr. Flinn in his interesting book quotes the above, probably getting it from the official records in

Washington as they were not then published; at least not volume 34, part 1. But on *Sept. 26, 1865*, the energetic old warrior *did* make a report to General Sherman, and said report was delayed to the above date at the personal request of General Sherman, and the veterans can weigh the evidence and decide why such a delay occurred.

In part 1, 307, General Smith's report says on April 8, "By permission of General Banks I moved forward to Pleasant Hill." Part 1, 309, he says, "I received orders from General Banks to move from Pleasant Hill on the 10th of April at 2 o'clock A. M. The order was peremptory. I moved at the designated hour."

Canby to Halleck, May 18, 1864:

The troops from Red river arrived at Simsport yesterday, will reach Morganzia to-day. This army is in better condition than I supposed from the accounts that had reached me, and will soon be ready for offensive operations.

The above is a very important report of Banks' much maligned forces.

Field Order, No 45.

SIMSPORT, La., May 18, 1864.

The crossing of the troops to the east side of the Atchafalaya will commence at once, and continue day and night until completed. The *Fourth Brigade* of the Cavalry Division will remain on the west bank until all of the troops shall have crossed. Brig.-Gen. Arnold, chief of cavalry, will notify Col. Davis when to cross. Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith will report to Gen. E. R. S. Canby commanding division of West Mississippi.

Near Simsport, May 18, 1864, General Arnold to Maj. G. B. Drake, A. A. G. (3, 647):

I have been unable to withdraw the Fourth Brigade of my command as ordered by the chief of staff last night, on account of a question of command. Gen. Smith refused to permit the brigade to move to this side of Yellow Bayou through his lines. To-day I received information of a

copy of an order to Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith, directing that Col. Davis' command, the Fourth Brigade, be withdrawn to this side of Yellow Bayou, but I understand that compliance with the order has been withheld. Col. Davis is yet across the bayou in *front of the infantry*. *His command has suffered severely and has urgent need of recuperation. I respectfully request that it be retired to camp inside of the infantry.*

## HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY DIVISION,

DEPT. OF THE GULF.

*Maj. G. B. Drake, Asst. Adj.-Gen.:*

I have the honor to submit below a copy of letter from Col. Davis, commanding Fourth Brigade, Cavalry Division, in addition to the application which I have just made, that the command be retired for rest: "I respectfully request that my command be relieved from duty and allowed to return to camp for the following reasons: *For five days and nights my men have been almost constantly in the saddle, and during that time the horses have had but one ration of forage. Since daylight this morning we have been in the saddle and engaging the enemy and both men and horses are exhausted and actually suffering.*"

Respectfully,

R. ARNOLD,

*Brig.-Gen.*

Adjutant Prescott's diary:

That night, the 18th, we completed our work and lay down at 12 o'clock, hoping for a night of sleep, but at 1 A. M., on the 19th, "Boots and saddles" sounded, and again in the saddle we were soon moving down the bank of the Atchafalaya river, a distance of about three miles, to be in readiness for crossing, which we did at daylight on a bridge which was the result of the genius and skill of the officer who saved the ironclads at Alexandria, viz., Lieut.-Col. Bailey of the 4th Wisconsin. Said bridge was of steamboats lashed together, with plank floors laid between them, some twenty boats being used for the purpose. We went into camp on the east side. Most of the army was now across, and the rebel pursuit was substantially at an end.

There was no fighting on this day — the first one free from it for nearly two months, and we were glad to be free from the sound and touch of the deadly bullet. On Friday, May 20, the balance of the army crossed, and the bridge was broken up. Our forces moved back some distance into the woods to be out of range of the enemy's artillery, and preparations were made to continue the march. At sunset, we commenced again our retreat, our brigade being on the flank some distance from the road — we were in the saddle all night, the main column moving slowly on account of the bad roads. Arrived at Morganzia on the 22d.

By Lieut. J. J. Nolan, letter extract :

The tragic and pathetic combined at Yellow Bayou on May 18. It was when we were nearly surrounded, our right, Co. K, resting on the bayou, rebels pouring in a deadly fire across it, our retreat cut off from the corduroy road, comrades falling all around. There and then I saw a woman with a babe in her arms, leading another about two years old, and still another about four years old following, and an old decrepit gray-haired man trying to keep up with them on the bank of the bayou between the two fires, the woman screaming, "save my children," while we and the rebels were constantly pegging away at each other. I stopped long enough to tell her to sit down close under the bank and she couldn't be hurt. Just then we got the command to fall back, form, and cut our way out through the rebels, which we did in good shape. Just then I found Michael Beggs of my company by the side of the road, crying over his horse. I asked him what the matter was. He pointed to his "poney," as he called him, and said that his pet "got shot in the charge, and he carried me to here (about two miles), and jest dropped dead under me."

Official (1, 446). Itinerary of cavalry division, abstract :

April 29th, 30th. Skirmishing along the lines held by the 3d and 4th brigades (2d N. H. in 4th). Continual skirmishing until May 13th.

May 14th. Army was moving down Red river — the First Brigade of Cavalry in advance.

15th. The march continued on the Marksville road. The rebels were posted at the entrance to Avoyelles Prairie with ten pieces of artillery, but were driven back by 1st and 3d brigades of cavalry through the village of Marksville. They next were found in line of battle near Mansura. The infantry engaged them, but were forced to retire.

16th. Gen. Arnold was ordered to the rear where the 4th and 5th brigades were stationed. Rebels opened with artillery on 5th brigade near Marksville, but soon retired toward Cheneyville.

17th. The rebels attacked the 4th Brigade near Moreauville, and heavy skirmishing continued throughout the day, in which the 4th and 5th lost many men. They encamped near Yellow bayou.

18th. The rebels threatened the rear guard, when Gen. A. J. Smith with detachments of 16th and 17th Army Corps and the Fourth Cavalry Brigade moved out to meet them. A desperate fight ensued in which the rebels were defeated, the cavalry behaving with great gallantry and losing heavily.

19th. The trains crossed the Atchafalaya.

24th. The 3d and 4th Brigades and Battery F, First U. S. Artillery, were assigned to the 19th A. C. as cavalry forces 19th A. C., Col. E. J. Davis, 1st Texas Cavalry, commanding.

26th. Gen. Arnold, with the 1st and 5th brigades and Battery G, went to Donaldsonville.

Captain Prescott's diary :

On May 21st, we halted at a landing on Red river near Williamsport, and the troops of the 16th and 17th Corps embarked on transports for Vicksburg. Resumed march till 9 P. M. At 2 A. M., 22d, again en route, and at daylight went into camp at Morganzia. Here the time was mostly employed in scouting up and down the Atchafalaya and Mississippi rivers. On the 10th of June we turned over our horses to the proper authorities in obedience to orders from headquarters, preparatory for the veteran furlough long delayed, to which all the men who had re-enlisted were entitled, and the career of the 2d N. H. Cavalry was at an end. This also terminated the Red

River campaign, so far as the regiment was concerned. On the 14th, all the troops rendezvoused at Morganzia were reviewed by Major-General Sickles, some 15,000 men being in column, and on the 15th, the 8th regiment was relieved from duty by order of the department commander, and directed to turn over all arms and equipment, and proceed to New Orleans for furlough. Gen. Emory, commanding at Morganzia, in whose division the regiment had long served, paid it a high compliment in promulgating the order, and Col. Davis, who had been in command of our brigade during the latter part of the campaign, issued a general order on the same day, in parting with the regiment, complimentary of its valor, courage, and soldierly bearing. Col. Chrysler, who commanded the brigade in which we served for a time, sent a letter to Col. Flanders, bidding good-bye to the regiment, and praising the organization in highest terms.

The following commendation of our regiment was embodied in the farewell order of Gen. E. J. Davis, commanding cavalry forces, Nineteenth Army Corps :

Frequently not only the success but the safety of the entire command has been owing to the dauntless bravery and steady bearing of the Second New Hampshire Cavalry.

On the 16th, we went on board transports, and at two o'clock started for New Orleans, passing during the afternoon Port Hudson, where so many of our comrades had filled Southern graves, and later Baton Rouge, where we had passed some time more pleasantly. Early on the 17th of June, we arrived in the city, but were ordered to Carrollton, a few miles up the river, where we landed later in the day, and went into camp a short distance back of the village on the shell road. Three and a half months had elapsed since the regiment, buoyant with hope and courage, had marched from a point on the other bank of the river opposite the one to which it had now returned, to enter upon a campaign which promised glory, and good results to the country, but which, unfortunately, had ended in disaster and defeat—a campaign the most arduous, toilsome, and exhausting in which the regiment had ever participated; one of ceaseless marches, constant

watchfulness by day and by night, and daily exposure to the enemy's fire and harassing attacks; one of suffering from hunger and thirst, from exposure to the elements, without blankets, tents, or sufficient clothing, and under the depressing, demoralizing influence, much of the time, which a long retreat always brings; a campaign of such exacting and constant service that, of the seven hundred horses with which the regiment started out, not two hundred of the original animals were returned; with casualties occurring almost every day and aggregating about one fourth of its force; yet, under these adverse conditions, maintaining such heroic bearing, such unyielding purpose and unflinching courage, that it received the commendations of three commanding generals expressed in general orders. No New Hampshire regiment was put to a severer test of true courage and heroism; none made a better or more enviable record under adverse and demoralizing influences.

Confederate. Taylor to Kirby Smith (1, 547), June 5, 1864:

In truth the campaign, as a whole, has been a *hideous failure*. The fruits of Mansfield have been turned to *dust and ashes*. Louisiana, from Natchitoches to the Gulf, is a *howling wilderness*, and her people *are starving*. Arkansas is probably as great a sufferer. *Abolition is rampant*. The remains of Banks' army have gone to Grant or Sherman.

June 11, 1864. Smith to president C. S. A. (1, 541):

I have relieved Gen. Taylor from command until the pleasure of your Excellency can be known.

Bragg to Lee, July 22, 1864 (1, 548):

President orders Lieut.-Gen. Taylor and the infantry of his corps to cross the Mississippi. He will then assume command of that Department.

The following letter (1, 550) was captured in transit, and forwarded to the war department, U. S. A. It is regarded by Union authority as highly important as a

criticism by Lieut. E. Cunningham, aide-de-camp and chief of artillery, C. S. A., extract :

JUNE 27, 1864.

MY DEAR UNCLE (R. H. C., Lynchburg, Va.): As I should hate for the enemy to get this document, I await a safe opportunity to send it by "Dr. Tom." The circumstances under which Gen. Taylor was "relieved" it is not my business to tell. I write not in a partisan spirit—don't believe all you hear. *General Taylor is a very bad man.* I speak what I have known more than twelve months.

Several pages are full of the accounts of the first movements of Banks' and Sherman's forces, their first reliable news, he says, coming from *Northern* newspapers; also, of their means and movements of offense and defense in and about Shreveport, Jefferson, and Marshall, the last a vital point on account of work-shops, etc. He, Cunningham, comes down to the eighth of April when, he says :

At 4 P. M., General Mouton, *without the order or knowledge of General Taylor*, attacked and repulsed the Thirteenth Army Corps and cavalry division, and drove them till dark. Churchill and Parsons came up; fought all the day of the ninth. At night Churchill's, Parson's, and most of Walker's command *were in confusion*. The enemy retreated during the night. Our cavalry, having done nothing, pursued them; our infantry was taken back to Mansfield for organization, rest, and supplies. General Taylor asserts that had he been allowed to follow up his victory, Banks and Porter would have been annihilated; *yet we had failed to whip three fourths of their force in open fight*, and we could not then haul supplies to Pleasant Hill, a distance of sixty-five miles.

Taylor with the cavalry and Polignac's division followed Banks. Parsons, Churchill, and Walker went for Steele, also with an eye on Banks. It was impossible for us to pursue Banks immediately after the ninth of April, for we did not have transportation, and, too, we *had been beaten, demoralized, paralyzed, in the fight of that day*. Could we, in a week's time, weakened by the loss of twenty-five hundred men and demoralized by defeat, beat the enemy entrenched at Natchitoches with a force superior to ours as

seven to four? Banks was going to the protection of his gunboats, and Steele was two hundred miles from Helena, his permanent base of supplies, so Kirby Smith was right in his campaigning and in going in pursuit of Steele.

Gen. A. J. Smith's report to Gen. W. T. Sherman on Red River expedition, September 26, 1862, extract (part 1, 312):

The results of the expedition may be summed up as follows: I captured with my command 22 pieces of artillery, 1,757 prisoners, and Fort de Russy, with a strong casemated battery, which the gunboats would not have been able to pass. My loss was 153 killed, 849 wounded, and 133 missing—total, 1,135; also, one 6-mule wagon. My entire command numbered originally 9,200.

Official. Gen. Ed. R. S. Canby, cool and important (4, 17):

The failure of the Red River expedition was fixed when that army returned to Grand Ecore. Whether it could have been successfully prosecuted after the battle of April 9, is questionable. In my judgment it could *not* have been, and the return of the army from Alexandria, after the safety of the gunboats had been secured, was *necessary*. No new expedition by the line of the Red River should be undertaken. Its navigation has always been treacherous and unreliable, and even when good the character of its banks is such that gunboats can be of but little service in keeping it open. It would require a force equal to the operating army to keep open its communications.

Any combinations having this river as one of its elements will, in six cases out of ten, result in disaster. The Washita is a better route, but liable to many of the same objections. Shreveport can be reached by land from several points on the Mississippi, by a shorter line than that by which the army marched from Alexandria; and an army operating by this line will possess the great advantages of having its actual base on the Mississippi and its flanks mainly secured by the Red and Washita rivers, and that of covering by its movements the line of the Arkansas and the frontiers of Missouri. My opinion with

regard to these rivers was formed ten years ago, and was the result of an official examination made with reference to military operations on an infinitely smaller scale than those now contemplated. The character of the rivers has not changed since then, and the reasons why they should not be relied on now are materially the same, but of magnified importance.

Chaplain's diary :

New Orleans, June 3d. I go to the hospital to see the sick and wounded. The chaplain at the St. James Marine Hospital is ill, and asks to be relieved. Have twenty-five letters to answer in reply to enquiries in regard to our soldiers.

June 17th. I go to the hospital to-morrow as post chaplain, to-day to the regiment. The men are glad to see me ; hope they will be furloughed soon.

#### TROOPS IN DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

June 30, 1864, partial extract. Official (4, 614) :

Fourth Brigade,	Col. Morgan H. Chrysler, Comd'g.
2d N. Y. Veteran,	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Gurney.
4th Wisconsin,	Lieut.-Col. W. P. Mook.

Official Note.

The 6th Mass. and 2d N. H., dismounted and detached for veteran furlough.

Lieut. J. J. Nolan comes to the front and tells of Comrade Patrick Shea and Lieut. Lawrence Foley :

I suppose that every regiment or company has one or more odd and interesting characters in them. Our Company K had one in the person of Patrick Shea. This same Shea is no stranger in this book. I have had occasion to mention him before. It was impossible to keep him with the company on the march. Finally Capt. Healy detailed two men each morning to keep Pat with the company, but all to no avail ; Pat would get away, nobody knew where or how : but if the regiment got into a fight, Pat was seen to turn up hollering like an Indian, " Give it to 'um boys, give it to the sons o' Bedlam."

One morning on the Red River expedition, Capt. Healy put him under guard. We were in cavalry then, and on advance guard, and as we were marching along about 1 P. M., who should we see but my brave Pat Shea away ahead of us perched on the square top of one of the large gate posts at the entrance of a large plantation, with about seven hundred negroes about him. He had obtained a wide strip of white cloth, and having folded it in a ministerial manner about his neck, he was delivering a sermon to the credulous negroes. We were too close on to him for him to finish his discourse, so he shut off preaching and, descending from his pulpit, went around with his hat taking a collection. He was a gallant soldier and got severely wounded in the shoulder in a subsequent fight.

I will have to be excused here if I tell you a story about Col. Fearing and Lieut. Lawrence Foley of Co. C. I am afraid it might be left out, and it is too good for such a fate. It happened when the regiment was at Camp Parapet in the fall of 1864. Col. Fearing was in New Orleans; the regiment was on furlough. Up at the camp one evening, Lieut. Foley got on to his pony and made up his mind to run the "nigger guard." (The nigger Col. comd'g at the camp wouldn't allow the 8th any privileges.) After it got pretty dark, Foley started for the guard on a trot, and when he got quite near hollered out, "Never mind turning out the guard" and went through to New Orleans. After putting up his pony, the first man that he met at corner of Canal and St. Charles, was Col. F. (Foley, you recollect, has a little impediment in his speech), when the following dialogue ensued: "Good evening lieutenant," said Col. Fearing. "Gu-good evening colonel." "Nice evening," said colonel. "Ye-yes it is, colonel," replied Larry. "When did you come down, lieutenant?" asked the colonel. "Ju-just come down, sir," said Foley. "I suppose that you have a pass," intimated the colonel. "Ye-yes sir," said Larry. "Who came down with you?" was the colonel's next question. "N-no one but the t-two of us, sir." "What two?" said the colonel. "M-me and the pony, sir," replied Foley. "You haven't had your supper yet, lieutenant. Come," said the colonel, "and have supper with me," and so Larry did.

Corporal J. F. Chandler, on the march from Alexandria. Letter extract :

I had hard luck in getting another good horse. Just before we reached the junction of the Red river with the Mississippi, I was riding an old white horse which proved to be the slowest one in the company. Lieut. Jim Miles told me to shoot him and go in the infantry lines until I could get another, so I tramped with the 13th corps a few hours, Gen. Lawler commanding, with my eye out for forage. I saw a wild bird out on the Mississippi at long range. I took a shot or two and was just about to fire again, when a young staff officer rode up and in a very insolent and arbitrary way, ordered me under arrest as shooting was not allowed by their men. I probably replied to him with considerable spiced language and told him that was what I was out there for, and if he had been where I had come from, a shot or two would not make him so nervous. He told a little Dutch captain to take charge of me, and as this was nearly dark, he agreed to give me a benefit the next day of "turning the cart wheel" for my prompt manner and elegant language. This punishment was to tie the wrists to a spoke of a wagon wheel as far distant from the hub as the degree of crime would warrant. The nearer the outside the more the victim would have to bend his body to follow the motion of the cart. As I did not want any of that camel gait in my dish, I kept up a lively conversation with my Dutch friend to avoid suspicion. We camped at dark for lunch and to make coffee. Dutchy got out his pipe for a smoke, and sprawled out by the fire. I asked permission to go with a guard down to the bank of the river to wash. I then turned my blouse so the big yellow chevrons could not be seen, put it on again and got mixed with others and moved forward as fast as possible to the front. Walked about a mile and stopped at a corn crib to get in some sleep, as I knew the cavalry would awake me for the corn when it came along. Soon the 13th commenced the march again and I had to hide. When the head of column was opposite me I could just make out a horse tied to the rear of an ambulance; the owner was probably in there asleep. I followed on until we got to a piece of wood and quite dark; then I went into the road, untied

the led horse and ran him into the woods. I then camped and at daybreak started to join my company, which I found in about one hour. I got my horse branded U. S. and he lasted me until we got to Morganzia Bend.

Lieutenant Nolan's letter :

After we had crossed the Yellow Bayou, our brigade made a four days' raid for some object not knowable to the ordinary horse bumper ; we had little fighting and all riding till tired out. Finally one morning about two, we came to a halt. I hitched my horse to my leg like the rest and went to sleep. When I awoke the sun was shining brightly, but I had no horse, nor was there a human being in sight. I examined the ground and saw what direction the brigade took and started after them on foot. Soon, luckily, close by the road, I espied an old condemned horse marked C. S. Taking off my cross belt, I hitched it in his mouth and started bareback after the regiment. In about three hours I caught up with the rear guard and told my story to the colonel of the Sixth Michigan. He told a captain to give me one of the spare horses that one of the cooks was leading. When the brigade stopped for dinner, I turned over the horse and walked up to our regiment and reported to Maj. Connelly. The boys were all delighted to see me for they thought that I was a prisoner. Major Connelly reported my story to Gen. Davis who, before starting, ordered the men on line and told me to see if I could find my horse. I found him in the first regiment I came to, and that was the 3d Mass. It was only a few minutes after reporting me to Gen. Davis that Major Connelly was disabled by being badly kicked by a horse.

The following extracts (3, 835) show the designs of the Confederate authorities, especially in regard to our Port Hudson paroled men :

HEADQUARTERS SHELBY'S BRIGADE,  
DOVER, Ark., May 19, 1864.

*Col. S. D. Jackman, Commanding Recruits :*

COLONEL, — You will collect together all squads of men who may be operating in the section of country in which you may be operating, and cause them to enter the regu-

lar service; therefore you must make every exertion in your power to bring these men into the service. All men who are on the north side of the Arkansas river and have been paroled, and claim to be Vicksburg and Port Hudson prisoners, must be arrested and put in companies. All men between the ages of sixteen and fifty who will not voluntarily enter the service must be conscripted and put into a company. You will remain in the section of country you now hold as long as you may deem necessary to enlist and conscript every man between the ages of sixteen and fifty years. You will require your officers to make every exertion to arrest and place in the service all men. When men have been notified by yourself or officers to report to your command for the purpose of enlisting, and fail to comply you will use all the force in your power, and when necessary shoot them down. The major-general commanding the district positively orders that every man in his district be immediately put into the service and in an organized state.

By command of BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHELBY.

W. H. FERRELL,

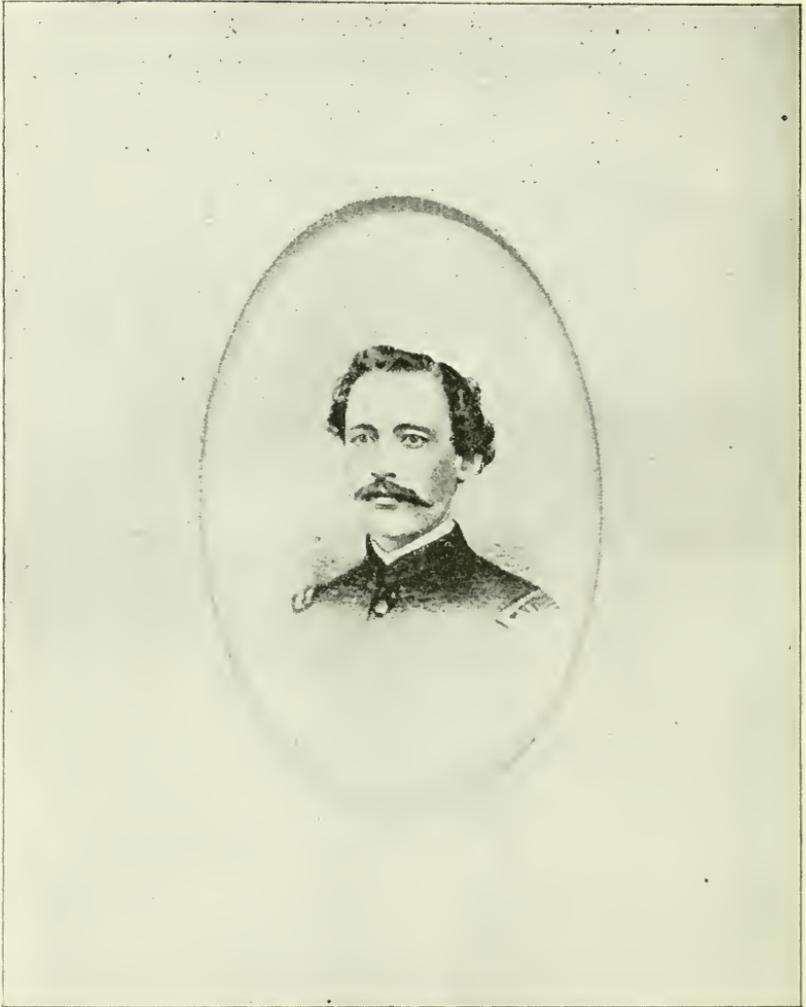
*First Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*

State of New Hampshire, Adjutant-General's Report, 1866. Extract from report of James H. Marshall, first lieutenant and adjutant of Eighth New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry :

The loss of the regiment in the whole Red River campaign was 96 killed, wounded and missing.

From New Orleans, proceeding on veteran furlough, the re-enlisted men were sent up the Mississippi, starting on the 11th of July, 1864, and arriving in Concord, N. H., on the 23d, when they met with a hearty and warm reception. At the expiration of thirty days, they left the North for Louisiana on the 29th of August, and on their arrival at Camp Parapet where their comrades were stationed, they were ordered to Natchez, Miss., where they remained during the fall doing garrison and picket duty. A long picket line was kept up, but pleasant weather made the duty agreeable. Colonel Fearing meanwhile was on duty as chief of staff at General Brayman's headquarters, and Capt. Thomas C. Prescott was





CAPT. THOS. C. PRESCOTT, CO. G.

detached as acting assistant adjutant-general of the district of Natchez.

PERSONAL.—Thomas C. Prescott was born in Strafford, N. H., November 16, 1837, and the first eighteen years of his life were mostly passed on the farm where his childhood began. His education, after attending the common school of his neighborhood, was received at Pittsfield, N. H., academy, and the New London Institute. In 1857, he went to Wisconsin, and was engaged in teaching school, returning to New Hampshire in the fall of 1860. When, in 1861, it became apparent that the country would be involved in a bloody and protracted war to preserve the Union, Mr. Prescott saw his duty plain to assist in the struggle, and on the 30th day of October, of that year, he enlisted in Company G, of the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment, going into camp with his company soon after. He soon mastered the drill, and was made a sergeant on the organization of the company. On Ship Island he was offered a clerkship at General Butler's headquarters, but declined it for the reason that he desired to be an active and efficient soldier. On the 2d day of November, 1862, he was appointed sergeant-major by Colonel Fearing, serving in that position, and often performing the duties of adjutant in the absence of that officer, until April 26, 1863, when he was put on duty as second lieutenant of Company G, by order of Colonel Fearing to fill the second vacancy occurring in that company, and received his commission soon after, dated April 14, 1863, one day after the battle of Camp Bisland.

He was constantly with his company up to June 14, at Port Hudson, when he received at 6 A. M. a severe gun shot wound in the left shoulder and breast while in command of the company in that memorable charge, Captain Huse being sick and Lieutenant Locke having been disabled early in the assault. He succeeded in crawling to

the rear late at night, and two days later was taken to hospital in New Orleans, where he lay nearly three months. He could not return to the regiment until November, and then went on duty, although at that time and for a year later he could not use his left hand.

He was promoted to first lieutenant, December 16, 1863; to adjutant, April 1, 1864, in which position he served during the Red River campaign, and to captain of Company H, his commission dating May 25, 1864. Early in the fall following, he was appointed acting assistant adjutant-general on the staff of Gen. M. Brayman commanding the post and defenses of Natchez, which position he held until ordered home with the regiment to be mustered out of service.

On returning home he at once went West and settled in Iowa, engaging in mercantile business in the town of Durant. In 1876, he was elected clerk of the courts for Cedar county, which position he held four years, retiring then to give the place to a crippled comrade. He again engaged in trade, also in the banking business at Tipton, Iowa, and in 1885, having sold his interests in eastern Iowa, he removed to Sioux City, where he now resides, engaged quite extensively in real estate business.

On October 27, 1868, he married Miss Jennie A. Washburn, who still is living. His family now (1891) consists of himself, wife, and two children.

PERSONAL.—John H. Prescott, brother of T. C. Prescott, was born in Strafford, N. H., November 4, 1840, and was reared to farm work. He received the limited advantages afforded by the common school, and later took an educational course at New Hampton, N. H. He enlisted as a private in Company G of the Eighth Regiment in November, 1861, and shared in all the privations and successes of the regiment during more than three years of service. He received promotions several times as a non-commissioned



LIEUT. JOHN H. PRESCOTT, CO. G.



officer, and on December 16, 1863, was commissioned second lieutenant of his company. Was promoted to first lieutenant, April 1, 1864, and on the 20th day of September, 1864, was commissioned captain of Company G, in which capacity he served until the regiment was mustered out January 18, 1865.

In April following, he settled in Durant, Iowa, where he engaged in farming, and in 1867, married Miss Roxy O. Pingrey; moving West two years later, he located in Shelby county, Iowa, where he resided until 1881, being occupied with farming and stock raising, and at that time moved to the Red River valley, Minnesota, engaging extensively with his brother in grain raising. He died on Christmas morning, 1887, after a brief but severe illness from pneumonia.

Captain Prescott was a faithful soldier, a good citizen, and held offices of trust in the several localities where he resided. He made many friends in Iowa, and his sudden death was greatly deplored by all who knew him.

Letter from "Index":

CAMP PARAPET, La., Sept. 9, 1864.

We left Concord on August 29th with 52 recruits from the draft camp in the rear car under guard. Thirty-one "left" in the night, so when we reached Allyn's Point, government was out \$34,000.

On the "Continental," we reached New Orleans on Sept. 6; found the regiment at Carrolton in a bad condition; half of them sick, and the rest half sick. We have now got into a more healthy spot, on the Metaria Ridge, on the right of the northern defenses of New Orleans. Everything quiet and hot. Through a flag of truce, we heard from Capt. King at Tyler, Texas, that he was "enjoying himself making others happy"; so said the rebel officer in charge.

## CHAPTER XVII.

For the Prison, Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas. — Short Rations and hard Marching. — Captain King sick; Guards indulgent. — April 17 at Camp Ford. — A Hole in the Ground. — Letters sent Home. — “Northerners” and hard Rains. — A Chess-board and Hunger. — A Midnight Yell. — Could give Lessons in Music. — Yanks manage to escape. — Got a Cabin; good for Forty-second Massachusetts. — Got a Mess! — Prisoners shot down! — Guards left for Home. — The Dump Cart. — Captain King got out. — Recaptured after Seven Days. — Infamous Prison Order. — Signed Paroles. — October 23, Free! — Bloodhounds. — Some Rations. — Statement before the Congressional Committee. — Dogs. — Punishments. — Forty-eighth Ohio. — That whole Regiment Prisoners. — Gamblers, “Keno,” Shooting. — Report of Confederate Prison Surgeon. — How the Forty-eighth saved their Flag. — Fourth of July in Camp Ford. — The Confederate Pedler. — “Home, Sweet Home” by the Confederate Brigade Band. — The number of Second New Hampshire Prisoners at Camp Ford. — Sergeant Willis Ball, Personal. — At New Orleans, October 25. — At Natchez, November 13. — Regiment doing Provost Duty. — Pay Day! — Chief Bugler Durgin, Personal.

WE must return and follow the fortunes of the prisoners of war captured during the campaign. Fortunately we have the diary of Chief Bugler H. J. Durgin to depend upon, as well as the published accounts of Capt. D. W. King; also the evidence of comrades of the Forty-eighth Ohio. Much of the account is repulsive, but it is history; at least the personal history of a large number of well known comrades of ours, and it belongs in and is an important part of the history of the Eighth Regiment. Its recital in part would be gladly omitted, but truth and fairness to all concerned, demand its publishment; the more,

for one great reason, viz., that it should be shown and emphasized what it cost of suffering to defend the flag. Old soldiers are thoroughly in earnest that the memory of the hours and days when the great cause of humanity was trembling in the balance, shall not be forgotten, and they are not to be deterred from an occasional and properly timed recital. History demands all authentic accounts of life in camp, field, and prison.

At the cavalry charge at noon on the 8th of April, under Major Connelly, the column rode forward in the same formation as they emerged from the woods; that is, by the flank. On arriving at the Bayou Pierre road they spread out, Major Connelly and Chief Bugler Durgin going to the right, and Captain King, who was second in command, to the left. They then under the terrific fire, attacked the rail fence to flatten it, and get at the enemy, but the order for a retreat had been given, and all whose horses had been shot down were taken prisoners. King and Durgin are the only ones from whom have been obtained letters and diaries written at the time. Captain King's account starts *in media res* at the prison pen. From the time that King's horse fell with him at the fence and he himself was struck by a spent ball, till he arrives in Camp Ford, incidents are drawn from Comrade Durgin's diary, which was fully and faithfully kept each day and is thoroughly reliable. Comrade Durgin commences as follows :

April 9th, 1864. A prisoner of war! I can hardly realize it—went to sleep last night supperless, and had it not been for the kindness of Capt. King, also a prisoner, who bought a blanket of the rebels for ten dollars, should have had no covering. At close of this day cooked a coarse corn-cake; marched 23 miles.

Sunday, 10th. Up at daylight—reached Shreveport at 1 P. M. Was put in a brick building with prisoners from the "Clifton," the "Sachem," and the "Morning Star." Had an interesting talk with them.

11th. Spent the day in this filthy, lousy, wretched hole. Found a Union man, a resident, put in here for expressing his opinions.

12th. Changed greenbacks for Confederate notes, one for ten, and spent two dollars for bread. We have half rations of corn bread and beef. Bread one dollar a loaf, sugar two dollars per pound. At 2 P. M. ordered off; marched to "Four mile Springs" en route for Tyler, Texas.

13th. Marched 18 miles to Greenwood—crossed the Texas line.

14th. Capt. King was very sick last night; insane from excessive fatigue, and fever and ague. The officers of the guard were very attentive. He is better today. Passing through Marshall—marched 21 miles.

In a late letter, July 22, 1891, Comrade Durgin says that he induced the rebel guard to let Captain King ride in the only conveyance that they had, viz., a wagon for carrying their cooking utensils; that he was closely watched, and his craziness manifested itself in wild talk; that the rapid imaginings of his fertile brain ran forth in vociferous coruscations of Yank speech that convulsed the guards and didn't reassure his friends much. They vibrated between happiness and "scairtness." After the arrival at the stockade, he disappeared for a day, but was at last found among those good Samaritans, the officers of the Forty-second Massachusetts, prisoners of long experience, who did all they could for him. He soon grew better and was himself again. When, in July, the Forty-second were exchanged, I left the hole in the ground that I had occupied and joined Captain King in the cabin, that they, on leaving, had bequeathed to him.

April 15th. Marched seven hours. A "Norther" sprang up at noon; extremely cold for half an hour.

16th. Reached Sabine river at 4 P. M. Very weary and very hungry.

Sunday, April 17th. Reached Camp Ford at 4 P. M., and joined the rest of the boys, about 1,700 prisoners here.

18th. We are without shelter and cooking utensils and only live by borrowing.

19th. Some have been here 18 months. Worked till midnight digging for a shanty; could not borrow the tools in the daytime.

20th. Worked on our cave shanty of poles, filled in and up with clay.

21st. Same. Sent letters home through flag of truce.

22d. Stormy and a wretched time. Our old shelter tents would be a fortune.

23d. Rain and hail. Was fortunate to find some shelter with Capt. King.

24th. Sunday and fair. An hours' work made our residence habitable for the present. Divine service three times to-day. I attended. It was like an oasis in the desert of life.

25th. Made a checker board and played while terribly hungry.

26th. Our rations for ten days were one pound and a quarter of corn meal, five ounces of ham, about one half pint of beans and perhaps a pint of rye for coffee, and a little salt.

27th. Dressed the cave shanty with a coating of mud.

28th. Exchange agents arrive and we indulge in much hope.

29th. Agents take our names; lively rumors afloat. Attended the daily evening prayer meeting.

30th. One tin baker, one pot and one pail issued to every 16 men.

May 1st. Sunday. Attended all the services and derived great comfort therefrom.

2d. Saw a base ball game played by the officers. Found a copy of "The Prince of the House of David," and a testament; quite treasures in this desolate place.

3d. Body lice are as numerous as the "sands of the seashore," and it is impossible to keep clear of them. I scalded all my clothing, but soon shall have another crop.

Comrade Durgin's experience with those vermin reminds me of something unexplainable, viz.: On the 12th of June, two nights before the attack on Port Hudson, the writer came up the front late, and not finding his

colored helper with the camping outfit, he turned in for sleep under the blanket of a soldier acquaintance, one of Company B. The sleep was sound and refreshing, but on the next day I came to the conclusion that the blanket was inhabited for I caught as proof, on my own person, some of those "greybacks" of which General Sherwood has so eloquently sung, but there happened to be not time enough before the assault to clear myself of the annoying intruders, so I carried them with me as fellow prisoners into Port Hudson. Now comes the strange and unaccountable part of the story, which is fact, in a few words. Instantly on my entrance into Port Hudson, the lice *left* me; vanished, vamoosed. Folded themselves (perhaps) as did the Arabs their tents, and as "silently stole away." I have see my soldier comrade of the bivouac a hundred times since, but as I was convinced that he could tell me nothing new about the above I did not mention the subject.

Durgin's diary :

May 5th. Made a set of chessmen. Drew and divided rations.

6th. Had best dinner in the Confederacy, ox-head soup.

10th. Just over, a long hard rain which drove me to the shed of Capt. King. Baled out our cave and put in a sand bottom, very cold.

11th. Had a good time for I kept employed every moment. Made a chess-board out of my handkerchief. Dyed the spots with oak bark; dyed the chessmen.

14th. Filled up with ox-tail soup and rumors of exchange.

16th. Spent the day in reading Combe's "Constitution of Man."

26th. Been living on short rations, succeeded in buying two dollars' worth of salt and same of meal, and are now living in plenty.

27th. Another hundred of Banks' men got here, a very wretched looking set; hardly clothes enough to cover them.

June 3d. Sold my watch for \$65.00. Lent Capt. King \$40 of it.

At this date Durgin related that King gave at midnight one of those unearthly Indian war-whoops spoken of in the beginning as that ecstatic accomplishment of his. It alarmed prisoners and guards, the latter turned out for a break. The whoop made a hole in the night, but none were the wiser as to who "whooped."

6th. 85 prisoners from our brigade came in; seven from our regiment. Sergt. Geo. A. Carleton, Co. F, is among them.

10th. Subscribed for "Camps and Prisons."

16th. Cris. Abbott, Co. E, came to us from hospital.  
*Mike Fox called on me.*

17th. The spring fails, yet it is quite a relief for me to go out a half a mile for water.

19th. The four chaplains and the citizen prisoners are paroled.

20th. Only one team to draw wood for 4,000 men.

29th. A rebel bugler wanted me to teach him the calls. He offered me a chance to go out every morning and spend as much of the day as I wished outside. It was a great temptation.

In reply as to particulars in regard to its being a great temptation, Comrade Durgin writes that the rebels were raising a new regiment in the vicinity, and their efforts at bugling were comical, and they at last hit upon the scheme of hunting up a teacher among the Federals, so Durgin was soon found, and the proposition made to him by a very pleasant rebel. It was at first to teach all their buglers, but was soon narrowed down to the applicant alone, and he distinctly denied wishing to learn the Union calls, only their own. For teaching him to read and play their calls, he, Durgin, was to have a standing parole, giving him a free range of the woods within a half-mile of the prison for all day after morning roll-call, only giving the rebel a single hour's drill on the bugle. A whole day of fresh air away from the foul smells and scenes in the midst of which he was trying to keep up, and, too, his pupil might

sometime assist him to escape! Comrade Durgin very naively says that he was so sorely tempted by the offer, that he could not instantly say No, but put his rebel friend off for a day and asked counsel of Union officers, only one of whom decidedly advised him to decline. He slept on the subject and in the morning on awaking, his *duty seemed plain*, and a positive declination was the result.

July 3d, Sunday. Over 20 prisoners escaped at one time; were fired on and five instantly retaken. An infamous order was to-day issued to shoot any prisoner who hereafter *attempted* to escape.

4th. Had a celebration, oration, speeches, toasts, and songs.

7th. 450 of Col. Leak's men, the 75th N. Y. and 42d Mass. officers are paroled. Capt. King is doing all in his power to get us paroled.

8th. Been a prisoner three months, and to-day we utterly fail of being exchanged. It is very sad.

10th. Engaged to cook for Capt. King and his squad, six in all.

12th. Had a dinner of corn fritters and green corn.

From the letter before quoted, it seems that henceforth the "corn dodgers" had a "bigger infusion of salt," which was appreciated highly; also, the "basting" of them with a tallowed rag tied to a stick, when tallow could be had. Sometimes the ragged aristocrats of the mess sold a trinket and invested the proceeds in flour, bacon, and cider apples; then bread without "rising" was attempted and *pies* with alligator crusts! No matter what were the failures, the food was pronounced "fit for the gods."

13th. One of our soldiers was shot by the guard, for no reason, as he was the pattern of quietness and was doing nothing wrong.

14th. Best dinner yet—beef's head boiled and roasted.

18th. Some detected in drawing rations for men they had not.

20th. 120 of the guard at daylight saddled their horses, packed up, and left towards the west, in sight of all, with-

out resistance. 40 men were sent to bring them back, but half of those joined the rebellious rebels.

Aug. 6th. Got letters from the exchanged men dated July 22d, at mouth of the Red river. Nothing definite about our case, but hopeful.

7th. A great many escaped last night; loss not yet discovered.

8th. Worked over some clay for a pipe for Jimmy Marshall.

11th. Made up 200 hard-tack for "Andy," Capt. Reed, and E. Gorman, who will try to get out to-night. Guard doubled, for 500 of us are reported bound for Camp Groce.

12th. Exciting day for us. Our regiment was called out to be exchanged, but only the "miscellaneous squads" went. Someone struck the bright idea, and put it in practice, of escaping two at a time, by occupying the bottom of the dump cart, being concealed by the refuse out of the sight of watchful Johnnies, and thus being transported outside of the camp to a hollow in the woods. A list of selected candidates was kept of those chosen to take advantage of the so called "cart-el of exchange," and each took his turn at trial. The secret was very carefully kept at first, as the necessary covering, dirt, was quietly collected, and taken, for better security, each day in between the log cabins occupied by the officers, so that the cart might be loaded out of sight of the guards. As only one or two loads of dirt were taken out daily, only two or four could escape each day. The trip to the dumping ground occupied about a half-hour in time, as the darkey driver had to go slowly so as not to jar the dirt off the human part of his load. The heads of the passengers were always to the front, and they generally were nearly smothered in transit, suffering like Jack Falstaff in his basket. When it came to our mess, and Gorman and a nameless one (to spare his blushes) were a part of the load, the procession at the gate received an addition of four rebels with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets; and when the two escapers were dumped, they were, to their surprise and disgust, immediately taken in again. Gorman was sent to Camp Groce, and the negro driver was unceremoniously *hung*, and his place was filled by a white rebel who could be trusted. Someone must have betrayed us, for the purpose of obtaining favors.

15th. Capt. King and Miller are to leave to-morrow with a new party. I cannot go, as the number is full. Made hard-tack for them.

16th. A sad day. My best friend and most cheerful companion, Capt. King, has gone. Perhaps he may succeed. God bless him!

17th. Great rain. Seems providential, for the dogs cannot catch the scent of the escaped after such a washing.

18th. Rain continues; consequently no roll call, and their absence is unnoticed.

20th. Got my rations and a guerrilla hat ready; expect to go out with Capt. Reed.

21st. Capt. Reed and a major got off. The new relief came around just in time to stop the rest.

22d. Agreed to go with Lieut. Jennings. Capt. King and party are missed.

23d. While we are talking of them Capt. King and party make their appearance under guard, and are soon back in the stockade.

24th. They doubled the guard, and stopped our going.

25th. Command of stockade turned over to Col. Sweet. A recount of prisoners shows a loss of 20 officers and 180 men.

28th, Sunday. A prisoner deliberately shot by one of the guard. This is the *seventh case of this kind of murder*.

Sept. 5th. Heard from the sailors who escaped. They struck the Sabine river, found a boat, and went down to the blockading squadron.

8th. Exchange rumors are and have been thick. They serve at least to occupy our attention and keep up hope; still "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

9th. Capt. King got a letter from Capt. Landers; says the regiment went home long ago.

13th. We get a little meal and at night some corn on the cob.

17th. Another big dinner of "potted head," three sets of brains fried, and corn dodgers.

28th. Several escaped through the tunnel and were brought back. Paroling officer arrived, and we are among the 700 fortunate ones.

29th. I signed my name with a better will than I ever did before. A letter from Col. Fearing has the bad news that the regiment is reconverted into infantry.

Saturday, Oct. 1st. Breakfast by daylight, packed up and started, after being counted over and over, at 9 A. M. Marched 18 miles, and halted stiff and sore.

6th. At Four Mile Springs till 10th; then started on boat as an invalid, lame.

12th. Capt. King quite sick.

15th. At night was waked up from an early sleep by the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," played by the Confederate Brigade Band. It was the most delightful hour that I have spent in the rebel kingdom. After much tribulation of starting and waiting, of delay and advance, the party was exchanged on Oct. 23d.

Sunday, Oct. 23d. Glorious day, the happiest of my life! No longer a prisoner, thank God! "Old Ski" came on board about noon, and we were soon on our way to "Liberty." Reached Red River landing in two hours, and oh, how we cheered at the sight of the old flag! We were soon exchanged and off down river. The rebel officers were "entertained" on the boat until near midnight. I grudged them the happiness, as I did not think them worthy of it.

Comrade Durgin adds in a later letter that Captain King and party who escaped on August 15 wandered around in the flooded river bottoms and swamps for several days, and were caught and returned. He, as sorry a looking object for a human being as I ever set eyes on. His feet were so swollen that it took a long time to doctor them back to their normal condition. My own plans of escape, which were many, all failed, and of King's this last was the only one by which he ever got outside. Some Judas seemed at hand always to betray us, and in the fall of 1865, a fellow prisoner whom I met, and who was held till the close of the war, informed me that after our exchange, the man whom we had suspected of being the traitor was found out to be so, and was by the prisoners gagged and *buried alive* at once. The boys were as desperate as wild beasts. On my expressing doubts of the truth of the story, he assured me that it was true in every particular. My informant stated that just before

the discovery of the traitor they were driving work on seven tunnels at once, with the intention of opening them all at the same time and making a grand break, but the guard on one day spotted them all and the boys agreed that that could *not have happened*; a traitor must have informed on them. They found him out, and executed him in their own summary way.

Being asked in regard to the Southerners using bloodhounds, Durgin replies that, "it has been denied that rebels used bloodhounds to trail escaped prisoners, but we can state on oath that they were kept and used for this purpose all of the time that we were there. One of the most common sounds in the early morning was the baying of these hounds and attendant dogs as they made the outside circuit of the prison. Poor prospect was there of any escaped prisoner reaching our lines from Camp Ford. It came to be well known that any fresh tracks in the roads outside were trailed by planters who owned packs of hounds, so the escaping men traveled by day in the woods entirely. Captain King was caught by venturing into a cow-path, in order to travel easier, but there were rebel horsemen on that trail. I never knew positively of a single prisoner getting through. Two with whom I had planned to escape, were found dead in the woods not far from the stockade. That would have been my fate had I gone out with them. It was from 250 to 300 miles through the forest to the nearest point of safety."

He repeats, "A happy farewell to Camp Ford on October 1, and the day of exchange, viz., October 23, at the mouth of the Red river, I still consider the happiest day of my life. We wept for joy! We danced and we cheered at sight of the dear old flag, floating over the grim looking gunboats that were anchored there in the Mississippi. Ah! how full of happiness and hard-tack we got. Those hard-tack that the men on the gunboat tenders threw to us after we got onto our boat, the "St.

Mary's." for New Orleans. It is a little thing, to be sure, but a source of some pride and satisfaction that the last calls on the bugle that I ever sounded for the "Old Eighth" were the three times repeated "charge" for the boys to follow Major Connelly to the extreme front at Sabine Cross Roads on April 8, 1864."

In regard to letters sent from Camp Ford, on enquiry, Comrade Durgin writes under date of March 25, 1891, that they did have to write very "guardedly" and the more "taffy" that was put in in regard to the *beauty* and humanity of the prison officials, the more likely was a letter, open, of course, to get by the censors, and towards home. He also says that two of his letters out of six sent, reached his friends. From his diary and official reports, the prices of food, etc., are given. If one was the happy possessor of Confederate money, multiply the prices given below by ten and it will be the Jefferson Davis price :

Potatoes, per bushel,	\$7.00
Beans, " quart,	.25
Flour, " pound,	.25
Bacon, " pound,	.60
Sugar, " pound,	.75
Salt, " quart,	2.00
Corn meal, per bushel,	1.50
Butter (very poor), per pound,	1.00
Soap (very scarce), per pound,	.75
Ripe apples (very poor), a piece,	.12½
Milk (very scarce), per gallon,	2.00
Eggs (very scarce), per dozen,	1.00
Green grapes, per bushel,	4.00
Smoking tobacco, per pound,	2.00
Plug tobacco, per plug,	3.00

The following is the sworn statement made at the date below attached, by Henry J. Durgin before the congressional committee appointed to investigate the treatment of Federal prisoners of war by the rebel authorities :

• Statement of Henry J. Durgin, of Rochester, New York :

I was Principal Musician in the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers. Was captured at Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana, on the eighth day of April, 1864, and was a prisoner at Camp Tyler, Texas, six months and fifteen days. We were turned into that pen without shelter or any other means than nature had provided (hands and dirt), to construct any. We dug holes, and built such shades as we could with materials to be had, and lived as any respectable farmer would be ashamed to have his hogs live. Our food was the coarsest kind of meal in which we often found whole corn and pieces of cob which spoke suspiciously of cob meal, and a little Texas beef issued daily. The rations issued were never sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Day after day I watched the wasting away of my comrades under this methodical starvation. They would drop off one by one of no apparent disease, literally starved to death. One method of reducing our numbers (which seemed to be the great object) was by *shooting*, which was a common occurrence. I saw a prisoner shot through the heart while going for water to the spring which supplied us. Another was murdered in the same manner shortly afterwards, while sitting at the entrance of his "hole." I *knew five* instances of such cold-blooded murder, and was told of a number of others. We complained of this to the officers who promised to investigate the matter. The only result of the investigations, so far as we could see, was that one of the murderers was made a lieutenant, and another a sergeant. Most of these scenes occurred under the command of Lieut.-Col. Border, who, as well as Adjutant McEachan, treated us most barbarously. Many attempted escape, and succeeded so far as getting out of the prison. I never heard of any making good their escape. About the first of July the following order was posted up in the stockade :

Hereafter any Federal prisoner being detected in *trying* to make his escape from this prison, either in the act or *after his escape*, will be shot by the one capturing him.

By order of

LIEUT.-COL. J. P. BORDER, *Commanding.*  
B. W. McEACHAN, *Lieut. and Acting Adjutant.*

One man while being marched to the prison in April, gave out. He was tied to the saddle of an officer and dragged until he died. Most of the men were completely stripped of money, good clothing and valuables when captured. I remember many other like barbarities, but will give no more, as those given are but a sample of the others.

HENRY J. DURGIN.

Rochester, N. Y., November 24, 1867.

Capt. D. W. King's report on Camp Ford is a published letter extract, and it is acknowledged that it is shorn of its most repulsive features. He says:

The stockade was on the southern slope of a small hill and covered an area of seven acres which was at one time the home of 4,600 men. At the southwest corner was a small spring of water impregnated with sulphur and consequently physical, but the supply was not sufficient for cooking and drinking, to say nothing of its use for cleanliness. I have seen men standing around this spring for hours hatless and shoeless, and many of them with no covering but a filthy rag around their loins, waiting their turns to fill their gourds with the muddy ooze while within fifty feet of the stockade outside, was a bountiful spring kept of course solely for rebel use. At the upper corner was about an acre used for sinks and the stench arising from this uncovered accumulation of excrement of a year's deposit was terrible as in some places it was several feet deep. Its deadly poison was distributed to us on every breeze. The prisoners provided the only shelter that they had, when they were allowed to go in squads to the woods to bring in logs. Some had brush shebangs which would keep off the sun, but were no protection against the frequent rains. Hundreds had no home save a hole in the ground made after the manner of woodchucks and which they entered feet first, but when the rain filled the holes, of course the occupants were driven out; then they would stand see-sawing for life until the genial life-giving sun came out to their relief. The sufferers experienced in facing through the long nights a Texas Norther can never be told. Of fire we had little; being barely able with the supply of wood allowed us, to cook the scanty rations

which consisted of a pound of meal, corn and cobs ground together, and a small piece of blue beef. There is no disguising the fact that the rebel authorities were responsible for all this unnecessary suffering, as plenty of wood and timber was all about us for fuel and shelter, which many a soldier perishing on a cold and rainy night would have given worlds to possess. An excuse was that soldiers ran away when allowed to go out after wood. A few such instances did occur; but one hundred should not suffer for one's right and trial to escape, he running all risk of recapture by the trained dogs.

For once, just imagine the condition of men eaten by the different kinds of vermin that always attack human beings emaciated and helpless from starvation and diarrhoea until death mercifully relieved them, some pitying companions, perhaps a little better off, only able to help them to a little food and drink until their final release.

I saw many murdered by the guard when they were double the distance of the dead line from the stockade. That dead line was not marked; it was wholly imaginary, and after a killing, the guard could and did easily claim that the dead line had been passed, and so go unpunished. One of these cases was of a soldier who had been at prayer with one of his companions, and while he was kneeling over his own hole before retiring into it for the night. That guard was promoted to a sergeant, and no investigation made. Many recaptured by bloodhounds were mangled as if by a bursting shell. That was simply cruelty, as the dogs are trained not to bite a captive unless set on by the masters. An order was at one time issued to shoot down all escaped prisoners when recaptured. We know not how many were killed in consequence. This is contrary to all laws of civilized warfare, as it is the duty of prisoners to escape. After recapture prisoners were tortured as a punishment for the attempt to escape. I saw them often standing bareheaded on stumps in the hot sun, and a guard placed over them to make them keep marking time all day, with orders to shoot them if they stopped from exhaustion. Tying up by the thumbs was another favorite mode of torture, and many a man dropped senseless on his release; again as a punishment, food was withheld from all for a whole day, because one man had insulted the Adjutant of the Post while he was passing within sight on the

outside, and the prisoners would not tell who the culprit was.

A description of the hospital is too loathsome to give. Scurvy was another unforgotten horror. That Wirz, Winder, Border, and McEachan were guilty of the above named atrocities, can be proved. Their iniquities can not be whitewashed by parties North or South.

The following is from the printed history of the Forty-eighth Ohio Infantry, written by Major J. A. Bering and Capt. Thomas Montgomery; published at Hillsboro', Ohio, 1880. Portions are selected, condensed, and inserted, in order to substantiate the statements of Captain King and Comrade Durgin, as some carpists might call them overdrawn.

The Forty-eighth veteran volunteer regiment was in the United States service for four years and seven months and fought at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross Roads and Mobile. At the last of it 165 men only were mustered out in May, 1866. That regiment at Sabine Cross Roads was at the front of the infantry column, as was the Second New Hampshire in front of the cavalry column. The Forty-eighth was surrounded, and being out of ammunition, threw down its guns and empty cartridge boxes, and surrendered as a regiment, its number being about 190 men and officers. For the present, the account will be confined to Camp Ford.

Says the history of Forty-eighth :

When we came in sight of Camp Ford the old prisoners in "tatters and rags" mounted all high places to see General Banks' army which they were told was all captured. Inside, Colonel Allen, the prison commander, addressed the prisoners, telling them that they could have their front line for length with twenty feet width for their quarters, and told them to make themselves as comfortable as possible. That was *cool* as we had no blankets and had marched 500 miles since March 7, and were tired, footsore and hungry; but with a borrowed axe, a hired axe, and two weeks' hard work, including carrying the logs a half mile, we had built a hut. The greatest trouble

was to get permits to go out; with the slaves at their command, they could have sheltered all of us, but the industrious Northerner only asked the privilege of working, which was in a great measure denied him. In about two months Col. Allen, as prison commander, was superseded by Lieutenant-Colonel Border. Colonel Allen was a good man at heart, but Colonel Border was on somewhat the black flag order — “kill as you go” — but too indolent to carry out any of his threats. He had a worthy tool in the person of his adjutant, Lieutenant McEachan; who was always contriving to make trouble that he might “shoot Yankees by the wholesale,” as he remarked on one occasion.

Gamblers were plenty, and the favorite game was “keno.” Every few days McEachan would sly about with a squad of soldiers and capture the keno funds while the play was in progress. The gamblers placed a sentinel who, on the watch for McEachan, cried out “keno” when he approached; the word being repeated all over the camp, the gamblers were protected from future raids, but McEachan foolishly thought or pretended that that particular word applied to himself, which so exasperated him that he took whole squads out and punished them for refusing to point out the man who sang out “keno.” To deliver up a fellow prisoner was never once thought of, so the whole squad would be punished by tying their thumbs to a beam overhead and compelling them to stand with their bare feet on sharp sticks driven into the ground. He finally withheld the rations from the whole camp, unless the leaders of the “keno” cry were delivered up for special punishment; but Colonel Flora and Captain DeHart of the Forty-sixth Indiana having sent word to the commander at Tyler, notifying him of the action of the adjutant, he ordered Colonel Border to supply the prisoners with rations without delay. If this had not been done, it is highly probable that four thousand desperate and half-starved prisoners would have overpowered the guards and flooded the country with fugitives. After this, McEachan tormented individuals. Prisoners recaptured were made to stand on stumps or barrels for days, without hats or shoes, in the boiling sun, while the guard stood over them with loaded muskets to prevent them from sitting down. Several guards who shot men without provocation were rewarded by promotion for those deeds.

Additions from Banks' and General Steele's armies crowded the "pen" and the hospitals. See the report of the Confederate prison surgeon, condensed, as follows :

TYLER, Texas, June 14, 1864.

*To Surgeon J. M. Hayden, Chief Med. Bureau Trans-Miss. Dept.:*

SIR, — In obedience to orders, I have examined the sanitary condition of the stockade, and although my mind was prepared by representation to meet with abundant material for disease, it fell far short of the reality. The grounds are too small for 4,500 men. The filth and offal have been deposited in the streets and between the quarters, from which arises a horrible stench. A great number have no quarters nor blankets; some of the sick are so situated. We have a hospital in course of erection and need bedding. The popular prejudice here is so strong against the Federals that I can get no facilities from the people. I am ready to receive into the hospitals a few, if we had the articles, and they are not to be had here.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. M. MEAGHER.

The above report had no more effect on the "Medical Bureau" than his appeal to the "prejudiced people." The only result was that the authorities furnished an old mule and cart to haul off the garbage. Volunteers from the prisoners erected two buildings, into which one half only of the worst cases could be gotten. The physicians, stewards, and nurses were all volunteers, giving out the small allowance of medicines and the corn bread and beef to those on the verge of the grave.

Poisonous insects were abundant; the terrible tarantula was to be found under cabins, in logs and hollow trees. The dogs! Should prisoners get out, they had a greater difficulty in evading the pack of bloodhounds kept to hunt down escaped prisoners. Fifteen officers escaped one night, and in less than forty-eight hours thirteen had been recaptured by the hounds. Duganne, in "Camps and Prisons," tells of Lieutenant Collins, that the "hounds and two rebels stopped him, revolvers were leveled, and with a huge oath and a threat of instant shooting, the dogs were told to 'shake him'; instantly their teeth met in his

ragged uniform, when the rebels with malicious laughter called them off. Said they, 'Now jes' tote your carcass, Yank, or we'll shoot you on sight, by ——!'" This was previous to that "order" to shoot on sight. When being hunted, to hear the wolf-like yelp and long hyena howl of their trained man-hunters, is something to experience. Some hounds will track a human being, day and night, for weeks, and follow his scent hundreds of miles through swamps, woods, and over watercourses. At times, like game dogs, they smell the ground at intervals, make deer leaps, touch the overhanging leaves with their noses, double and run in circles, cross a stream, and then with a few sniffs of the air rush up or down the bank to find the broken scent again. The real hounds hunt no game inferior to man. When not in use they are chained and half-starved, to make them fierce and keen scented. Woe then to the hunted man, if those dogs overtake him while the mounted pursuers are too far behind to *call them off!* Woe to the fugitive if they *once taste his blood!*

Page 168. The treatment of prisoners was brutal and cruel to the last degree. Calvert of the Seventy-seventh Ohio was shot by guard merely to try his marksmanship; O. S. Shoemaker, One Hundred and Thirtieth Illinois, was killed while conversing with a comrade upon a religious subject; one of the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, while running after his hat which had blown off, was fired at by the guard, the entire charge of shot lodging in his face and shoulders.

The Forty-eighth history closes with an account of the escape and recapture of Major Bering and Lieutenant Srofe, which is intensely interesting. We have only to do with their prison life, which our comrades shared, but will say that they got out on forged passes. An old slave told them to rub soap upon the soles of their feet; the bloodhounds got close to them twice, and the above device probably saved them. They were out about thirteen days and got two hundred and twenty-five miles in an air line from the prison — almost safe — but finally ran into a rebel picket and were taken. On going back a part of the way, in company with three hundred other prisoners,

their rear guard was first, "ropers"—that is, five rebels with lariats, with orders to lasso and drag into the ranks all who did not keep up; behind the "ropers" came three rebels with bloodhounds. Two prisoners, who were desperate enough to try to escape, lost their lives in less than five hours. On their return to Camp Ford the sentence of Bering and Srofe was "imprisonment till close of war," but on May 14, 1865, *the rebel camp guards left for home*. On the 16th, as a last token of respect, they fenced in the cemetery. On the 17th, a battalion of rebel cavalry offered to *escort them to our lines if the prisoners would intercede for favorable terms of surrender*, and on May 27 the old flag was over them once more at the mouth of the Red river.

#### HOW THE FORTY-EIGHTH OHIO SAVED THEIR FLAG.

When they were captured, the color bearer, Isaac Scott, tore the regimental flag from its staff and gave it to his messmate to conceal in his haversack. He was left sick on the way to prison, and did not arrive until some time after, but he clung to the flag, and at Camp Ford gave it to the regimental officers for safe keeping. In the words of the narrator — "A hole was dug inside of our shanty, in which we buried the flag, but somehow the rebels found out that there was a Union flag in the camp. They searched, but failed to discover it.

To keep our large, beautiful silk flag buried would soon have ruined it; therefore it was sewed up in Captain Gunsallus' blouse and he wore it thus among the rebels. The flag was secretly shown to a number of prisoners, some of whom had been in captivity for nearly two years, and their eyes glistened at the sight of that "Emblem of Freedom." The prisoners had been allowed to "celebrate" on the Fourth of July, provided that they did not allude to the "unpleasantness," so they did read the "Declaration" and had "guarded" speeches and toasts,

but there was warning that if a Union flag was displayed the guards would open fire on them. Suffice to say they did preserve the flag, and on October 23, when exchanged, after going on board our "St. Mary's," where there was a band of music and ladies — wives of Union officers — they proceeded to the upper deck. The old flag was torn from its place of concealment, the same old blouse, and hastily tied to a staff already prepared. At this signal the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and the flag of the Forty-eighth was unfurled to the breeze amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, the wild shouts and cheers of the released prisoners, some 750 in all, and the groans of the rebel guards. The rebel agent of exchange told the prisoners at Camp Ford on his return, how in his presence the flag of the Forty-eighth had been torn from its hiding place in the coat of one of the officers after the exchange, and he said that it was one of the most exciting scenes that he ever witnessed, and the regiment was deserving of great credit for preserving their "colors." That flag, of course, is now in the flag room of the State House at Columbus, Ohio.

Of the Fourth of July in Camp Ford, Comrade Durgin writes :

An awning of brush had been put up between some log huts of the older prisoners, the posts of the rostrum had been wound with some rags resembling red, white, and blue; they had a poem, an oration, short speeches, and dry toasts, some patriotic songs. The rebel officer of the day did not at first know of the permission to celebrate, so seeing the crowd, he arrived on the scene just as the orator began to "soar." He had at his heels a squad with loaded muskets, and he ordered us in brutal language to disperse, but the chairman explained the case, so the officer started to see if it was true. Scarcely had the orator again unfolded his wings when a rebel sergeant yelled in "Get out o' here, yer blankety, blanked Yanks, quick, every one of you," but the officer of the day had

now returned with the word that "the meeting was legal," so it proceeded to a finish. How much we enjoyed it no one can realize who hasn't "been there."

An incident of prison life, which Comrade Frank C. Bancroft, who was regimentally, commonly, and unaccountably known as "Brutus," would call a "humorous incidence," occurred under the eye of Chief Bugler Durgin at Camp Ford, and is by him related as follows :

#### A CONFEDERATE LAMB AMONG HUNGRY YANKEE WOLVES.

An enterprising Southern pedler had been told that he could sell at an enormous profit a whole load of eatables to the starving Yanks inside of Camp Ford, as they had plenty of money, and the guards were willing that he should try ; so, to our great surprise, the prison gate one day swung open, and in came the gullible individual with his mule cart loaded down with provisions. He had not proceeded far, before the crowd grew so dense that he had to stop and the clamor for trade was so great that he had to "open sale." Now the fact was, that instead of being flush with greenbacks, which the rebels preferred as money, there was little cash in the crowd, still they were immensely hungry, and the temptation to somehow absorb that load was so intense, that trade was lively on all sides of him. Why, a gaunt, frizzled Yankee at the tail of the cart would take an article and demand the price. On being told, he would vehemently assert that it was too much, and pass it to his neighbor *behind* him, asking his opinion about it. Of course No. 2 would declare it to be excessive, and No. 3 still further back in the crowd, would back up the assertion. By this time the article had vanished, and the aroused and angry pedler at once discovered that a like comedy was being played upon the other side of his cart. But this method of fleecing proved too slow and windy, so the boys soon resorted to open pilfering, and articles vanished from all sides of his cart with astonishing rapidity. In sheer despair, the pedler jumped to the front of the wagon, seized the reins, and as the crowd gave way for the start, lo ! the mule went, and the cart stayed, for an unhitching process had been going on. Truth compels me to say that the air was suddenly rotten

with the exclamations of this enraged Texan; all the pet names available in his vocabulary were hurled at the crowd, and well mixed with profanity and gesticulation. As a crowning misfortune to him, someone found out that although the cart was a four-wheeler, it had a dumping arrangement, so the "pin" was drawn out, and the man and the remnant of his stock in trade was instantly in a chaotic heap. Then the plunder was scrambled for! Sir pedler was struck dumb, cowed, disheartened. The audacity of the Yank shut him up! and he left, a poorer, sadder, and a wiser man.

The history of the Forty-eighth Ohio says of this finality that "when he regained his feet, everything had disappeared but the mule and cart. He had even lost his pocket-book and hat."

In view of all this plunder, the reputation of the Old Eighth is at stake! Perhaps the *Second New Hampshire fellows were not all there*, as Durgin says that only two got any of the plunder, but it was a huge jam at the last and men fought like demons for a "scoop." The one Eighth man known who got a swag was Mike Murray, of Company C. But the guards! why were they so indifferent? Well, the fellow was by them regarded as an extortionist, and was unpopular, having played his trade arts on them to his great profit and their disgust.

Comrade Durgin sends on a full description of the only really bright and cheerful scene passed through during the long, dreary months of imprisonment. "One may not," he says, "*feel* this as I did, and think it overdrawn, but I assure you in all sincerity, that it is exactly as it *seemed to me*. The surprise was great, and the impression is as vivid to me to-day as ever. The impression which the communication makes upon one seems to be that none but a returned prisoner who had suffered intensely, could thoroughly appreciate the situation and the effect of the music. The reader will recollect that the serenade is referred to under date, in diary, of October 15.

We were marched through the town of Alexandria on the evening of October 14, 1864, across the river on a pontoon bridge and embarked on the "Champion No. 3," a steamer captured by the Confederates during the spring campaign. Tired, but very happy, we were soon stretched upon her decks in profound slumber with sweet visions of God's Country chasing each other through our weary brains. Suddenly, but without waking a change came over the spirit of our dreams. We seemed overwhelmed by a great volume of sweetest sound and lifted by it into space, without the least idea of what or where we were. A more delicious sense of sweet bewilderment could not be. For moments the sensation was most exquisite. It seemed as if we were at the wide opened gates of Paradise, and this flood of sweet melody was swelling out to us from within as a heavenly welcome. Gradually the tired senses regained their normal condition and we floated to earth again and seemed to be at the doors of our own homes in the land of which we had been dreaming, and the delightful harmony was a welcome from them. This vision in turn began to fade, though we were conscious of a strong effort made to retain it. And slowly came the *Reality*, we were still lying upon the deck of the "Champion" and the great concave of the starry heavens greeted our opening eyes, and the weird and entrancing music which still seemed to come from above, was that of a Confederate band that from the river's bank below, was serenading us, and the piece that they were playing was "Home, Sweet Home," to us the sweetest of all sweet melodies. When it is remembered that we were then but just emerging from a hell upon earth where we had been starved and poisoned by foulest malaria, shot at *ad libitum*, by chimney corner soldiers, borne down by cruelties and indignities, not hearing a single note of music sweeter than a blast on rebel cow-horns, it is not surprising that strains of real harmony should lift us in slumber apparently to the "Empyrean." This was the first sign of human brotherhood that had come to us. The surroundings were propitious to a softening of the heart hardened by rough influences, and to me, the old and now ever new piece, when now heard, causes thrills of pleasure unknown before. It always brings back that delightful experience upon the Red river. That night it was hard, so exalted were we, to get back to

the common place luxury of sleeping; the music lingered with us as we lay upon the hard decks. This band accompanied us to our lines, and when there held a sort of musical tournament with a Union band which came up on *our* boat, the "St. Mary's." Each band stationed upon its own boat, played alternately for a couple of hours, so we heard all the known Union and Confederate music; whereat our patriotism waxed bigger, and despite our emaciated and forlorn appearance, there could not be found in all Uncle Sam such another 700 ragged, lousy patriots so brimful of real happiness.

The foregoing very readily calls to mind our Fourth of July, 1863, in Port Hudson, where across the abattis, rifle pits and parapet, which so effectually divided us from joy and plenty, came the well known and appreciated strains from our Union bands playing patriotic airs and to offset it on our side were only wounds, short, bad rations, and an *unknown future!* for a "battle may depend upon the loss of a linch pin" and a campaign turn adversely upon such trifles. We were very far from liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as looked at from a soldier's standpoint.

In regard to the number of prisoners in Camp Ford, correspondence has been going on for over a year. First, one of Captain King's letters to Major Connelly says, "There are here at Camp Ford thirty-one of us including Durgin, Morrill, Melendy, Nichols, and others." The date of the letter was April 20, 1864: next, was seen the Prescott-Connelly report which was on April 8 and 9 in Adjutant Prescott's diary as "four killed, twenty wounded and sixty-one prisoners." Next Comrade Durgin's papers were reached, which said in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Flanders on June 13, when more arrivals were at camp, that the number was fifty-five, and that number is probably right as Comrade Durgin knew more about it than even the rebel authorities did; and he now has at hand the written evidence, so when at the eleventh hour was found an *official list* of the exchanged it was sent on to him for

correction. That list contained the names of forty-seven exchanged, which is right, as two were left at, or died in the hospital in Mansfield, La., viz., Horatio Gleason and Peter Butler. Cris. Abbott of Company E and Corporal Jas. C. Blaisdell of Company G died in prison. Four were sent on to Camp Groce near Houston, Texas. Their names out of a list of six are not certainly known. These eight subtracted from fifty-five leave the list of forty-seven. *One* name of one who was formerly of the Eighth remained on the list, and there remains to-day, but a friend of the boys went out on that name. He is put down in the roster as deserting at Shreveport, La., on June 6, 1864, and he took the oath of allegiance to the so called Southern Confederacy. Comrade Durgin knows the facts about the date, place, and manner thereof, and breaks out in an allowable honest indignation about this disgrace to the Eighth Regiment. "More than that," says Durgin, "*he* came into the prison at Camp Ford *in a more destitute condition* than the rest of the men, and I took a part of my small store of cash and clothed the fellow, when lo! he walked off his ungrateful carcass inside my gifts over to the enemy whom we were fighting."

The following is the corrected official list of the exchanged, and also the special order in regard to their disposition and destination.

HEADQUARTERS,  
MILITARY DIVISION OF WEST MISSISSIPPI,  
NEW ORLEANS, La., October 28, 1864.

Special Orders, No. 171 (extract) :

1. The following officers and enlisted men, delivered at Red River Landing, October 23, 1864, under the cartel of exchange of July 28, 1864, between Col. C. C. Dwight and Major Ig. Szymanski, Agents of Exchange, are hereby ordered to duty with their respective regiments. The senior officer of each regimental detachment is responsible for its safe and speedy conduct.

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

Department and corps commanders are authorized to grant the customary leaves of absence and furloughs to those whose regiments are serving within the limits of this command.

\* \* \* \* \*

SECOND REGIMENT N. H. VOL. CAVALRY.

Capt. D. W. King, Co. A.	Chief Bugler H. J. Durgin,
Peter Peterson, "	Bugler John Milan, Co. G.
Frank J. Morrill, "	Geo. W. Rowe, "
George Smith, 3d, "	A. N. Goodwin, "
John Burton, Co. B.	Lyman Marsh, "
Timothy Concklin, "	Jameson Perry, "
John Risley, "	Geo. H. Eastman, "
Otis H. Melendy, "	Francis S. Clay, "
Sergt. John Harrington,	Joseph Crawford, "
Co. C.	Sergt. Daniel E. Nichols,
Corp. John Kaine, "	Co. H.
Stephen Cook, "	Sergt. Willis Ball, "
John O'Niel, "	John Ryan, "
Adam Osborne, "	John S. Harvey, "
Michael Murray, "	N. S. Milliken, "
John Fowler, "	Thomas A. St. Clark, "
John Shairbartt, "	Sergt. J. Ferguson, Co. I.
George Wood, "	Corp. John S. Stokes, "
Charles F. Miller, "	Sam. H. Henderson, "
Gustave Alsen, "	James W. Johnson, "
Leonard P. Benton, Co. E.	Serral Lafaince, "
Michael Neal, "	John H. Emory, "
Abram Givoward, "	Sergt. Geo. Burton, Co. K.
Sergt. Geo. A. Carleton,	Patrick Burke, "
Co. F.	Dennis O'Sullivan, "

By order of MAJOR E. R. S. CANBY.

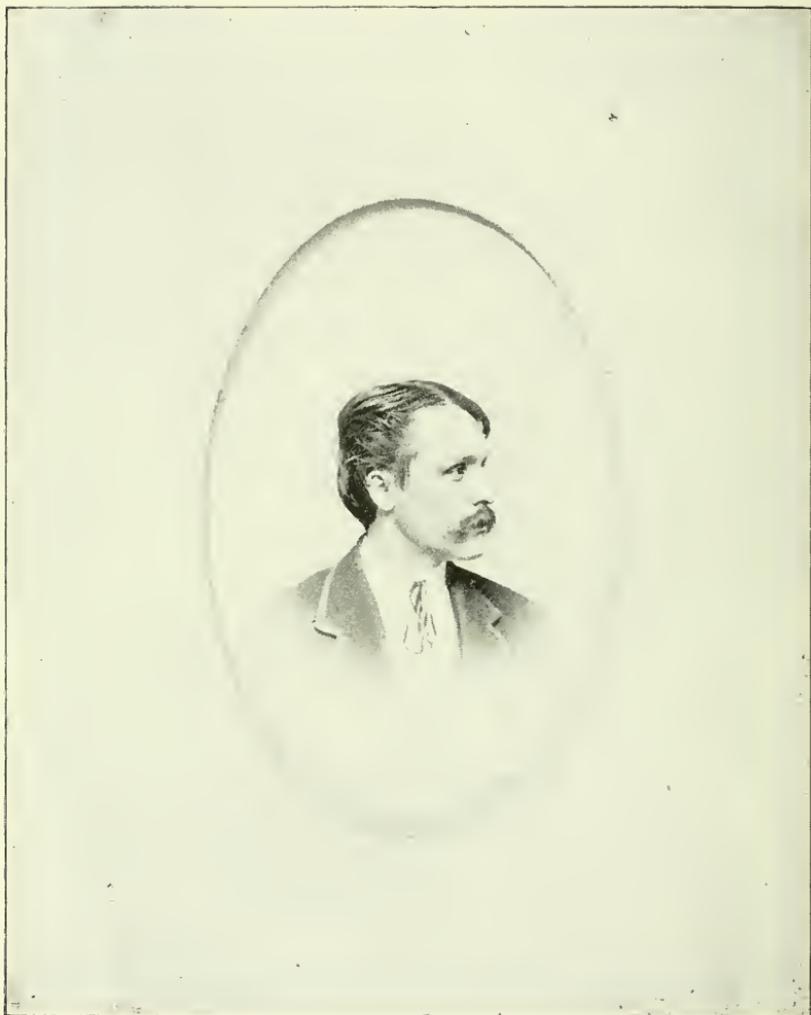
R. B. MOREY,

*Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.*

CAPT. DANA W. KING.

Sergt. Willis Ball, whose name is in the list of exchanged prisoners, enlisted as private in Company H, in October,





SERG'T WILLIS BALL, CO. H.

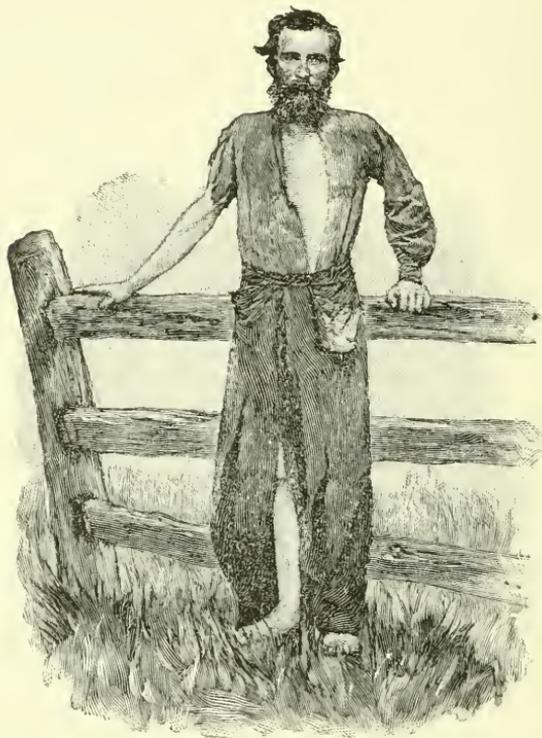
1861, and served full time, having re-enlisted for three years in January, 1864, and being mustered out with the "Veteran Battalion." He was once slightly wounded, was always on duty, and in all skirmishes and battles in which the Eighth Regiment was engaged, except when in the prison stockade at Camp Ford, he being taken prisoner at Sabine Cross Roads on April 8, 1864. "He enlisted and fought for the overthrow of slavery," that being the dominant idea controlling his action at that time, believing that all the good things that we have seen in the land since followed naturally from that event. He is now a civil engineer in the Black Hills region, working for the firm of Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins, Cambria, Weston county, Wyoming.

H. J. Durgin's letter, condensed :

The ingenuity and skill displayed by prisoners was wonderful. Two crude, primitive turning-lathes were made by First Lieutenant Woodward of Twenty-third Connecticut and Engineer Johnson of the navy. They were used for turning chessmen, checkers, etc., which were often carved by the jack-knife, and found a ready sale among prisoners and guards. Johnson finally sold his lathe to Otis H. Melendy of Company B, who "continued the business at the old stand" for some time.

Later the writer has seen a drawing and a full description of the lathe. We outsiders can imagine the fact of the getting of a plank for the "bed" and stock for four legs and the wood for head and tail blocks; but the interest comes in in wondering how, with only jack-knives and no work-bench, they fastened the lower large pulley and the upper small one, and set them true enough to run a gun-belt on to turn the machinery. A cute thing was the using of a ramrod for the shaft at the head block. That was at the left hand, flattened and spurred to hold the wood to be turned, the other end being held by a common two-inch wood screw smoothly pointed. The stock was

turned into shape by files gotten somewhere and somehow and "ground outside." "Really elegant work" was turned out, and the operation was a never ceasing wonder to the rebels, who would always flock around when the lathe was being operated. The whole affair was backed up against one of the log cabins to give it rigidity; yet we are not told how the parts were held together; whether by nails, withes, mortices, or *spirits*! If it were in existence, it should be in the World's Fair of 1893.



COL. D. W. KING AT THE TIME OF THE EXCHANGE.

Comrade Durgin, at whose earnest solicitation Colonel King's reluctant consent to the publication of this picture was finally obtained, writes, "The original photograph,

of which the above is a faithful copy, and which his friends have since dubbed 'King's ragged picture,' was obtained under the following circumstances. After our liberation and exchange at the mouth of Red river, we were sent to New Orleans by steamer. On landing, we were met by old friends, who found in our emaciated condition and extremely ragged and forlorn appearance abundant matter to incite curses both loud and deep against the whole Southern Confederacy in general, and our own Camp Ford tormentors in particular. Suddenly one of these friends seized King and dragged him towards a photograph gallery, saying, 'I want your picture just as you are, and *must have it*:' and, notwithstanding our hero's innate modesty and very natural desire to first 'spruce up' a little, our enthusiastic friend succeeded in overcoming all objections and securing the desired picture, for which he merits the thanks of all the readers of this history.

"The condition of the great majority of our supremely happy crowd can only be conjectured when we state that but very few, if any, were as presentable or as healthy in appearance as Colonel King. It is to be regretted that this cannot be illustrated by a picture of some one of our *worst* cases, in addition to this of one of our best ones."

As for Comrade Durgin, he was boss of one of the two stores in camp (left by Forty-second Massachusetts officers), and he put his labor and skill in with some capital which "Andy" (of dump-cart fame) had, and they started a "bakery." Their customers were mostly from the guards, who liked the Yankee cooking, and occasionally an opulent (?) prisoner would leave his dollar for one of their very tough "pies." The profits accruing were generally used to make hard-tack to run *away with*.

"The Ford City Herald," successor to the "Old Flag," was printed with a pen upon some paper procured some-

where. The one copy had a tremendous circulation in camp, and was finally returned to the publisher. Honest lot! A revolting incident was that a prisoner was bitten on the neck by a tarantula. He died in a short time, swelling up to twice his natural size, and turning completely black.

Durgin's diary :

New Orleans, Oct. 25th, 1864. Got into the best military quarters I ever had, in a cotton press, with hot and cold baths, and a barber's shop. Commenced drawing some new clothing.

26th. Capt. King sent in an application in writing for two months' pay. Some of the boys are down from Natchez and came in to see us: regiment is doing provost duty there.

31st. Rain. Orders came to our regiment to leave at 4 P. M. I was sent back for missing men and lost the boat.

Nov. 3d. Still at N. Orleans. Col. Fearing came to see me. Through his influence, I got a pass to go out.

10th. This is the 10th day here in idleness. Men, 10 of them, all here, and no passes are issued.

11th. Got off up river this evening. Two men yet behind.

13th. Arrived at Natchez, and were warmly welcomed by both officers and men. (It is a curious oversight that as much as the comrades absent in prison were thought of and welcomed back with enthusiasm, no mention was made of their return in the Adjutant-General's Report of the State of New Hampshire.)

14th. Spent the day with my old friend Jimmy Marshall, now 1st Lieut. and Adj. The regiment is now in a fine situation.

15th. Capt. King sent in an application for a furlough. Found the drum corps small but flourishing.

22d. Pay day! Was agreeably surprised by a contribution of over \$70.00 from the officers and musicians to mitigate my loss. Did not get the old promised bounty.

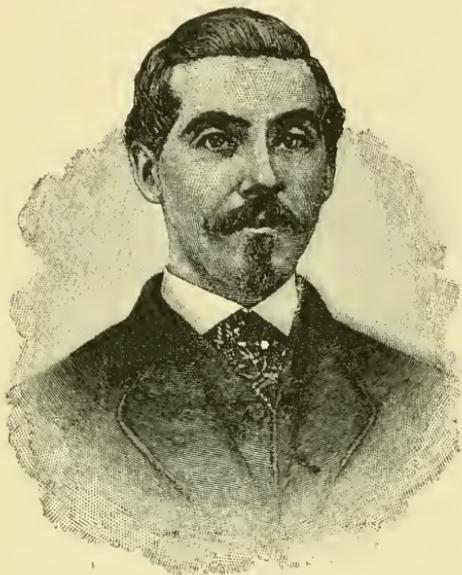


CHIEF BUGLER H. J. DURGIN.



25th. Received a handsome present last night from the officers in the shape of a musician's belt, for which I am very grateful.

26th. Col. Fearing arrived today and brought my box. Everything in it is safe, and in good order.



H. J. DURGIN.

PERSONAL. — Comrade H. J. Durgin, a native of Laco-  
nia, N. H., enlisted in the Eighth Regiment at the age of  
twenty; was mustered in as principal musician on Decem-  
ber 20, 1861; served as such while the regiment was in  
infantry, and when mounted, served as chief bugler. At  
the charge at Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, as related, he  
was taken prisoner, and held as such six months and fif-  
teen days, being exchanged October 23, 1864. He had  
previously enlisted as "veteran" on January 4, 1864. On

the consolidation of the regiment into a battalion early in 1865, he, with the rest of the field and staff, commissioned and non-commissioned, was discharged at Concord, N. H., on January 17, 1865. In 1866 he went into business in Rochester, N. Y.; married in 1870; is now president of the large wood-working establishment of the Copeland & Durgin Company, which concern employs a steady force of one hundred and fifty hands at the home factory, and as many more in its various outside branches.

Comrade Durgin was very popular among his comrades, and those living will be glad to peruse the extracts from his diary which are scattered through this volume.

His enlistment was from thoroughly patriotic motives, he being conscientiously impelled to serve his country, to do his best to preserve its honor intact by sacrilegious hands.

All diaries written as was his are the best of evidence, as such were not designed to be seen at all by the public eye. By his of December, 1864, we learn that Colonel Earle, of Seventieth United States Cavalry Troops, was very urgent that he should take charge of their regimental music: to secure his services, he offered him a captain's commission, which, he writes, "was the reverse of a temptation, as I did not wish to be a soldier in time of peace, and I regarded the war as virtually over. Again, the feeling that I ought to fill *some* place, however obscure, in the country's service, first led me to enlist, and I chose the part that I thought I could fill the best, the part, too, the most to my taste. That same feeling led me to re-enlist, and would have led me to accept Colonel Earle's offer if I had thought that my services were any longer needed by my country."

Colonel King adds that "of all the true men in the Eighth New Hampshire, Durgin stood in the front rank of the first class. Industrious, conscientious, brave as a lion under all circumstances, often putting himself in danger

when duty only called him to stay out of harm's way ; loyal to the old flag when rags and starvation was his lot ; kind and sympathetic to the sick and dying ; always hopeful of victory in the end when others despaired ; he, and such as he, without titles, were the backbone of our armies, little minding their own sufferings if the Union could be saved. All hail, Comrade Durgin and true friend."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Regiment at Natchez on the Bluff. — At Fort McPherson. — Colonel Fearing at New Orleans in regard to Muster-out. — Election Returns. — A Court Martial, one Kind. — Order No. 20, Formation of Veteran Battalion. — Colonel Fearing goes to report with the Regiment at Concord, N. H. — Lieutenant-Colonel King, Personal. — The Veteran Battalion to Vidalia. — A Military Execution. — Maj. J. R. Newell, Personal. — Black River. — A Sergeant of Company K. — Capture of Richmond News. — News of Assassination of President Lincoln. — Funeral Parade. — Special Order, No. 27. — Capt. James H. Marshall, Personal. — Special Order for Muster-out of Veteran Battalion. — In Vicksburg, October 29, for Cairo. — Reception at Cleveland, Ohio. — At Concord, N. H. — Presentation of Brevet Commissions. — Fox's Statistics. — Personal Sketches: Major Connelly, Captain Kelliher, Captain Healy, Major Smith, Major Huse, Lieutenant Stickney, Lieutenant Foley, General Emory, Col. James H. Landers, Colonel Livermore, General McMillan, Capt. John Riney. — Meeting of King, Federal, and Knowles, Confederate.

THE regiment was last left at Natchez, Miss., where it was camped upon the bluff which rises almost perpendicularly from the river to a height of about one hundred and twenty feet commanding an extensive view of the river and the lowlands of Louisiana opposite. While here a detachment from the regiment under Major Connelly went on an expedition into Louisiana capturing stores, provisions, horses, and mules. Though the enemy retired without even a skirmish, the men suffered much from fatigue and exposure, heavy rains impeded their progress, while the miasmatic exhalations from the swamps in which they bivouacked, implanted the seeds of disease and death in the system of many a soldier who had survived the previous campaigning.

Late in the fall of 1864, the regiment was ordered into Fort McPherson, an extensive earth work, commanding the city and its approaches. Lumber was furnished from the debris of houses pulled down to give range to the guns, and much ingenuity was displayed by the men in the construction of their winter quarters. Each hut had its chimney of bricks laid in mud, and each company built a large and well arranged cook-house with fire-places like our old New England farm houses, capable of taking a four-foot stick. Some who were skilled in operative masonry added brick ovens, from which, on Sundays, was taken that well known and now world known Yankee dish, baked beans, of the true New Hampshire flavor. Although the picket duty at this time was heavy, the *esprit de corps* of the regiment showed itself in attention to details of person and camp, so that their appearance was highly complimented by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, assistant inspector-general of the Military Division of the Gulf. The term of service of the regiment expired on the 23d of December, 1864, shortly after which the non-veterans and a majority of the officers under command of Colonel Fearing were ordered home to be mustered out of service. They were sent North via Cairo and reached Concord early in January, 1865, where, after being received by the state authorities, they were mustered out and the regimental organization of the Eighth New Hampshire ceased to exist.

Last of Comrade Durgin's diary :

Sunday, Nov. 27th. Went on duty last night and found that I had lost little in the art of playing on the fife, but my clarionet practice was not so satisfactory.

Dec. 1st. Col. Fearing is taking measures to have men who are not vets. mustered out by the 23d and the regiment consolidated into three companies.

Sunday, 4th. Had a regimental inspection this morning. Col. Fearing was inspecting officer.

Sunday, 11th. The whole regiment is on duty now,

one half going on picket one day and the other half the next.

12th. Col. Fearing has gone to New Orleans on business connected with the muster-out of the non-com's.

28th. Our long expected furloughs have come, but I am sorry to say that Capt. King's did not.

30th. Col. Earle of 70 U. S. C. T. is anxious for me to join his regiment and take charge of his band; promises a handsome purse and a commission soon.

31st. Col. Earle urges me stronger than ever but I have refused.

An old time curiosity! Capt. D. W. King to the "Nashua Telegraph":

NATCHEZ, Miss., Nov. 8, 1864.

Our election to-day resulted as follows:

	Lincoln.	McClellan.
Company A,	18	5
“ B,	9	11
“ C,	0	16
“ D,	10	5
“ E,	5	9
“ F,	8	9
“ G,	8	15
“ H,	9	7
“ I,	7	13
“ K,	0	23
	—	—
	74	113

I returned from captivity to my regiment a week ago, hope to go home soon on furlough.

Hope, politically that the *best man* wins to-day.

A peculiar case, or rather three of them!

HEADQUARTERS POST AND DEFENSES OF  
NATCHEZ, Dec. 29, 1864.

General Orders, No. 69.

Before a general court martial of which Capt. Geo. B. O'Keson, 94th Ill. Vols. was President, were arraigned and tried Private M. M., 8th Reg. N. H. Vols., Co. B. Charge: Desertion. M. M. pleaded not guilty. The

court's finding was not guilty; but General Brayman disapproved of all the proceedings and the finding, charging too, that the court had failed to specify what should be done with M. M. and therefore Gen. B. ordered him released and restored to duty.

2. Private W. H., also of the 8th N. H., Co. E, was charged with desertion. He pleaded not guilty, was found by the court not guilty, and Gen. B. ordered the prisoner's release on the same grounds as the previous case.

3. W. V., of Company E, 8th N. H. Vols., was also on trial for desertion; pleaded not guilty, but was found guilty and sentenced to lose "two months' pay and to two months' hard labor on some fortification." Gen. Brayman caught on to this last case with avidity, and salted the court with the following remarks: "In order that the commission of such a grave offense should not go entirely unpunished, the proceedings, finding, and sentence in the above case are approved, and the commanding officer of the regiment is charged with the execution of the sentences, the fortifications at the post of Natchez being designated as the place where the 'hard labor' shall be performed; but the sentence is so incommensurate with the gravity of the offense that it is adjudged to be an evidence of mistaken leniency on the part of the court, or the want of a due appreciation of the criminality attached to one of the most serious offenses of which a soldier can be guilty. The entire proceedings of the court in the preceding cases are of such an irregular and informal character that the general commanding is pained to find that officers can be so entirely ignorant of army regulations and military law as the members of this court have shown themselves to be."

By command of BRIG.-GEN. M. BRAYMAN.

T. C. PRESCOTT,

*Captain and Acting Asst. Adj.-Gen.*

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF MISSISSIPPI,

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1865.

Special Order, No. 20.

The veterans and recruits of the 8th Regiment New Hampshire Vol. Infantry remaining in the service will be

organized as directed in Circular No. 36, under the direction of Brig.-Gen. M. Brayman, comdg. post of Natchez. The following are the officers designated to remain in command: Surgeon A. J. Thompson, Adjutant James H. Marshall, Reg'l Quartermaster C. A. Bowen, Captain James H. Landers, Captain Dana W. King, Captain James R. Newell, 1st Lieut. George B. Johnson, 1st Lieut. James Miles, 2d Lieut. James F. W. Webster.

The officers and enlisted men entitled to be mustered out will be sent under the command of Col. Fearing to report through the Governor of the State of New Hampshire to the superintendent of the recruiting service, at the rendezvous of that State, to be mustered out.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL N. J. T. DANA.

F. W. FOX, *A. A. Gen'l.*

WARNER MILLER,  
*Asst. Adj.-Gen'l.*

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF MISSISSIPPI,  
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 2, 1865.

Special Orders, No. 3.

Capt. D. W. King, 8th New Hampshire Veteran Vols., is hereby granted a Veteran leave of absence of thirty days in the State of N. H., having been prevented from before proceeding by reason of being taken prisoner by the enemy on April 8th, 1864, and not exchanged until Oct. 23d, 1864. The Quartermaster's Dept. will furnish necessary transportation.

By order of MAJ.-GEN. N. J. T. DANA.

T. H. HARRIS, *Asst. Adj.-Gen.*

TO CAPT. D. W. KING,  
*8th N. H. Vols.*

PERSONAL.—No one of the officers of the Eighth Regiment, commissioned in 1861, saw so long and so varied a military service as did Lieut.-Col. Dana W. King. Of the original thirty-seven, he was the only one left at the muster-out of the battalion, an instance which occurred in no other New Hampshire regiment. He was a popular officer, and a worker in any department in which he was

placed, making himself familiar with the dryest details of official business. When off duty he was a genial companion, an adept at story telling and writing. From his entrance to the drill squad, up through to his retirement from military life, he left behind him a broad swath of innocent fun which his admirers do not tire of stirring up



COL. DANA W. KING.

and airing. If he gets through first and is cremated, each and all of the remaining veterans of the Eighth New Hampshire will want a *few* ashes to wear in a locket as a continual charm.

In regard to his military experience, he first enlisted in April, 1861, in the First New Hampshire Volunteers; was appointed first corporal in Company F, and held that

place through the three months' service of that regiment. Returning to Nashua, he began at the city hall enlisting troops for the Fifth Regiment, but finally went out as second lieutenant of Company A of the Eighth. He was promoted to first lieutenant on April 14, 1862. In the same month he was appointed by Gen. Halbert E. Paine as ordnance officer, which position he held until after the capitulation of Port Hudson. On August 8, 1864, he was appointed aide-de-camp and assistant inspector-general on the staff of Brig.-Gen. J. W. McMillan, until relieved at his own request, on December 21, 1863, having been previously promoted in the regiment to captain of Company A on December 16, 1863.

In the disastrous second Red River expedition in 1864, he was in command of his company (cavalry); was wounded at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads on April 8, his horse being shot under him. He was captured and jailed at Shreveport, and afterwards confined in the stockade of Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas. While there, he, with three companions, made their escape; but after a jaunt of nine days and nights in the forest were captured by bloodhounds and returned to the stockade. Was exchanged in October, and made his way back to the regiment, then at Natchez, Miss. Soon a leave of absence was granted for thirty days, and he visited his home in Nashua, after an absence of exactly three years. On returning to the command on board the steamship "Catawba" from New York to New Orleans, the craft leaking badly, he, as senior military officer on board, taking advantage of an order then in force, ordered her into Key West, where she was lightened, and then proceeded to her destination. In the battalion formation he was made captain of Company B, and so served until the muster-out. He finally came home in command of the battalion, and was then commissioned as lieutenant-colonel by Governor Smith, in recognition of his four years of hard and meritorious service.

If the colonel lives to continue to hold the civil office to which he has been elected, he will, on July 1, 1893, have been the register of deeds for Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, for the continuous term of over twenty-five years, which is proof alike of valued service and well earned popularity.

Parts of the following are extracted and condensed from volume 2, 1866, adjutant-general's report of State of New Hampshire, supposed to be written by Lieutenant Marshall :

At the expiration of the original term of service of the Eighth, there remained in service three hundred and five veteran volunteers and recruits joined subsequent to the original muster of the regiment. These, under instructions from Headquarters Military Division of West Mississippi, and in accordance with Circular No. 36, war department, series of 1864, were, by Special Orders No. 1, Headquarters District of Natchez, organized into three companies of the maximum strength, and designated the "Veteran Battalion, Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers." Surgeon A. J. Thompson was retained in the service. The command dated its organization from Jan. 1, 1865, and Captain Landers assumed command of the battalion by virtue of seniority of rank.

The departure of the non-veterans was akin to the breaking-up of a family, so closely had the comrades been knit together by their common experiences of toil and danger during their three years of service. The men with whom we had marched side by side through the swamps and over the prairies of Louisiana; who had shared our exultation over our first victory at Georgia Landing; who had with us laid siege to and captured Port Hudson; with whom we had shared blankets and divided rations during the disastrous Red River campaign, had left us, and the friendships born of common hardships and dangers were mostly, henceforth, to be but pleasant memories.

As legal heirs, the Veteran Battalion succeeded to all the effects which their departing comrades had left, so a new camp being laid out, larger huts were built of the lumber from those vacated; but when everything had been

comfortably arranged for the approaching rainy season, on the 9th of January, 1865, the battalion was ordered to Vidalia, directly opposite Natchez on the Louisiana shore. The change to the low, swampy land was disagreeable, but the old campaigners made the best of it.

Comrade James H. Crane was a re-enlisted veteran of Company A. He was drowned in the Mississippi river on July 24, 1865. Sergt. F. L. Lindsey saved some of his manuscript for his friends. The writing upon the envelope is that he was "popular with his comrades." The original copy was furnished to the writer by Comrade J. C. Philbrick of Company A. The following is an extract:

The battalion crossed the river on the 9th of January, 1864, to Vidalia—found their assigned quarters occupied by colored troops—they wouldn't get out—it was raining. The officer commanding our battalion gave the colonel of colored regiment twenty minutes to vacate, or be charged on, so the enemy (?) moved over to Natchez, and we went into that Court House. Not finding any wood, the soldiers took to benches for fuel, and General Brayman coming around said, "Boys, take anything you can find to make yourselves comfortable." Soon we got into plantation houses, and all was lovely and pleasant.

By First Lieut. and Adj. James H. Marshall:

The post of Vidalia was commanded by Brig.-Gen. M. Brayman, Lieut. Marshall of the Veteran Battalion being his adjutant-general. The defenses consisted of a square redoubt with bastions at the inland angles, inclosing the court house and jail of the parish, which were used for officers' quarters and storage. The work mounted four ten-pounder rifles and two howitzers; was garrisoned by the battalion, a squadron of Second New Jersey Cavalry, and a section of artillery. All the territory in Federal possession was included in a picket line two miles in length, curving in a semi-circle from the river to the river again. In the stream a little above the fort, lay the huge ironclad "Benton," whose hundred-pounders and eleven-inch Dahlgrens commanded a wide sweep of the country

in rear of the post. The nearest post of the enemy was at Harrisonburg, about forty miles distant, with an outpost at Trinity twenty-five miles distant. The country between was a "debatable ground," being raided by both parties. Our forces would sweep the rebel plantations along Black river of all the horses, mules, and corn that could be found, while parties of the enemy would make midnight forage upon the government lessees, who, trusting to their nearness to the Federal lines for protection, had engaged in cotton planting around Vidalia. As the lessees were nearly all Northern men, they met with little mercy at the hands of the rebel "jayhawkers" who plundered them remorselessly, and greeted them on sight with volleys of pistol and carbine bullets. During the month of February these raids became so frequent that it was a source of amusement for the soldiers to turn out at the "long roll," just to see the "lessees" at midnight rush within the lines covered with fright and very scanty clothing.

A Negro Idea. By Comrade James H. Crane :

A mile from camp was a government plantation, but the hands, colored people hired and under a lessee, got tired of steady work, because they were *free*, so they struck for *freedom*, and they got it. Previously, by liberal passes furnished by the lessee, they could cross the lines and go into the town, but now they found themselves astonished by running up against a bayonet when they were on the way to the town, and as it was risky getting around the fellow with the gun, and as they had no passes nor any one to vouch for them, a few days' hunger and thirst for the town made them anxious to have a Federal master to govern intelligently their actions, to supply them with work and consequent cash and passes.

More by Comrade Crane :

In the latter part of January a detail was made from the battalion for a firing party at a military execution. The culprits were two men of an Illinois regiment who had been convicted by a military commission, of the murder of a citizen. Twelve men were detailed in the ordinary way — those "next for duty" on the roster being taken. It was a more unwelcome task than charging on a battery would have been.

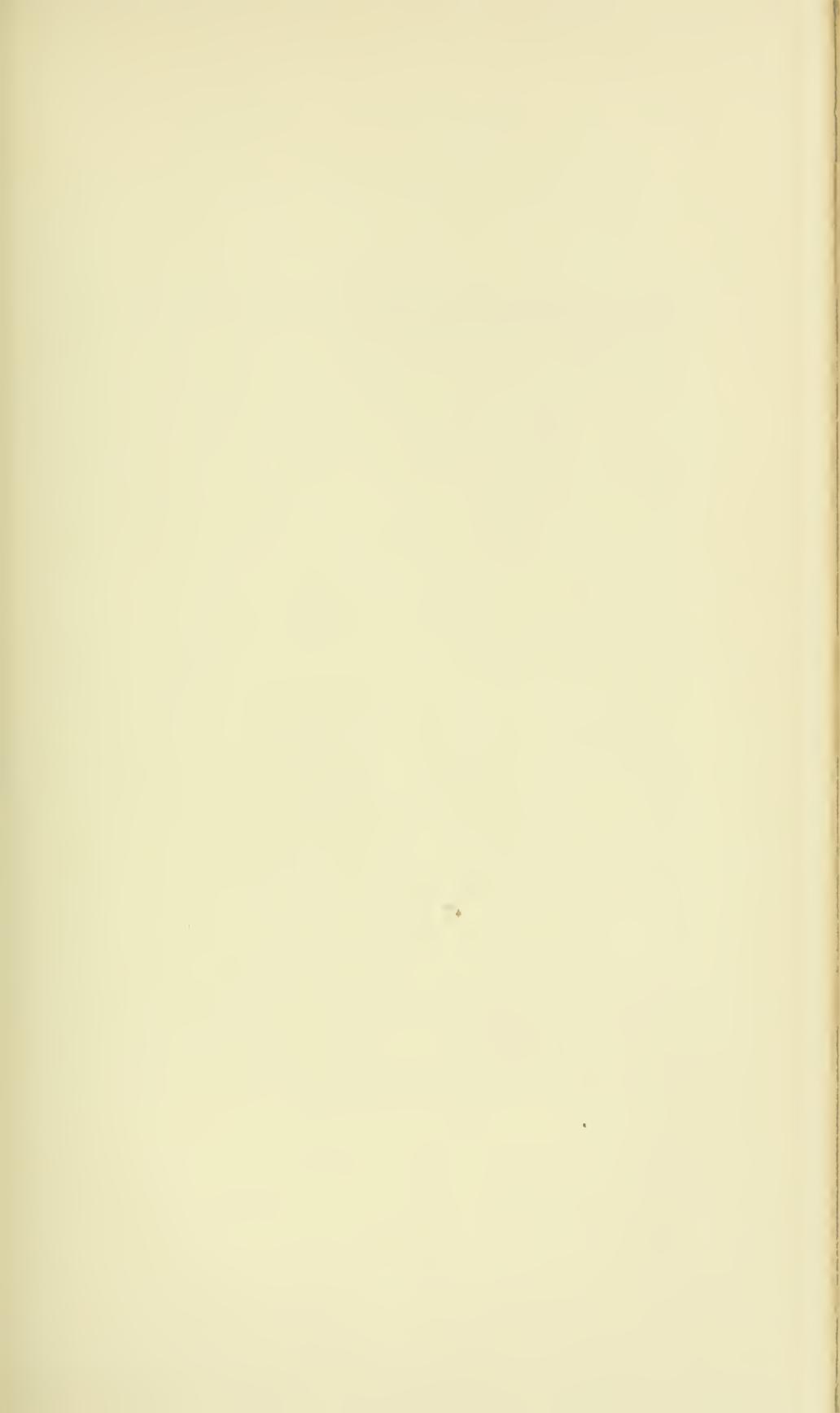
Comrade Crane heads his account thus, "A few words in regard to shooting two soldiers of the Twenty-eighth Illinois Regiment":

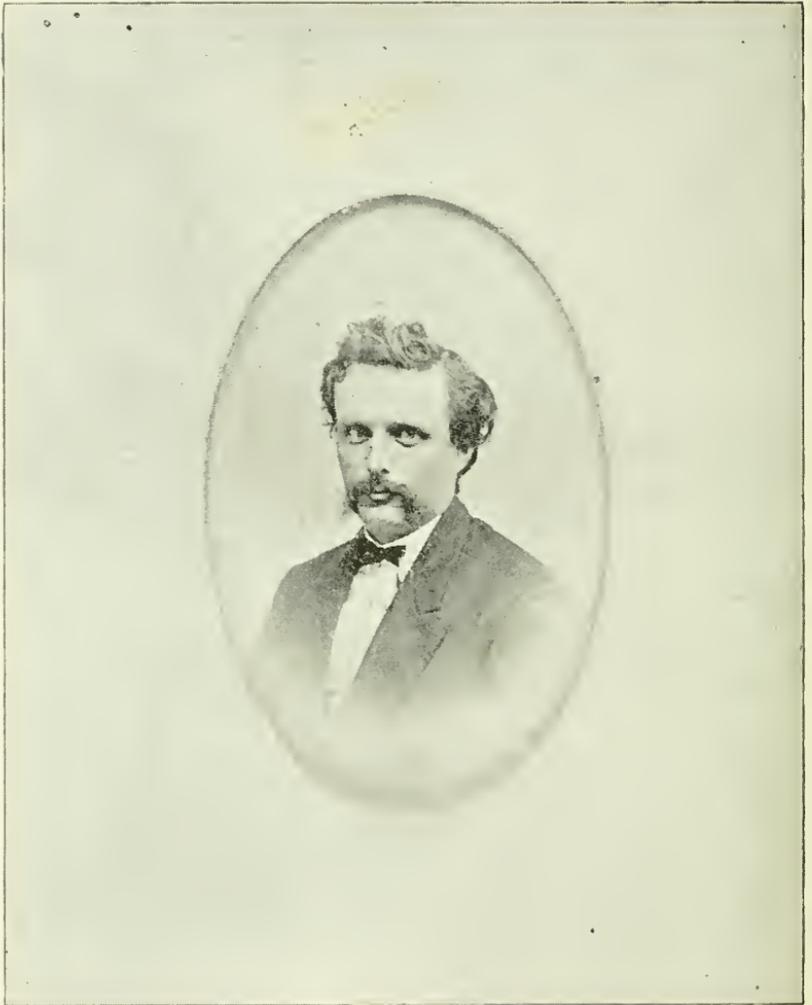
A few days after the arrival of our battalion at Vidalia, there was something for them to do which they had never done before, and that was the shooting of two Union soldiers in cool blood; their charge was murder. Twelve men were detailed under the command of Lieut. Nelson H. Peterson. It was no hard job to shoot regular rebels, but it was pretty tough to shoot a Union soldier; but the detail had to do their duty, and the two prisoners were put in a wagon and taken to the field, where they were to breathe their last. The guard, or firing party, marched steadily and quietly behind the wagon until the appointed spot was reached, then they got in line in front of the boxes on which the prisoners sat. It was well known that one of the twelve guns contained a blank cartridge. At the command "Fire" both of the victims fell across the boxes without a struggle and lay as if they were sleeping. On examination by the surgeon, it was found that six balls went through one man and five through the other.

In the quaint and honest words of the narrator, "Lieutenant Peterson was highly respected and the guard were honored by their well doing, and doing their duty in so soldierlike a manner."

The last of Comrade Crane's items is that Companies B and C on May 8, went from Natchez to Brookhaven, Miss., to "protect the people." He says, "they went with a cheerful step and a rejoicing heart, and camped three miles from the city. The next day the U. S. paymaster gave them six months' pay, and they as easily came into the city to have a good time, and they had it, too."

The following is an extract from a chapter in the history of Carroll county, New Hampshire, compiled by Col. E. Quinby Fellows:





MAJOR JAS. R. NEWELL.

PERSONAL. — " Maj. James R. Newell was born in Brookfield, on December 5, 1839. He enlisted in the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, in 1861, as sergeant, and served faithfully during the war, participating in over forty actions. On June 14, 1863, then a first lieutenant and acting as captain, he led his company in the disastrous charge on the rebel works at Port Hudson, where he was severely wounded and captured. Escaping on July 4, he was engaged in nearly every battle fought by his regiment in the Department of the Gulf, and also did admirable service as a scout amid great difficulties. For personal gallantry he was promoted to all offices from sergeant to major. He died in Wolfeboro', N. H., March 1, 1880, and the G. A. R. post at that place is named in his honor.

" In April, 1869, Major Newell married Miss Fannie M. Beacham, of Ossipee, N. H., who survives him, and since 1882 has been a missionary in Constantinople, Turkey."

General Brayman being satisfied that rebel deserters living along the Black river were troublesome raiders, determined to at least seize their mules and horses, even if he could not kill the elusive cusses, so by his order, on February 4, Captain Newell of Company C started with a party of fifteen for that locality. They were accompanied by four scouts, Union men rendered desperate by the loss of homes, crops, and scattered families. They were eager for reprisals, were fully armed and clad in grey. They made a night start and avoided the roads, traveling by the stars, by compass and forest craft, they struck the Black river and broke up several haunts of the guerrillas. After three days of gathering of horses and equipments, one of the scouts who had been out towards Harrisburg, returned with the news that their movements were now known, and that about three hundred rebel cavalry were in pursuit, so Captain Newell retreated through the swamp heading for Vidalia and driving the

captured stock ahead of the party. But a furious rain storm set in and the rising water warned them to reach higher ground. It rose from hardly fetlock deep to the stirrups, a gloomy outlook, splashing on through the dark forest, the enemy behind and the flood everywhere; but the scouts' knowledge of the lay of the land brought them to one of the well known ridges where they staid as best they might, huddled over a damp fire. Morning came and water still rising; no rations save a little horse corn. At night Captain Newell with one of the scouts set out to discover a means of escape, but the horses soon had to swim, that of the scout was drowned, and the instinct of Captain Newell's horse brought him to land after losing all of his loose property, such as sabre, belt, pistol, boots, and overcoat. Another dreary morning dawned and Captain Newell, with two men and an extra horse, started to find the scout. Luckily he was saved by the party who found him, a mile and a half from the ridge, and all the property he had was a big log which he had clung to all night, and he was so exhausted and stiff, that they had to tear him off of that. When they got back they found that their companions had shot a horse and a mule, and were feasting on steaks seasoned with gunpowder. It is said that after trying both, the verdict was in favor of horse meat. Still another day of discomfort, and the next morning they made a bold push for the Union lines. Coming to a bayou and a ferry, the scouts hailed the rebel who owned the boat, on the other shore, and by informing him that they were in hot haste after some blasted Yanks, he paddled across and on landing was presented with a six shooter, muzzle end foremost. The men and animals were then ferried over, and in order that the owner shouldn't tell anybody of their whereabouts, the boat was destroyed and he was left on the other or swamp side to meditate on Yankee tricks. So, after a march of sixty miles and an absence of six days, they reported back at Vidalia.

On the 6th of March the battalion was ordered back to Natchez to do provost duty. The men were quartered on the public square in the Court House. They were so good (dude) that they were denominated "Davidson's Pets." They got dressed up and were by report, the cynosure of all eyes, especially the ladies, and some of them *married some of them*.

During the month of March a detachment from the battalion went twenty-five miles by boat to Gaines' landing, and marching into the interior captured a rebel depot of supplies and some prisoners. On March 6, Lieut. George B. Johnson was detached as assistant provost marshal of Natchez, and exercised the functions of his office in that well known haunt of evil doers, "Natchez under the hill." Lieut. J. J. Nolan was also detached to command the military prison.

A story of a sergeant of Company K. Some perils of the camp are equal to the perils of the field. That statement is axiomatic! In a prize story of the "Detroit Free Press," the captain of Company K, at home a Sunday-school superintendent and temperance missionary, reckons up his misdeeds at the end of his first day's battle, and it comes to "a Sunday fight, a swearword, a drink of whiskey, and the use of a pipe," yet he came out all right at the end of the story; so the sergeant of Company K comes out all right at the end of the war as a temperance man and a capitalist!

The following relation is in somewhat of a different strain from any of the preceding whiskey stories and is how Sergt. John Farley of Company K (see page 145), got a mule admitted to the bar:

When we were in camp about a mile from Natchez and this cruel war was about over, and we felt good accordingly, it was a city ordinance that no liquor should be sold to any private soldier unless by permission of a commis-

sioned officer who should be present at the sale. The sergeant of Company K happened into one of the big plated bar-rooms and by permission of his lieutenant got pretty well "set up" by twelve, midnight, so much so that the usual consequences followed, by being in the morning at his quarters afflicted with a big head and a disordered stomach. He concluded that a "hair of the same dog that bit him," would cure, so he with a chum as dry as himself, started for the city. On arriving, they presented themselves at the "nigger end" of the same bar that they had so liberally patronized on the previous evening. Says the sergeant of Company K, "Mr. McDonald, will you please let us have a drink?" "No," said Mr. McDonald, "I wouldn't let my brother have a drink, if he was a soldier." Now this said Mr. McDonald was one of those big-feeling, pot-built-up rebels who was glad to get any kind of a twist on Yanks, so finding that it was no use to try for a drink even after offering big money, the two chums went down to the world famed "Natchez under the hill." There a certain Mrs. Stack whose husband was in the rebel army, and she had to keep alive by a little sly trade, put a bottle on the table and told 'em to help themselves, and soon the Sergeant of Company K was on a mental level with the night before. When feeling first-rate, the two started back up Main street, and seeing by the side of the road a mule that was so old and stiff that he had hard work to get his head down to the grass, they seized him, the Company K man by the head, while his chum followed up with a club. It was rather slow work for they had to give the mule *time*. He came near toppling through weakness over on to them, but they sustained his faltering body until having got to the front of Mr. McDonald's coffee, beer and rum house, and finding that the main floor was about on a level with the sidewalk, they urged the mule indoors and up to the bar.

Mr. McDonald was behind the bar, and was thunder-struck and paralyzed with madness to see such a horridly wan, emaciated, piteous looking old mule sticking his ears over his bar and looking at himself in the big mirrors. Sergeant of Company K says, "Mr. McDonald, give this fellow a drink; *he's no soldier; I'll pay for it.*" Says Mr. McDonald with an oath, "I'll have none of this work; get out o' here with yer mule." "Take him, Mr. Mc-

Donald," says the sergeant, "you can have him. *We don't* want him. Make him feel good with a drink; he's no soldier," and backed out laughing. Mr. McDonald came from behind the bar with a club. He was too mad to *lead* the mule out. He wanted to hit something or somebody, so he pounded the poor mule, and in the struggle came near ruining the bar and furniture. Meantime the noise had drawn a crowd of about 2,000 people, who by turns cheered the mule, and Mc., and the sergeant of Company K, who, in the doorway, kept calling out, "Give him a drink, Mr. McDonald, and he will come out all right; he is *no soldier*." The sergeant of Company K often wondered why the man-mule didn't *shoot* him, but came to the conclusion that the rebel bullet to do that was never built.

The news of the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army was received by the officers and men with great joy. On the evening of the reception of the news, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed in military circles, and depression was visible among the Confederate sympathizers. All loyal persons were requested by the provost marshal to illuminate their houses. In view of the Federal successes and now established supremacy, the most rebellious did not dare to appear openly disloyal, and the result was a fine and general illumination. A torchlight procession headed by the troops of the post numbering four thousand, the veteran battalion having the right of the column, paraded the streets and paid a marching salute to the general at his residence, amid the blaze of fireworks furnished from the pyrotechnic stores of the fleet in the river, accompanied by the heavy guns of Fort McPherson and the Columbiads of the ironclads; but all the joy and exultation was of short duration, for soon came the news of the assassination of our beloved president. With hushed and bated breath, soldiers and citizens alike talked of the terrible crime, and speculated as to the consequences, but there was no burst of a "fearful storm of vengeance," as some fearful ones predicted. The spirit of

the great heart that had suddenly been stilled seemed to pervade the conquerors. Again the troops at Natchez paraded, but with no pealing music — no cheers of exultation. With the simple but expressive insignia of military mourning, the crape upon the arm and sword belt, the flag of our country shrouded in black ; with arms reversed, the sad column wound its way through the streets following the roll of the muffled drums while the great guns of the fort struck the half-hours during the day. That immortal sentence, “with malice toward none and charity toward all,” though the kindly voice that uttered it was forever silent, that sentiment was the keynote of the hour and ruled the nation.

With the surrender of the Confederate forces, the labors of the battalion were somewhat lightened. Soon after the capitulation, Companies B and C were ordered to Brookhaven, Miss., “to preserve order till the restoration of civil law,” but the country being found quiet, they returned within two weeks. A. J. Thompson was in May put in charge of the district as surgeon. Captain Landers was detached as assistant commissary of musters, leaving Capt. J. R. Newell in command of battalion. On June 5, Lieut. C. A. Bowen was detached as post quartermaster at Natchez. At this time about ninety enlisted men of the battalion were employed on various kinds of detached service as clerks and orderlies. In June, Company A was at Vicksburg as General Davidson’s headquarters guard.

Letter extract from King :

VETERAN BATTALION,  
NATCHEZ, Miss., July 10, 1865.

A letter from the “Seat of War” is a falsehood. Still we are here in readiness for any outbreak which may be fomented by crowned heads, sore heads, or copperheads. Steady streams of rebels are pouring in here to take the “iron-clad oath.” They are in grey, and mostly as defiant as ever, demanding of the quartermaster the best of

transportation to their homes. Our forces must be kept here for a long time. Take away the troops, and a Union man's life would not be worth a "sou-markee."

VICKSBURG, Miss., July 21, 1865.

General Orders, No. 3.

Captain J. H. Landers, 8th N. H. Veteran Infantry, is appointed upon the staff of Major-General Slocum as assistant commissary of musters.

The following is an exact copy, *verbatim et literatim*, big capitals and names, of Special Order, No. 27 :

HEADQUARTERS SOUTHERN DISTRICT MISSISSIPPI,  
NATCHEZ, Miss., Aug. 17, 1865.

(Extract) :

2. A Board of Survey is hereby appointed to convene at the office of the Post-Sub.-Commissioner of Freedom, Natchez, Miss., at 9 o'clock A. M. on the 18th instant, or as soon thereafter as practicable to investigate and determine the *responsibility* for the *loss of one Government Horse*, for which 2d Lieutenant A. W. Williamson, 70th U. S. Colored Infantry is responsible.

DETAIL FOR THE BOARD.

Major John P. Coleman, 6th U. S. Colored Artillery (Heavy).

Capt. D. W. King, Veteran Battalion 8th New Hampshire Infantry.

First Lieut. James Dickson, 6th U. S. Colored Artillery (Heavy).

By order of BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL J. W. DAVIDSON.

A. SCHUYLER MONTGOMERY,  
*Capt. A. D. C. and A. A. A. Gen'l.*

Official :

C. H. COOPER,  
*First Lieut. and A. A. A. G.*

CAPT. D. W. KING, *8th N. H. Vet. Battalion.*

If any account of the wrestle in hunting for the one responsible for the aforesaid horse is found it will be gladly inserted later.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSISSIPPI,  
VICKSBURG, Miss., August 19, 1865.

General Orders, No. 20.

The following officers are announced upon the staff of the general commanding :

Surgeon John L. Tweed, United States Volunteers, Acting Medical Inspector.

Captain Samuel T. Cushing, Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. A., Chief Commissary.

First Lieutenant James H. Marshall, 8th New Hampshire Veteran Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL SLOCUM.

J. WARREN MILLER,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Official :

J. H. MARSHALL,  
*Lieut. and Act. Assistant Adjutant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF MISSISSIPPI,  
VICKSBURG, Miss., Oct. 20, 1865.

Special Orders, No. 79, extract :

3. On account of the orders for the muster-out of his regiment, First Lieut. James H. Marshall, 8th N. H. Veteran Infantry, is hereby relieved from duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General at these Headquarters, and will at once report to his regimental commander. The Major-General commanding, thanks Lieutenant Marshall for his faithful and efficient services while on duty at these Headquarters.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL OSTERHAUS.

J. WARREN MILLER,  
*Asst. Adj.-Gen.*

Official :

J. WARREN MILLER, *A. A. Gen.*

PERSONAL. — James H. Marshall, of Nashua, enlisted with the writer in Company B of the Eighth New Hampshire, and was appointed and mustered in as sergeant in that company on December 20, 1861. Previously, he had served in the First Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers with Captain Edgerly, in Company F. In the his-

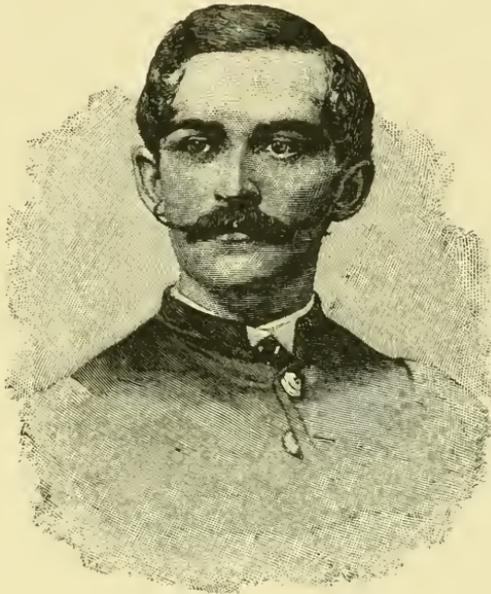


CAPT. JAMES H. MARSHALL.



tory of the First, page 400, his short record reads, "Age, 21; occupation, clerk; mustered in on Aug. 9, 1861."

As the writer glances over the names of those enlisting in the same company, he sees many familiar ones, as Sergeant Nottage and Sergeant-Major Hosley, both killed



JAMES H. MARSHALL.

at Port Hudson; Lieutenant Peterson, to-day living; T. L. Livermore, since colonel of the Eighteenth; Lieut. Nestor Haines, Lieutenant Langley, Captains Blanchard and Newhall, and D. W. King, then corporal; Lieutenant Thompson, W. F. Adams, Samuel Bartlett, A. D. Bouteille, James Ennis, W. B. Emerson, and F. A. Hobart. In all, thirty-six of the First Regiment enlisted sometime during the war in the Eighth Regiment. On page 485, First Regiment history, record of Sergeant Marshall is

continued. "Appointed in Eighth Regiment principal musician, March 17, 1863; sergeant-major, September 15, 1863; re-enlisted, January 1, 1864; second lieutenant Company G, June 22, 1864; adjutant, September 1, 1864; captain, October 28, 1865; not mustered; discharged, October 28, 1865."

Captain Marshall was very intelligent and scholarly, fluent in speech, and a ready writer. It was expected at the commencement of this history that its pages would be enriched by copious extracts from the diaries he was known to keep, but after much search, they are, unfortunately, not to be found. It is related of him that on one of those interminable marches in Louisiana, he ventured during a halt to step upon the piazza of a mansion where an undaunted Southern miss was studying a Latin book, Virgil. Being naturally gallant and gentlemanly, he attempted conversation, but failed at first; still persisting, he caught sight of the title of the book and offered to *read* it to her; that proposition opened the young lady's mouth, and she indulged in a laugh and a pretty little sneer that a mudsill Yank should know aught of Latin; but Lieutenant Marshall captured the book and the pretty girl's astonished attention by readily reading the "*dead* language," and gracing it with fine *live* English easily rendered. A lunch followed, which detained Marshall, so that he was fearful of being in turn "captured," and he had to break away. According to an account in print (the date is not given), his friends took him from his home in Webster, Mass., where he had been for some time sick, and in a palace car, and with kindest attention, he was carried to The Weirs to meet the boys once more. For three days he was the recipient of boundless hospitality, Colonel King and wife, and his old schoolmate, Mr. J. P. Otterson, and his lady, doing all in their power for his comfort and happiness. On the last day of their stay, the "men of the Eighth" came, preceded by Brown's band, which

played in front of the cottage where he was staying, the touching strains of "Departed Days," at the close of which they passed in review, and each grasped him by the hand. As they marched on the band struck up the grand old "Marching through Georgia," which affected the captain to tears. Said he, "I shall never again witness the march of the Eighth. I shall never see many of my comrades again in this world." His words were truly spoken. He died in Webster, Mass., soon after his return from this trip to The Weirs.

HEADQUARTERS,  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF MISSISSIPPI,  
NATCHEZ, Oct. 17, 1865.

Special Orders, No. 63 (extract) :

1. Under instructions from Dept. Headquarters, the 8th N. H. Veteran Battalion will be put en route for Vicksburg, preparatory to its muster out, and be reported there to the assistant adjutant-general of the department.

The general commanding, thanks this regiment which has been under his immediate command ten months, for their general attention to duty and fidelity and patience since the surrender of the rebel armies. The regiment will carry with them his earnest wishes that the distinction which has attended them as a body in the military service of the country, may follow them individually throughout the walks of civil life.

J. W. DAVIDSON,  
*Brevet Major-General.*

Official :

JOHN BYRNE,  
*Licut. and A. A. A. G.*  
*Comdg. Officer Co. B 8th N. H. Vet. Bat.*

But four officers were now on duty with the battalion, viz. : Captains King and Newell, and Lieutenants Johnson and Peterson, Lieutenant Nolan having resigned to take part in the Fenian movement. Finally, on October 17, 1865, according to order No. 63, the battalion went to Vicksburg, the muster rolls were made out and signed on

October 29, and bidding farewell to the scenes of almost four years service, the remnant of the Eighth embarked for Cairo under command of Capt. D. W. King; Captains Newell and Landers, Surgeon Thompson, and Lieutenants Bowen and Fletcher, with about twenty-five enlisted men, being left under the provisions of an order from the war department making it optional with them to be discharged where they were serving, or return home.

OFFICE C. M. DEPT. OF MISS.,  
VICKSBURG, MISS., Oct. 28, 1865.

*Capt. D. W. King:*

SIR, — You will take charge of the books and Records of the 8th New Hampshire Vet. Inf. Vols. and proceed with the Regt. to Concord, N. H., where you will deliver them to the chief mustering officer of the State of New Hampshire.

I am, very respectfully your obt. servant,

GEO. A. WILLIAMS,

*Capt. 1st U. S. Inf. C. M. Dept. of Miss.*

At Cairo the battalion took cars for a 1,500 mile ride to New Hampshire. To their great discomfort, their journey commenced in cattle cars. At Indianapolis they encountered the first snow storm seen since January, 1862, but luckily, off the cars they were provided with a bountiful supper by their comrades in arms at that post. Next Sunday morning they came to a stand-still at Crestline, Ohio, and a cool wait of twenty-four hours was announced; but Captain King sought out the agent of the road and laid the case before him so graphically, that he telegraphed to the superintendent of the road, who lined them right on and, more, interested the ladies of Cleveland, who left church worship to prepare for the hungry comers; so at 6 P. M., they entered the Soldiers' Home for a wash (luxury) and a bountiful supper. An individual expression of thanks was given by Captain King, three cheers by the command

and a feeling card of acknowledgment was left for the morning papers, to let the Ohioan public know that the Granite Yankees had passed through, but not without being superbly entertained by the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society.

At 10 P. M. on Tuesday, November 7, the train rolled into the station at Concord, N. H., and the soldier boys once more trod the soil of the old Granite State. The veterans were received by Adjutant-General Head, who introduced His Excellency Governor Smyth, who, after words of welcome, tendered them the hospitalities of their native State. Escorted by the Veteran Reserve Corps, the battalion marched to the stirring strains of the "Soldier's Chorus" from Faust, to bountiful suppers at the Phenix and Eagle hotels. At Camp Gilmore on the next Friday, November 9, the battalion was paid off and discharged. One hundred and seventy-nine enlisted men returned as the last representatives of over 1,700 men who had served in the regiment. As a recognition of their services, the officers of the battalion were presented with brevet commissions by the governor, making the roster as follows:

Colonel, James H. Landers,  
Lieutenant-Colonel, Dana W. King,  
Major, James R. Newell,  
Surgeon, Andrew J. Thompson,  
Company A, Captain, George B. Johnson,  
Company A, First Lieutenant, Nelson H. Peterson,  
Company B, Captain, Charles A. Bowen,  
Company B, First Lieutenant, James F. Fletcher,  
Company C, Captain, James H. Marshall,  
Company C, First Lieutenant, James L. Wheeler.

From "Fox's Statistics," compiled from the official records, the State Military Bureaus, and at Washington by W. F. Fox, lieutenant-colonel U. S. V. and president of the society of the Twelfth Army Corps, the following is the loss of the Eighth New Hampshire in the civil war:

Killed and died of wounds, officers,	8
“ “ “ enlisted men,	94
	<hr/>
	102
Died of disease, accident, and in prison, of- ficers,	2
Died of disease, accident, and in prison, en- listed men,	256
	<hr/>
	258
Total deaths,	360

In the list of the New Hampshire eighteen regiments, the Eighth stands in the column of “officers killed and died of wounds” during the war as the eighth, it losing 10, the Second losing thus 15; the Third, 12; Fifth, 18; Sixth, 10; Seventh, 15; Ninth, 10; Twelfth, 11; Fourteenth, 8. In the same column it stands the ninth in loss of *enlisted* men, as the Second lost 163; Third, 186; Fifth, 277; Sixth, 177; Seventh, 169; Ninth, 145; Eleventh, 140; Twelfth, 170; Eighth, 94. In same column, total loss, the Eighth stands ninth; in the column of “died of disease, accident, and in prison,” number of officers 2 (the Fifth and Third losing the same), the Second losing thus, 6; Fourth, 5; Sixth, 3; Ninth, 3; Fourteenth, 4; Sixteenth, 5. In the same column the Eighth stands first with a record of 256 of *enlisted men* and a total of 258. The nearest is the Ninth, 254; Seventh, 242; Sixth, 231; Sixteenth, 221; Fourth, 199; Fifth, 178; Second, 172; Third, 154. In column of “total deaths” the Eighth stands the fifth. The Fifth lost 473; Seventh, 426; Sixth, 418; Second, 350; Third, 352; Twelfth, 320; Eighth, as above, 260.

The killed or mortally wounded in New Hampshire regiments were	1,903
Deaths from other causes,	2,979
	<hr/>
Total,	4,882

Number of men furnished (three years standard), 29,150. Per cent killed, 6.5; per cent other deaths, 10.2; per cent total deaths, 16.7. In the Franco-Prussian war the loss was 3 1-10 per cent killed of those engaged; in the Crimean war 3 7-10 per cent; in the war of the Rebellion 4 7-10 per cent upon the Federal side, and, upon the authority of Fox's history, 9 per cent upon the Confederate side. In round numbers the losses upon the Union side were 110,000 killed; 369,400 died of wounds and disease.

The great loss of the Eighth, Colonel Fox in a note says, "*was due to the fatal climate of the Gulf States in which it served.*" Losses at Port Hudson *alone*, from May 23 to July 8, were as follows in the regiments indicated, of which the Eighth stands at the head. These were excerpted from "Fox's Statistics."

	Killed.	Wounded.	Misc.	Total.
8th New Hampshire,	30	198	30	258
4th Wisconsin,	49	117	53	219
26th Connecticut,	15	160	1	176
8th Vermont,	25	132	9	166
6th Michigan,	20	129	0	149
91st New York,	21	120	8	149
2d Louisiana,	32	108	4	144
116th New York,	20	105	5	130
73d N. S. Colored Infantry,	34	95	0	129
128th New Jersey,	22	100	6	128
1st Louisiana,	31	89	3	123
53d Massachusetts,	17	99	5	121
133d New York,	23	90	2	115
131st New York,	21	88	10	119
4th Massachusetts,	18	83	1	102

#### MAJOR THOMAS CONNELLY.

On Memorial Day, 1891, at Manchester, N. H., was dedicated a monument erected to the memory of Major Connelly. The following account of the services is from the "Manchester Union" of June 3, 1891:

## AT THE CONNELLY MONUMENT.

At 9 o'clock in the morning a procession was formed on Merrimack street, the right resting on the east side of Elm street, which was composed of those who were desirous of honoring the memory of the gallant Major Connelly by being present at the dedication ceremonies held in St. Joseph's cemetery about the monument recently erected to his memory. Lawrence Foley officiated as marshal, assisted by D. F. Healy as adjutant. The procession moved in the following order as they took up the line of march at St. Joseph's cemetery: Manchester Drum Corps; hack containing Patrick Fahey, John C. Linehan of Penacook, Daniel F. Mahoney and M. O'Dowd; Sheridan Guards, forty men, Capt. D. F. Shea; Emmett Guards, twenty-five men, Capt. P. H. O'Malley; delegation of Grand Army men and citizens.

At the cemetery, M. O'Dowd officiated as master of ceremonies, and addressed the assembly, stating that this monument was the first raised in this city to an Irish soldier by his comrades and friends, and alluded to the extreme antiquity of many monuments in the land of Major Connelly's birth, and gave a history of the ancestors of Major Connelly in Ireland, and concluded with a glowing tribute to his courage and well known abilities. Mr. O'Dowd then introduced John C. Linehan, who followed, giving the history of the raising of the fund, and that through the efforts of comrades, and the help from the columns of the "Daily Union," the work had been crowned with success, and alluded in a feeling manner to the position the Irish people occupied in New England thirty years ago, and concluding, gave a glowing eulogy to the memory of his friend, the patriotic and loyal Major Connelly.

Col. Dana W. King of Nashua was next introduced and addressed the gathering in a feeling manner regarding his acquaintance and intimacy with him for whom this monument was raised, and said, "A worthier or truer man was never sent from the State of New Hampshire. A man whose heart was tender as a woman's, but who was stern and unflinching in the discharge of his duty, and one whose loyalty and patriotism were never surpassed by a son of New Hampshire's soil," and, in conclusion, gave a

glowing tribute to the many attributes of his comrade and friend.

D. F. O'Connor followed with an eloquent tribute to the many virtues of Major Connelly, not only as a soldier, but as a lawyer, a citizen, and a friend, and this monument is a fitting emblem of one who detested hypocrisy and loved liberality in its fullest sense.

The monument is of granite placed upon a solid natural foundation. The base is about forty-eight inches on each side, above which is a base of thirty-six inches on each side, on which rests the die, which is inscribed as follows:

East side — A soldier, loyal, brave, and true, who risked all for the land of his adoption. A patriotic Irishman, learned in the traditions, history, and ancient civilization of his native land, who gave generously of his means, and was untiring in his efforts to promote every honorable movement in favor of Irish independence.

North side — Major Connelly, with the assistance of the Irish-American soldiers of the Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, while on duty in Louisiana in the autumn of 1862, had a graceful marble monument erected over the grave of Richard Dalton Williams, the Irish patriot and poet.

West side — Erected by his friends and comrades, to the memory of Major Thomas Connelly of the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, 1861 to 1865. Born in city of Kilkenny, A. D. 1830. Died March 22, 1888. R. I. P.

The monument is an original design and reflects great credit on the maker. It is about fifteen feet in height, and was this morning tastefully decorated with smilax and cut flowers arranged in festoons and wreaths by Misses Annie and Kate Doyle, nieces of the deceased.

In a letter addressed to the committee at Manchester, regretting his inability to be present at the ceremonies, Capt. D. B. Newhall, of Concord, thus closes:

You do well to erect a monument to the memory of this noble Irishman. No native of the soil showed more patriotism and love of country than this brave son of old Erin. As long as a member of the old Eighth is alive the names of Maj. Thomas Connelly, and our late beloved comrade, the "Bold Capt. Con" Healy will be revered.

Yours in F., C., and L.,

DAN'L B. NEWHALL.

## PERSONAL SKETCHES.

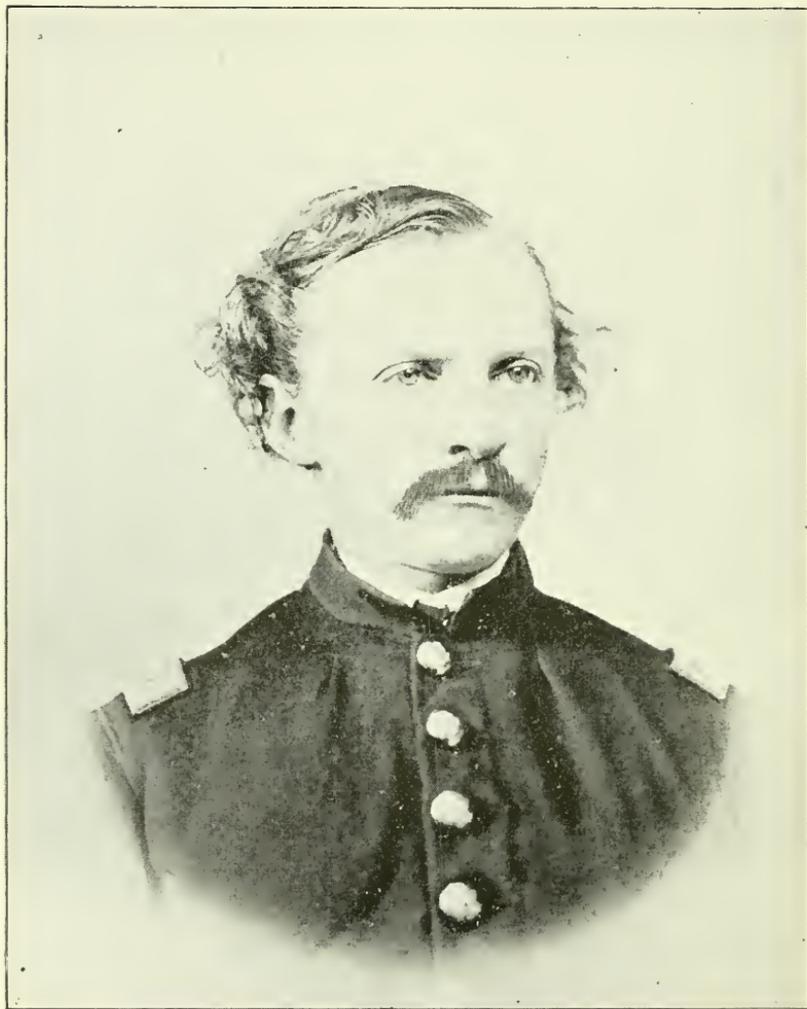
In the absence of other information, it is fortunate that the account of Capt. John Kelliher of Company C, by the Hon. John C. Linehan, in history of the First Regiment is available as follows :

Captain Kelliher had just arrived in the country when the war broke out. He was finely educated, had taught school in Ireland, and was fully imbued with the patriotic spirit of the times. He first volunteered in Captain Donahue's company of the Third, and went into camp at Concord, but, meeting several of his countrymen who were interested in his welfare, they advised him to apply to Governor Berry for authority to recruit an Irish company for the Eighth Regiment. He had not yet been mustered into the Third, and his application being granted, he raised a full company at Manchester, and went to the front commissioned as captain, but was killed, as elsewhere related, at Georgia Landing, October 27, 1862.

In regard to Captain Healy, Lieut. J. J. Nolan sends the following :

Capt. Cornelius Healy was born on the banks of the Kenmare River in Kerry County, Ireland, September 10, 1835; came to this country and settled in Fall River in 1846; from thence went to Manchester, N. H. Was sent to the Legislature in 1861; resigned his seat and commenced recruiting for the Eighth Regiment; was elected first lieutenant of Company C. At the first battle at Georgia Landing, La., Captain Warren of Company E having been killed, Lieutenant Healy was promoted to that position. He soon resigned to take command of Company K. He spent some time recruiting in New Hampshire. While North he was presented with a very valuable sword inscribed as follows: "Presented to Capt. C. Healy, Co. K, 8th Regt. N. H. Vols., by





SERG'T CLESSON R. STICKNEY, CO. B.

detachments of the 10th and 13th N. H. Regts." Lieutenant Nolan thinks that General Devens made the presentation speech, the general at least was present.

In 1865 he went with Lieutenant Nolan to Ireland; was imprisoned by the British government. He was the only American officer whose release was demanded by Secretary Seward. After his return he served a term in the New Hampshire Legislature; also organized the Sheridan Guards of Manchester. He engaged in business in Boston, but in 1873, moved to Avoca, Iowa. He was a member of the G. A. R. and was sent as delegate to the late national encampment in Boston, Mass., in 1890. He died in 1890 at the age of 55 years.

From Concord, N. H., "Statesman":

"Major Morrill B. Smith died at his home in East Wakefield, N. H., on Sunday, December 25, 1889, after an illness of a few days, with pneumonia, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was a highly respected and influential citizen. He was born in Wakefield on the farm where he died. In 1855 he moved to Concord where he was engaged in business for several years. When the war broke out, he went out as major of the Eighth, remaining in the field until July 15, 1863, when he resigned. He has held several town offices, was a member of the Legislature in 1876-77, and was chairman of the board of education at the time of his death. He was a member of Mitchell Post, G. A. R., at West Newfield, Me., and of White Mountain Lodge of Odd Fellows. In his religious views, he was liberal. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

Clesson R. Stickney, of Milford, N. H., enlisted with the writer in Company B, in 1861, and was appointed sergeant in said company. He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, and very popular among his com-

rades. In the charge on Port Hudson on the morning of June 14, 1863, he was severely wounded. On September 21, 1863, he was discharged to accept appointment as lieutenant in Ninety-second United States Cavalry Troops. After the war he was for many years book-keeper for the Oliver Chilled Plow works at South Bend, Ind. He died at Indianapolis, Ind., November 5, 1890.

After the action of June 14, the bullet had not been extracted and in later years it grew troublesome. Its moving course lay alongside of the sciatic nerve, and it probably finally entered some vital spot, causing his death. An extract from the "Indianapolis News" of November 6, says in noticing his death, that "he was a charter member of Geo. H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., and a most loyal soldier. He wished the flag and his sword near him during his last moments."

In June, 1884, he married Miss Ida M. Stearns, of Indianapolis, an accomplished young lady, a teacher in the public schools in that city. She, at this writing, is at the East, intending to spend two days at The Weirs, in order to see some of her husband's old comrades, of whom she has heard so much in connection with his military experience.

Larry Foley, first lieutenant of Company C, is too modest at this date, to furnish any "personal" for the Eighth history, so we are not to be blamed for *appropriating* something from the history of the First Regiment, page 241:

"Larry Foley was promoted from the ranks and was a good representative of the rollicking Irish troops: as brave as a lion in action and as tender as a lamb when sentiment required. There was no danger of dying of fatigue or overwork when he was around, for his presence acted like electricity and his jokes and quaint sayings relieved many a weary hour on the march, on picket, or in camp."





COL. J. H. LANDERS.

“ Gen. W. H. Emory was born in Maryland, in 1811, and graduated at West Point in 1831. He was in the Mexican war on the staff of General Kearney, when he was made captain and remained with the army after that war; was in Kansas during the troubles in 1854, and in Utah in 1858; was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth United States Cavalry in May, 1861. He was in the ‘Peninsular Campaign’ and was made brigadier-general of volunteers, March 17, 1862. His long service had well prepared him for his present position, and he was regarded as a veritable ‘old war horse.’ He was thoroughly loyal and uncompromising, not wrapped up in self-conceit, and not addicted to whims or eccentricities of any sort. He was a strict disciplinarian, but not an arbitrary stickler in trifling matters, and ready to commend merit whenever he saw it. The officers and men of his division believed in him thoroughly and he was exceedingly popular.”

The veterans of the Eighth will readily endorse the above taken from the history of the Fifty-third Massachusetts Volunteers. The general was a gentleman, as most West Pointers are. The writer recollects that on the first Red River expedition a captain, who, with his company held the advance guard on the march, felt highly complimented at being very slightly criticised by him. It was done in such a kind and considerate way that it was captivating. It has already been seen how he with his staunch rear guard formed the impassable bulwark against which the consolidated rebel lines beat in vain at Pleasant Hill on April 9, 1864, and behind which on that day our Second New Hampshire Cavalry, overwhelmed at the front, found a grateful shelter after a hard day’s fighting and a forced retreat.

Col. James H. Landers was born in Lee, Mass., August 2, 1827. He received a short academical education

and was in the employ of Austin & Dearborn, musical instrument manufacturers, in Concord, N. H., at the breaking out of the war.

He then, in September, 1861, commenced recruiting for Company I, of the Eighth Regiment and was commissioned on December 20, as second lieutenant of that company. He rose through the several grades until October 28, 1865, when he received from the governor of New Hampshire a brevet commission as colonel.

After the war he remained at the South and took an active part in reconstruction. He served as a member of the Louisiana State Constitutional convention in 1867, and in April, 1868, was elected judge of Concordia parish, his official residence was at Vidalia, La. He died on August 18, 1870, leaving a wife, *nec* Laura A. Ferren, of Concord, and three sons, only one of whom, Frederick A., of Concord, survives.

In announcing his death the "Weekly Herald" of Vidalia, La., of August 26, 1870, said:

Judge Landers was a native of New Hampshire. After the war he settled in Concordia parish, where, by his genial manners, courteous deportment, fine intelligence and tender regard for the feelings and opinions of others, he won for himself many warm and attached friends. He was elected Parish Judge, and though without any previous legal training, he yet brought to the discharge of its arduous duties, that clear judgment, patient investigation, intelligence and impartiality, which enabled him to arrive at most safe and satisfactory conclusions. As a friend, he was ardent, firm and sincere, as a judge, upright, honest and just. He was buried in the National cemetery at Natchez, Miss.

Thomas L. Livermore, of Milford, N. H., having already served in the First New Hampshire Volunteers enlisted at the age of seventeen years with the writer in Company B, Eighth New Hampshire, with the understanding that he was to occupy in the company the position of

second lieutenant, but finding that the Fifth Regiment would probably first leave the State for the seat of war, he bought back his enlistment papers and went into the Fifth as a private in Company K and was soon appointed first sergeant. In the service he rose through the regular grades to the position of major and brevet colonel of the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers. When the war closed, he held the colonelcy of the Eighteenth Regiment, that being the last one raised in the State. He was appointed thereto by Governor Gilmore. Colonel Livermore had then attained the age of twenty years, thus being one of the youngest who ever held a commission in that grade of the United States service in the war of the Rebellion. He is now a counselor at law in Boston, and vice-president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company.

Gen. James W. McMillan was an old Mexican fighter, serving through the whole of that war, first in the Fourth Illinois Volunteers and afterwards in Second Louisiana. In 1861 he was made colonel of the Twenty-first Indiana. He was wounded twice at Baton Rouge. That regiment distinguished itself as heavy artillerists, they handling the thirty-pound Parrotts opposite Port Hudson. The General was a man of commanding appearance, himself and horse weighing just one ton.

Comrade John Riney, of Wilton, enlisted in Company B in 1861. Adjutant-General's Report: "Discharged to accept promotion, March 21, 1864."

The following was found among a mass of war papers:

General Court Martial Orders, No. 523.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, September 15, 1865.

In the case of John Riney, late private of Company B, Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, and captain of Company C, Sixteenth Regiment, Corps D'Afrique, sentenced

by a general court martial convened at Port Isabel, Texas, Jan. 18, 1864, pursuant to special orders, No. 12, dated Headquarters U. S. Forces on the Rio Grande, Brownsville, Texas, Jan. 15, 1864. "To be immediately returned to the 8th. Reg. N. H. Vols. for duty and that the charges and specifications against him, and the findings and sentence of this court be read before his Regt., the 8th N. H. Vols., while on dress parade." It appears that the sentence was duly executed and that subsequently Comrade Riney was regularly appointed captain in Corps D'Afrique, and while serving in that capacity, was, through a misapprehension, again returned to his former regiment as a private. In view of the recommendations of Major-General P. H. Sheridan, Commanding Military Division of the Gulf, and the Judge Advocate General, "he be hereby *honorably discharged* the service of the United States with proper pay from the date, June 15, 1864," upon which he relinquished his command, after he was mustered in as captain. It not being practicable to restore him to his commission as captain, the vacancy being already filled.

By order of Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSHEND,

Official.

*Asst. Adj.-General.*

#### PERSONAL — KING, KNOWLES.

A curious circumstance in regard to the meeting of former active enemies in the civil war, who had actually met in the clash of arms, is that of the stranger who called on business at the office of the register of deeds in Nashua, in December, 1890, and in conversation with Col. D. W. King, he casually mentioned that he had formerly resided in Louisiana and during the war was a Confederate private. This announcement led to the telling that the visitor, Mr. T. C. Knowles, now of Jamaica Plains, Mass., was on April 8, 1864, a member of the Twenty-eighth Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A., on which regiment the Eighth New Hampshire made (as Second New Hampshire Cavalry) the memorable charge at that date, and Colonel King was then wounded and lay near the now famous

deadly fence when a picked squad from that regiment came on the field and took all the Union wounded soldiers prisoners. Mr. T. C. Knowles was one of that squad and the two had an interesting time recalling the incidents of that day when the one as victor took the other, vanquished, off the bloody field of Sabine Cross Roads. A common meeting in those days, but a second one is rare after a lapse of over twenty-six years, and serves to cement a friendship between these two in these "piping times of peace."

The record of the Eighth Regiment as Infantry, Cavalry, and the "Veteran Battalion" is finished to the best ability of the author, under the limiting circumstances. It has been written with an honest attempt at fairness, and with no wish to exaggerate the triumphs of the organization to the disparagement of any other. The writer parts with the work with a knowledge of its deficiencies, but thinks it substantially correct, and commits it to his comrades, asking only just criticisms.

The perusal of these pages where there is a mingling of the grave and gay, the sad and the mirthful, will transport the veterans of the Eighth "to the rear" more than thirty years; and they will again feel youthful, and as if with those of their comrades who gave their golden noon to save the broad starred flag, and like clasping hands with all honorable and loyal Confederates of old who believe as Will H. Thompson, who signs himself as an "ex-Confederate soldier," in the "Century," sings,

"God lives and reigns! He built and lent  
The heights for Freedom's battlement  
Where floats her Flag in triumph still!

"Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!  
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.  
The mighty mother turns in tears  
The pages of her battle years,  
Lamenting all her fallen sons."

Time and the wearing tides of life have aged the living veterans. The sun of their meridian has set.

Their night is coming on,  
And there is a dearth  
Of stars! The moon sails o'er  
A clouded earth.

The winds are wild,  
And the wandering night-bird  
Shrills! as startingly  
On picket they have heard.

Into the passing column, as it fades  
Away into the mysterious shades,  
Our comrades fall — with slow and bated breath,  
And cross the lines held by the Victor — Death.  
No more of Life! they drop its fragile lease,  
Their bivouac fires are lighted  
Upon the Plains of Peace.

# I N D E X .

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Under the head of "Battles" has been put battles, skirmishes, and different locations of the regiment at different times, also some dates.

Under the head of "Troops" has been put some of the most prominent of the forces engaged, Union and Confederate.

Under the head of "Ships" the same method is pursued.

S. C. Rs. is contraction of "Sabine Cross Roads."

P. H. for Port Hudson.

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